

# THE CRITIC.

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, AND THE DRAMA.

## PREFATORY REMARKS.

IN looking back over the pages of the volume which we have just completed, we find much reason to congratulate ourselves on having been sparing of preliminary promises; for in many instances we have fallen far short of our original plan, and in very few have we been able fully to realize our own anticipations. The difficulties which obstruct the successful progress of a periodical writer can be thoroughly understood only by him who has experienced them; but any reader of common apprehension can readily conceive, that he who is obliged to compose on a stated day, and on subjects frequently very different from those which he would have selected, had circumstances allowed him a choice, must necessarily bring to his task a mind not always equally clear, and feelings not always equally buoyant. In the course of our labors, it has several times happened, that we have been under the necessity of performing our weekly duties at a time when we were suffering under the influence of sickness; and a number of our gayest effusions were written in a state of mental depression, anything but favorable to a literary effort.

Notwithstanding these unavoidable draw-backs, the full extent of which cannot be understood without a minuteness of statement that would be alike indelicate on our part, and impertinent as it regards the reader, we have succeeded in giving a paper to the public which has met with an unlooked for degree of approbation and encouragement, and are induced, by the rapid increase of our patronage, and the favorable opinions everywhere expressed, to persevere in our enterprise.

The plan of the Critic will continue to be essentially the same as heretofore. The only variation is, that we shall hereafter admit, and hereby invite, well written Tales, Miscellaneous Articles, and Strictures on subjects which come within the Fine Arts Department of our paper. The Reviews of Books, Dramatic Notices, and all other prose Articles, will, in future, as formerly, be attended to solely by ourselves. In adopting this determination originally, we were actuated, not by a belief that we can write better or more fluently than many others; but by a wish to preserve a consistency of opinion, and a degree of accountableness, which Reviews, differently conducted, must always lack. When a critic knows that his name is before the public as a guaranty for the correctness of his decisions, he will examine the subjects that fall under his inspection with a degree of care, and pronounce upon them with greater candor, than can always be looked for in anonymous criticisms. These were the considerations which originally governed us in forming our plan; and these are the motives which we still avow, in continuing to keep the departments we have named under our exclusive control.

The task of criticism is by no means a pleasant one. He who undertakes to review the current literary productions of the day, is frequently called upon to administer censure; and censure, to a sensitive mind, is at all times a disagreeable duty. In this part of our office, we have always endeavored to be governed by a spirit of fairness and candor; and if any of our decisions have been incorrect, the error has

resulted from incompetency of judgment, not from design. In our condemnation of unworthy books, we have uniformly striven to spare the feelings of the author; but the writer and his work are so intimately connected, that this is not always easy to be done.

In our notices of the Drama, we have been governed by the same sentiments as have dictated the spirit of our literary reviews. To elevate the character of the stage, and make it a school of morals, as well as a place of refined amusement, has been our constant aim.

These are the sentiments that have guided us hitherto, and by these sentiments we shall continue to be directed. That we have been essentially correct, is shown by the number and characters of those who have added their names to the list of our patrons; and we trust that our future course will deserve a continuance and extension of support. Animated by the approbation we have received, we enter upon this second volume with augmented ardor; but, as heretofore, we make no promises,—save this one, that we shall do our best—for we know not what hindrances may occur to interrupt our progress, nor what private afflictions may transpire to diminish the energy of our mind.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Yesterday in Ireland.* By the Author of 'To-day in Ireland.' 2vols. 12mo. New-York republished, J. & J. Harper.

THESE volumes contain two stories, "Corramahon," and "The Northerners of 1798." To the first of these the reader will understand our remarks as exclusively applying, as we have not found time to complete our perusal of the other; though, to the extent that we have read it, we may observe in passing that it deserves considerable praise.

The particular excellence of the author before us seems to consist in a power of delineating, with unusual correctness and graphic effect, the often attempted peculiarities and character of the Irish. The incidents of his story have their rise in the unhappy religious dissensions which distract that country, and place parents and children in the light of deadly enemies to each other. What little of plot there is may be thus briefly related.

In the outset of the story, the reader is introduced to a veteran Irish Catholic officer, Roger O'Mahon, who, after long exile from his country and much service abroad, had returned towards the close of Queen Ann's reign, to visit once more the home of his early years. In the tavern, where the scene opens, he is set upon by a young gallant, who having himself deserted the Catholic religion, is ever ready to insult an adherent of the Romish faith. A fight ensues, in which the young jackanapes is disarmed, and the old veteran is saved from being taken before the legal authorities on charge of being a foreign Jesuit in disguise, by the intervention of Major Willomer, an officer in an English regiment, under command of Lord Deloraine. The latter has dishonorable designs on Rachel O'Mahon, a young and beautiful niece of the stranger, and steps forward in his defence, in order to conciliate the friendship of the honest soldier, and thus forward his unworthy intentions. The impertinent youth who

had fastened the quarrel on him is his own nephew, but not known as such to the uncle.

Roger O'Mahon soon after reaches his paternal abode, where, after he becomes recognized, he is received with great cordiality. His religious creed, however, involves him in a number of embarrassments, to all of which, in the relation, much interest is given; and he himself, after having successfully resisted the love-darting eyes of the fair maidens of the French court, becomes completely smitten by the charms of Anastasia Burton, a member of a Protestant family that had been quartered on his domains. The English officer, in the meantime, had made rapid progress in the affections of Rachel, who discarded for him a younger and less assured, but every way more worthy lover, "the gentle Amyas." The latter leaves the scene of his disappointed hopes, and for sometime nothing is heard of him. The troubles in which Roger O'Mahon had been a long time involved on account of his faith, now thicken around him, and he is cast into prison. His nephew, who had previously rejoined his original church, and by so doing had incurred the ire of his government, now attaches himself to the band of an outlaw. A skirmish between the Catholics and Protestants ensues, the military are ordered out, and the robber chieftain is pursued to his strong hold. The destruction of this place is well related; and we take this passage as our selection to convey to our readers some idea of the author's general style and power of description.

"The leaders were of course not ignorant of the existence and situation of the Rapparee's den. Sir Christopher had often ardently desired to pay it a hostile visit; but force sufficient had never been at his command, until the late outrage, or repeated outrages, of O'More, joined with the fears of Government of an approaching insurrection, had put into the Knight's power the means of gratifying his wish.

"The line of the causeways, of two of them at least, was chosen, and the troops advanced into the morass, Deloraine's horse being compelled to remain behind on the high and dry shore, where they were ordered to cut off the retreat of fugitives. For this purpose they extended their patrol as far round the brink as they could without separating. It was a difficult march for the soldiers, who soon lost all appearance of order, and scrambled on as they might, leaving divers stragglers of their body stuck beyond all possibility of extrication. Here they first encountered opposition. A fire was of a sudden opened upon them, seemingly from the very bog itself, which it seemed idle to reply to. The men of O'More in ambush, were all, in fact, up to their chins in water, their hands and heads, and the arms they bore, being among the rushes; and, as a kind of camp entrenchment thrown up to protect each submerged band, a large bog-fosse was formed and placed in front of their ambush, and all approach to it so intersected and insecure, that it was seldom and with difficulty that the soldiers could reach their enemies, and even in some cases when they had reached, they found it as difficult to find them. The troops had great numbers of wounded in this ugly warfare; and now and then when the head of a Rapparee was desecrated and seized, the half-drowned wretch pulled up by his wild shock hair, and instantly slain, was recondigned to his bog-hole.

"Despite of these impediments, that occurred as often as the ground lent itself to them, the troops and the Knight made progress, and Ulick O'More was in despair. He had resolved with a devoted band of his followers, to charge, upon the causeway, his advancing foes; but their marching in two bodies, and in such number, disconcerted him; while in combat with one, his retreat and strong-hold would be taken by the other; nothing remained but flight.

"His wooing was thus seriously interrupted. Some time before the near approach of the red-coated enemies, he had entrusted his fair prisoner once more to Garret O'Mahon's keeping and guidance, bidding him make for the hills opposite those occupied by the soldiery, and thence proceed to await him at an appointed spot, far out of the reach of the Williamites. The order for her escape was given in time. In their traversing the rest of the bog they could perceive the troopers of Deloraine extending their numbers around it; and when they gained the brink, and horses were procured for them, some of the leading horsemen, amongst whom an officer was conspicuous, spurred towards them, attracted, no doubt, by the female habit, and the seeming urgency of the lady's flight.

"Willomer at once conjectured who it was, and although he was no longer excited by the momentary humor, in which wine and the councils of Morley had the greatest share of the preceding evening, to win and serve the beautiful widow, still, for the sake of vengeance upon the Rapparee, he would have been glad to capture and rescue her back from his hands. Lady Auchinlech, too, might have guessed at this, and favored it by lingering, as any fate was preferable to the thralldom of Ulick, especially when in discomfiture and ill-humor. Garret O'Mahon, however, during the last traverse, had shown symptoms of an inclination to throw off his lately assumed allegiance to O'More—ties which common discomfiture, in his idea, had broken. When Lady Auchinlech had proposed the escape of both to the coast of Waterford, and thence to France, young O'Mahon did not seem averse to at once putting himself in safety, and proceeding to the French King's or the Stuart's Court with a high claim for a gallant character and for reward, in having rescued a lady known and admired in both. To be the companion and protector of the said lady was not without its charm; and the selfish youth determined to forsake his family,—whom, nevertheless, he could in no wise aid by remaining at home,—as well as O'More, in pursuance of his own immediate interest and safety. Even a farewell was not taken by him; and instead of betaking themselves to the rendezvous appointed by Ulick in the far hills, to which he intended to retreat, Garret O'Mahon and Lady Auchinlech soon turned southwards, in the direction of Waterford, and escaped from the immediate danger of being intercepted with more good fortune than had attended the lady's former attempt of the kind under the protection of Chef Roger.

"Ulick O'More, in the meantime, retreated also from the seat of his forefathers; so he dignified his cave; and he lamented its approaching profanation by the feet of the Saxon enemy, in terms far more exaggerated and poetical and pathetic, than he made use of some hours after, when informed of the treachery of Garret and the escape of his destined bride. He retreated lion-like, exchanging shots and blows with his pursuers. These soon planted their flag upon the topmost mound of O'More's retreat, though upon looking back to their long line of disabled, and dead, and straggling, with which the morass was covered, they might very well remark, that the possession of the outlaw's den had been dearly purchased. The Knight resolved to complete its destruction. Its foundations and arches were undermined and bored; the ammunition, useless against a fast-flying enemy, was copiously employed for these purposes of vengeance, which would endure as a trophy of success. The Williamites retired from the rocky mound; and in a few minutes all that remained of the ancient Castle of the Chief, or the modern cave of the Rapparees, was shattered into a black and ruined mass.

"The fugitive outlaws marked the explosion, and it exasperated them in no slight degree. They still



pressed on their flight; and they had need to press it, since Deloraine's horse, warned by the escape of Garret O'Mahon in what direction the Rapparees were likely to pass, were gathering towards the brink of the morass to intercept and charge them. Placed between two bodies of foes, the outlaws pushed on to attack the weaker; for the horse, scattered on all sides of the morass, could not collect in any great body. A considerable number of O'More's men were armed with scythes, set straight on the end of poles, and other weapons of the spear-kind, which Ulick had intended to make use of in charging his enemies. With these in their front, the outlaws marching in a close body, as soon as they emerged from the bog, received the charge of the troopers. It did not disperse them. Their fire, on the contrary, thinned the ranks of the horsemen; and the outlaws, firm from nature as well as desperation, gained in their flight towards the heathy hill, where the dragoons would infallibly be worsted. These redoubled their efforts, and in the several shocks more confusion ensued on both sides; man grasped and fought with man, and it became evident, despite their obstinacy, that Deloraine's men would fail in arresting the progress of their enemies.

"Willomer commanded the dragoons. He was brave, and a good officer, and did all in his power to make Ulick O'More captive. He even aimed personally at him in their rencontres, and the Rapparee more than once shrunk in good time from the blow of his sabre. Ulick possessed equal courage and address, but was baffled often in his attempts to grasp his foe, or drag him to the ground, by the curvets, the passing and almost human sagacity of the horse which the English officer rode, a gallant grey; no other, indeed, than Roger O'Mahon's cherished Saint Gris, which his captor had appropriated to himself.

"At length the greater part of the dragoons were disabled, and but a few followed the retreating outlaws; an obstinacy the less dangerous, as they had altogether exhausted their ammunition, and could resist only with sword and pike. Ulick himself covered the retreat of his men, and kept at bay Willomer, who was the most indomitable of his foes.

"The thoughts of yesternight must be in your spurs, Master Officer," said Ulick, "or you would abandon what you cannot achieve."

"If I win fair dames, it shall not be by force," replied the Major.

"Twill be by guile then; not more honorable. Each uses his weapon. If I am a rude, thou art a polished ruffian. Thou hast poisoned the innocent thoughts of one, almost a child, of the noblest and oldest blood in the land, one to whom the Saxon is but dross. I know it; I have heard it, and I would take vengeance for the same, if you come to close quarters."

"Pretty tales for soldiers to banter—have at you, Master Outlaw!" And the English officer rode straight upon O'More. The Rapparee had by this time become accustomed to the sapient manœuvres of the grey steed, and avoiding his awful plunge, he gained his flank, warded with his short sword the downstroke of Willomer, and seizing him with his left hand, dragged him to the ground. Here they struggled and fought an instant, on more equal terms; and during it, Ulick contrived to inflict on his adversary a smart wound. 'Twas not enough, however, to disable him, and some dozen of dragoons were riding up to the support of their commander. O'More, therefore, watched his opportunity, and flinging himself upon Saint Gris, who stood by, impartially awaiting the issue of the combat, he spurred him towards his retreating band, his wound and weakness disabling Willomer from retaining either the outlaw or the grey steed." vol. ii. p. 125-34.

After this long extract, we can allow ourself space only for a very hurried sketch of the remainder of the plot. The English officer succeeds in deluding the devoted Rachel into a false marriage—the only means by which he could accomplish his fell purpose; he afterwards avows his duplicity, and meets her uncle, whom he conquers, in a duel. He is then about to leave Ireland and seek to bury his infamy amid the gay and dissolute society of the English metropolis, when his intentions are all at once frustrated by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Amyas. This discarded and honorable lover—rejected for a villain—since his departure from his country, had been engaged in military service abroad, and returns at this unhappy conjuncture, to learn the villainy of Willomer, and the hopeless misery into which it had plunged her whom, in despite of all his efforts, he still warmly loved. He immediately seeks out the seducer, brands him with the epithet which his conduct deserves, and, in the fight which ensues, stabs him to the heart. He would then have espoused the unfortunate object of his early passion; but the affection which the heartless English officer had inspired was of a more enduring nature than had rewarded the honorable addresses of Amyas, and though her happiness was forever blighted, and her life was rapidly fading away, yet the wretched Rachel could not be brought to think of the unprincipled profligate in any other light than as he had at first appeared to her enamoured fancy. We wish we could make room for the concluding scene of Rachel's life—it is deeply affecting, and well merits the distinction of being selected; but its length precludes our doing so, and we must refer our readers to the volume itself. She dies of a broken heart, the victim of abused love and confidence. In the delineation of this character the author has done himself great credit; he has made her consistent in inconsistency, and thrown around her woman's weakness the thousand irresistible charms of woman's tenderness and woman's love.

The fates of the other personages of the story are briefly told. Roger O'Mahon, in due course of time becomes united to Anastasia Burton, and after leading a checkered life of good and ill—the latter rather imaginary than real—he at last dies, leaving Sir Amyas his worthy successor. There is considerable resemblance between this character and that of Tresilian, in *Kenilworth*.

To sum up our remarks in a single word, this novel possesses great interest, and the lover of light literature will find much to compensate him for the time its perusal may occupy.

*Tales of Military Life.* By the Author of the "Military Sketch-Book." 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1829. Colburn. New-York, [in press] J. & J. Harper.

"VANDALEUR," the principal story of this work possesses much of that kind of interest which arises from complication of plot; and the complication of its plot is indeed its principal merit. It lacks probability, and it lacks that refined source of attraction which is found in delicate delineations of opposite characters, and in accurate portraits of natural scenery. The author is evidently a person who has but little acquaintance with the secret movements of the heart. He has mixed up together a heterogeneous multitude of *dramatis personæ*; but there is little individuality in his characters, and no nice analysis of motives. His story is a picture in which all is either light or shade; there is no blending of colors, no tinting, none of those master touches which thrill the soul in the productions of Scott.

We shall attempt a brief synopsis of the plot, and in the course of it introduce a selection, by which the

reader will be enabled to judge for himself of the nature and merits of the production.

The hero of the Tale is a young man of wealth and family. While he is yet in infancy, a villainous step-father, with the purpose of having him supplanted by a natural son of his own, enters into a scheme with a person named Carroll Watts, to steal away the boy, and place him beyond the possibility of ever returning and claiming his right. The accomplice has not been altogether perverted by the wild and dissipated life of adventure that he had led, and becoming attached to the child, has him educated in the manner and with expectations of a gentleman. The story opens with a description of the burning of a small vessel in the bay of Dublin, on board of which were Watts and his ward. During the conflagration they become separated, and the latter falls into the hands of a benevolent gentleman, who takes him to his home and treats him kindly. Watts, unknowing what fate had befallen his charge, becomes implicated in the rebellion of Emmet, and is hanged, along with many others who lost their lives in that unfortunate affair. After a time, the benevolent Irishman and his charge visit England. The youth, called Redmond Allan, is introduced at Bath to Colonel Raven, an officer who had rapidly risen, from being a private soldier, to his present rank, and had become united to Lady Vandeleur, the widow of a wealthy Baronet. A familiar and close intimacy takes place between this family, and the youthful hero and his friend, till at length Redmond enters the army, and leaves England for the Peninsula. From a situation of great peril he is here rescued, to the great astonishment of the reader as well as of himself, by his former guardian. He had been indeed hanged in Dublin, but an experimenting surgeon had succeeded in restoring him to life by the aid of galvanism. After many complicated adventures and cross adventures, plots and counter-plots, the reader is at length reconducted to England, where the story is brought to a conclusion by the events related in our extract. Colonel Raven having discovered that his wife's son and Watts, both of whom he had been led to believe had perished in the conflagration of the vessel we have before spoken of, are yet alive, seeks out the latter, and endeavors to engage him to murder our hero. This interview takes place at an inn at Portsmouth. The hostess of the tavern had been in former years the mistress of Raven, and is now his agent for the accomplishment of more infamous purposes. It was to this hardened and abandoned woman—that the natural son, for whose sake Redmond had been spirited away, owed his being. At this period of the story he is also a colonel, but universally hated for his tyranny, and despised for his vices. We now proceed to our extract, which the reader will understand without any further preliminary explanation.

"But stay; you cannot do what you threaten," cried Raven, "you have no evidence. Besides, I can impeach you—your character. Hear—hear me, Watts—I may, and *will* prevent you, if you persist. Listen—let us understand each other; do not rashly drive me to my resources. I will propose to you this: I will give you five thousand pounds! and five hundred a year, if you will keep the secret, and be my friend in securing his—his silence—in getting him out of the way. Have you told him the secret?"

"He knows it," replied Watts.

"Will you be my friend?—I will make your fortune. I shall be bound by it forever to your interests. Nay, Watts, you have no real reason for injuring me."

"Carrol Watts remained silent, gazing at the fire, and tapping the table with his fingers in apparent abstraction. Raven pressed his suit.

"Besides," continued he, "you know that my influ-

ence is great, and the evidence cannot be very strong."

"Watts still paused.

"None but you and I need ever know more about the matter: you shall be a made man by it. Think of the five thousand pounds, Carrol, and the five hundred a year! I know you, and you know me; we have been both soldiers together—comrades, and friends. Come, Watts, we can serve each other."

"What would you do with *him*?" demanded Watts.

"Ha—yes—true," cried Raven, his countenance lighting up into hope at the change which appeared in the voice and manner of Watts. "Yes; but will you—*will* you be my friend, and accept my best services?"

"Say what you propose—let me see my way—what would you do with *him*?"

"Why—if you *would* agree to forget the past—and stand by me as I will by you—we—could—we could easily put him out of the way, you know."

"How—kill him?"

"Why—no—not exactly murder him. But will you accept the five thousand pounds? a check for the money at once, and a settlement for the annuity?"

"Give me an hour to think on it," said Watts, after a pause.

"I will—I will," exclaimed Raven, with great animation. "O, Watts, you know we ought not to be enemies."

"I shall return in an hour," cried Carrol Watts, as he started up from his seat, "and will give you my final answer."

"Kind, fellow—do—do! I'll be here—think of the five thousand pounds *down*, Watts."

"I'll walk out and consider; you may expect me in an hour."

"Carrol Watts now withdrew, and left Raven, who, flinging himself into a chair, groaned, folded his arms firmly, clenched his teeth, and began to chew the burning cud of reflection. He felt irresistibly borne onward to crime, in order to save himself and his former delinquency. Murder was somewhat abhorrent to him; but discovery was worse. No choice remained, and his fears urged him on with a rapidity that blinded every feeling but one. He turned it in his thoughts over and over, yet found only strength in his wicked project. At length the bitter hour was passed, and Watts returned.

"Come, Carrol," said he, as the latter entered, "I see by your countenance that you have become reasonable. You are a hot-headed fellow, Watts, but I do not like you the worse for that; soon excited, and soon appeased. Sit down and taste old Heldershaw's brandy."

"No, I will not drink—let us to business;" replied Carrol Watts, seating himself.

"Then I will drink, and to your health, Watts," said Raven. He then swallowed a full glass of the liquor, the effect of which was to improve his resolution.

"Now what am I to do, admitting that I agree to join you in this business?" demanded Carrol Watts.

"You know as well as I do," replied Raven, "that as the affair has come to his ears, the first step must be to remove him."

"Nothing can be done without it," observed Watts.

"Nothing," echoed the Colonel—widening his eyes, approaching, and placing his hand on the other's knee, in token of reciprocation—"nothing, my dear friend. He *must* be removed, otherwise I should fail, and your five thousand pounds, as well as the annuity, be lost."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Done! why—pooh! man, if *you* choose, that won't trouble us much."



"Both paused and gazed at each other a few moments; Raven searching, as it were, the countenance of Watts for a look which he might interpret to his purpose. He then continued—

"You know, Carrol, if you do that, there will be a bond between us stronger than human power can make—there will be a guaranty to you that will supercede the necessity of all deeds and lawyers."

"I understand you. In fact you think he could be put quietly aside."

"Exactly so."

"And that my knowledge of your share in this deed would be my bond."

"Precisely; don't you see it? My dear fellow, it may be done."

"Yes; but I cannot do it."

"O, as for the *doing*—that is no matter; will you join and be secret? that is the great service which you may do."

"Then who is to do it?"

"Why Watts, that question is easily answered; there are but two of us."

"Then you will do it?"

"I will: I only wish for your assistance and secrecy. Do you agree? Say the word—I have the plan prepared, and a check for five thousand pounds shall be yours to-morrow morning."

"Give me the check now," said Watts. "I do not doubt your sincerity; but that would clench the matter."

"I'll tell you what, Carrol," said Raven, after a short pause, "I can have no objection to give you the money now, only that you—*might* change your mind."

"No, no," returned Watts, "you need not fear: I am fixed. I am a man that may be depended on: but I am determined not to move a step in the business without a proof of your good intentions."

"The—no matter—I'll make it a point of honor between us—you shall have the check."

"Raven then drew from his pocket a blank check, took a pen, and having written out an order for the five thousand pounds, handed it to Watts, with an air of honorable confidence. Watts then took the paper, tore it carefully into two parts, and returned one part to Raven, saying,

"I will not have the money; I only want a show of security—something by way of written promise; I will keep the one half of the check, you shall keep the other, and give me a memorandum on a slip of paper, that you will present me with the half which you hold, on the day after to-morrow, provided a certain affair should occur—write it so; that will put an end to all doubts between us."

"To that I have no objection," said Raven, as he proceeded to write the memorandum. "I see you mean well, Watts. Believe me it will make us both happy for life; five thousand pounds is not a sum to be gained every day."

"Another bumper of brandy completed Raven's now comparatively happy state, and another, drunk with wild haste, by Carrol Watts, settled matters of agreement. The plan was then opened by the Colonel without reserve, to the detail of which Watts listened attentively.

"You know, Carrol," said the worshipful magistrate, "that unless evidence be forthcoming in any case of suspected crime, the law can take no hold of the person or persons so suspected. Well, there are only three people in existence that know anything of the secret we wish to keep; these three are you, Heldershaw, and myself. Confidence begets confidence; I have confided in you, you have confided in me. In my plan I fear that we cannot well do without Heldershaw's assistance; and I think we might trust her. In the first place, she may be unguarded if we do not;

and, in the second, I shall be obliged to give her as much money to shut up her suspicious prate as to command her secrecy. Look you! the young man sleeps here to-night, and he will sleep here to-morrow night. Might he not commit suicide? there is nothing more probable than that an officer, having quarrelled with his Colonel, and resigned his commission, might commit suicide. Do you understand me?"

"I do; go on."

"Well, if Heldershaw be admitted into the business, she will take care that he shall sleep soundly during the night; she will infuse into his drink at night a sufficient portion of laudanum to seal up his senses, at least in sleep. You and I will then go to his room, place one of his own razors beside him, or in his hand—as soon as it has—you know the rest!—then, Watts, we shall both enjoy security, affluence, happiness."

"But—the razor—why use the razor? would not the laudanum be sufficient?" inquired Watts.

"No, by no means; it is doubtful—assistance might come—he might recover—it is not sure—nothing is more dangerous for us," replied his cautious "worship"; "and," continued he, "to give the affair a still greater degree of probability, the empty vial in which the laudanum shall have been contained, must be placed on his table: then, you know, even if the stomach should be examined by the surgeons, no further light can be thrown on the matter; Burn's Justice supposes the very case. The inference will be that he took the poison himself—Don't you see, my dear fellow?"

"I do—I understand—but who shall use the—?"

"I perceive—you would not, of course, as you said, do the business—leave that to me. Now Watts, this all appears very bold and desperate, I may say criminal, on my part; but when you consider that it is in self-preservation—the first law of nature—that it is done, you will not think so. Here is only the ruin of myself, but of Sir Edward, depending on it—and what is a life after all? Had he met a bullet at Corunna, he would have only died; and in this case, what more is it? I would not do it—by Heaven I would not do it, no more than I would kill myself, only that to leave it undone must destroy a fine property, ruin my high name, and the hopes of my son, Sir Edward. Do you think Heldershaw should be admitted to the affair?"

"I do—I think it would render the matter more certain."

"Then I will break it to her; and to-morrow evening will you come here to talk over the business further?"

"I will," replied Watts, as he rose to depart, "at seven o'clock I'll meet you."

"God bless you, my dear fellow," exclaimed Raven, as he pressed the hand of Watts in both his own—"God bless you—I shall write to my solicitor to-morrow, to have the deeds of settlement for the annuity drawn up—farewell. Carrol, I knew you would not injure me—but you are so hasty—farewell—Seven o'clock."

"By that time I shall be here."

Watts appeared at the appointed hour, and found Raven more anxious for the performance of his terrible purpose, if possible, than he was on the preceding night. He learnt that Heldershaw had been admitted a member of the confederacy, and had willingly given her consent to assist; but on condition that she should receive five hundred pounds. She had made every arrangement to facilitate the murder—had removed every obstacle. The apartment in which the devoted victim lodged was at the left gable-end of the house, and the window overlooked a garden, shut out from the road by a high wall; no strange ear was to be within hearing of any noise that might be made

in the execution of the deed, and everything gave promise of complete success. The laudanum had been procured from Portsea by Raven himself, in such a manner as left no possibility of tracing its purchase to him. The hour of one was fixed for the consummation of the wicked crime, and Watts withdrew, promising to return at midnight. He kept his word, and at twelve o'clock returned, his cloak and hat soaked through with rain, which fell in torrents during the preceding hour.

"Raven received him, somewhat agitated at the approaching occurrence, which now he felt to be inevitable—to be beyond doubt, seeing that Watts was true to his appointment. Both sat down in the little apartment where they had communed the night before. After a short time, Mother Heldershaw appeared with a bowl of strong punch, and, with the exception that she spoke in whispers, her manner was as unaltered as if nothing extraordinary was the cause of the meeting. Her compliments to Watts, her praises of her punch, and her occasional allusions to the dreadful affair of the hour, were indiscriminately and unaffectedly mingled.

"I will not drink," said Watts; "it would unfit me for my work."

"Well, do as you like, Carrol," returned Raven, "but, for my part, I should be totally unfit for mine if I did not drink; so, I'll say, 'To our success in a bumper.'"

"Aye, 'To our success, in a bumper, I say too,' cried Mother Heldershaw, as she swallowed the contents of the glass.

"You say he drank the coffee containing the laudanum?" observed Raven to the hostess.

"Yes," she replied, "I took him a strong cup of coffee at nine o'clock, in which I put, you know, the drops; after a short time, he called for another cup, and I gave him one of pure coffee. He then said he wanted to sit up for the purpose of writing letters; but he rang his bell at ten o'clock, and said that as he felt very heavy, he would go to bed. I prepared every thing necessary, and took away his candles at half past ten. He was then fast asleep."

"You are sure that the door is not fastened on the inside?" said Raven.

"It cannot be either bolted or locked."

"Then go again," hastily cried he, "on some pretence, to the room, and look closely to see if he be asleep now."

"I am sure he is asleep," returned the hostess, but one cannot be too cautious: 'I'll go again.'"

"So saying, she quitted the room, and returned in about five minutes.

"He is just as I left him before—as sound as a rock," said she, with a smile that would have honored a fiend in its most diabolical work.

"Martha, you have not lost your determined spirit by campaigning in India," observed Watts.

"Not I: what business has a soldier's wife with being squeamish: if I had been so when I served with Sir Arthur Wellesley in the Manhratta war, I should have made a poor hand among the dead and wounded. What's one's life?—why, the women of our regiment, who were worth speaking about, thought nothing of settling a hundred of the wounded Indians: ay, or a few of our own lads, if their watches or purses were good."

"Hark!" whispered Raven, "is there any body stirring in the house besides ourselves?"

"No, not a soul. I gave both the boy and girl a sufficient dose of egg-flip to send them a-snoring: it is the wind and the rain beating against the tiles and windows that you hear."

"What o'clock is it?" demanded Raven.

"About half past twelve," replied Watts.

"It is a dreadful night," returned the Colonel, who

was now evidently becoming fearful of his task. "This punch is not strong enough: give me a little brandy, Martha. Carrol, how do you feel?"

"Feel!" echoed Watts, "never more confident in my life; I seldom meet with disappointment in any enterprize I undertake."

"An awful half-hour now slowly passed away. The conversation was whispered in broken passages, and long pauses took place between each observation; the storm increased without, and the blaze of the coal-fire, on which all silently gazed, purred loudly—no other noise disturbed the night. Raven now arose, and having swallowed a bumper of strong brandy, whispered a question in Mother Heldershaw's ear, to which she replied,

"Yes; I took it out of his dressing-case; and here it is."

"At the same time, handing him something under the table, which she had taken from her bosom. Raven could not hide the effect which this had upon him; he shuddered, and looked at Watts with an attempted smile, that appeared like moonlight on a grave; and walking towards a window, he looked out, observing with a shudder, that the night was not only rainy, but very cold.

"The moments slowly passed, until the clock in the lobby struck one. A silence reigned for a few seconds; yet there was much language in the looks of all parties.

"Carrol, that is the hour," whispered Raven; "what say you now?"

"What say you Colonel?" returned Watts.

"Me! Can you doubt me? Think you I can let slip this opportunity, and meet my total destruction to-morrow? Oh! no.—Another glass of brandy, and then to save all. Martha, go first; your shoes are off; that is right—and yours—so are mine. Come, Watts, be near me—close to me; but you need not be in the room, unless I should be opposed."

"As they were leaving the apartment, he seized the arm of Watts, pressed it with an iron grasp, stopped short, and, with an impressive whisper, said—

"I will make it six thousand, instead of five, if the work be but well done."

"Watts bowed, and they followed cautiously the steps of Mother Heldershaw, through the lobby, up three steps of a side stairs, and along another lobby; at the end of which was the room of the young officer.

"The rain was dripping in big drops on the floor of the passage, and made a melancholy noise as it splashed; but this noise served to cover the accidental cracking sounds which their steps made on the old boards of the floor: the raging wind without, too, aided them much in this, for it whistled loudly as it passed, and shook the leafless trees behind the house into a hoarse murmuring—it was a frightful night.

"The woman was at the door; she stopped, placing her finger to her lip, and looking back towards her followers. Watts could perceive by the light of the candle, which she held near her face, that fiend as she was, the terrors of the moment were pressing on her; her eyes were glassy, her cheek pale, and her lips parched and withered. All stopped while she listened. She seized the button of the door, the door slowly opened.

"Are you asleep, Sir?" said she, in a low voice.

"No answer was heard. Twice she repeated the question, with the same effect. She then walked softly into the room some paces, and returning, left the door open. All paused again for a few moments, and held in their breath; they could distinctly hear the strong breathing of the intended victim.

"Let me go before you," whispered Watts. "I'll remain at the foot of the bed, to be ready, lest he should awake and overpower you."



"A nod of the head and a squeeze of the arm were the tokens of assent. The woman gave the candle to Raven, and hastily, but softly, went back to the lower lobby. Watts looked at the Colonel's face, and saw it pallid and perspiring, but still resolute. He then softly entered—Raven's foot cautiously followed. 'His worship' placed the candle on the chair beside the bed—stood quiet a moment,—Watts also mute at the foot of the bed. The sleeper's breathing was loud and promised security. The magistrate looked around, placed the poison-vial beside the candlestick on the chair, and then coolly opened the blade, and tied a piece of tape upon its juncture with the handle, to prevent its yielding in the wrong direction from its intended work. A hurried blast of wind, and a pattering of heavy rain caused another pause—all was still again. The instrument was now grasped in the villain's right hand—his left on the curtain of the bed, which he slowly drew aside—he fixed his eyes on his intended victim—he raised the blade, but looked back in caution—another moment—his arm is ready; but a voice of thunder roars out—

"Vandeleur, arise!"

"It was the voice of Watts. The trembling assassin started with a groan into the centre of the room; the door of a closet at the instant opened, and Captain Ostin, Corporal Magoverin, and two officers of police ran out, lighted by two lanterns, while the rescued officer jumped from the bed.

"There stands the villain in his guilt!" exclaimed Watts, pointing to Raven, who, at the instant, and before they had time to seize him, fired a pocket pistol at the former and another into his own mouth. Both fell bleeding on the floor." vol. iii. p. 14—33.

The conclusion of this story can be readily guessed. Raven instantly dies, and Watts only lives long enough to make the necessary explanations and confessions. The woman Heldershaw assists the denouement by writing a note to her son, claiming to be his mother, and imploring his assistance. She meets, however, with the proper reward of her infamy; her son is reduced to his original obscurity, and the virtuous are made happy around the hymenial altar, according to the good old fashion.

The other story, "Gentleman Gray," occupies but a small portion of the work. This we have not perused.

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*The Philosophy of a future State.* By Thomas Dick, Author of "The Christian Philosopher," "The Philosophy of Religion," &c. &c. 12mo. New-York, republished, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

BEFORE we proceed to comment on this work, we shall treat our readers with the following eloquent extract. The author speaks of those strong and restless desires after future existence and enjoyment, which are implanted in the soul of man, as a strong presumptive proof that he is possessed of an *immortal nature*.

"There is no human being who feels full satisfaction in his present enjoyments. The mind is for ever on the wing in pursuit of new acquirements, of new objects, and if possible, of higher degrees of felicity, than the present moment can afford. However exquisite any particular enjoyment may sometimes be found, it soon begins to lose its relish, and to pall the intellectual appetite. Hence the voracious desire, apparent among all ranks, for variety of amusements, both of a sensitive and an intellectual nature. Hence the keen desire for novelty, for wonder, for beautiful and splendid exhibitions, and for intelligence respecting the passing occurrences of the day. Hence the eagerness with which the daily newspapers are read by all ranks who have it in their power

to procure them. However novel or interesting the events which are detailed to-day, an appetite for fresh intelligence is excited before to-morrow. Amidst the numerous objects which are daily soliciting attention, amidst the variety of intelligence which newsmongers have carefully selected for the gratification of every taste, and amidst the fictitious scenes depicted by the Novelist and the Poet—"the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing." Hence, too, the insatiable desire of the miser in accumulating riches, and the unremitting career of ambition, in its pursuit of honor and fame. And hence the ardour with which the philosopher prosecutes one discovery after another, without ever arriving at a resting-point, or sitting down contented with his present attainments. When Archimedes had discovered the mode of determining the relative quantities of gold and silver in Hiero's crown, did he rest satisfied with this new acquirement? No. The ecstasy he felt at the discovery, when he leaped from the bath, and ran naked through the streets of Syracuse, crying "I have found it, I have found it"—soon subsided into indifference, and his mind pushed forward in quest of new discoveries. When Newton ascertained the law of universal gravitation, and Franklin discovered the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, and felt the transport which such discoveries must have excited, did they slacken their pace in the road of scientific discovery, or sit down contented with their past researches? No. One discovery gave a stimulus to the pursuit of another, and their career of improvement only terminated with their lives. After Alexander had led his victorious army over Persia, Babylonia, Syria, Egypt, and India, and had conquered the greater part of the known world, did he sit down in peace, and enjoy the fruit of his conquest? No. His desires after new projects, and new expeditions, remained insatiable; his ambition rose even to madness; and when the philosopher Anaxarchus told him, there was an infinite number of worlds, he wept at the thought that his conquests were confined to one.

"These restless and unbounded desires are to be found agitating the breasts of men of all nations, of all ranks and conditions in life. If we ascend the thrones of princes, if we enter the palaces of the great, if we walk through the mansions of courtiers and statesmen, if we pry into the abodes of poverty and indigence, if we mingle with poets or philosophers, with manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, peasants, or beggars; if we survey the busy, bustling scene of a large city, the sequestered village or the cot which stands in the lonely desert—we shall find, in every situation, and among every class, beings animated with desires of happiness, which no present enjoyment can gratify, and which no object within the limits of time can fully satiate. Whether we choose to indulge in ignorance, or to prosecute the path of knowledge; to loiter in indolence, or to exert our active powers with unremitting energy; to mingle with social beings, or to flee to the haunts of solitude,—we feel a vacuum in the mind, which nothing around us can fill up; a longing after new objects and enjoyments, which nothing earthly can fully satisfy. Regardless of the past, and unsatisfied with the present, the soul of man feasts itself on the hopes of enjoyments which it has never yet possessed.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul uneasy, and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

"That the desire of immortality is common, and natural to all men, appears from the variety of actions, which can scarcely be accounted for on any other principle, and which proves that the mind feels con-

scious of its immortal destiny. Why, otherwise, should men be anxious about their reputation, and solicitous to secure their names from oblivion, and to perpetuate their fame, after they have descended into the grave? To accomplish such objects, and to gratify such desires, Poets, Orators, and Historians, have been flattered and rewarded to celebrate their actions; monuments of marble and of brass have been erected to represent their persons, and inscriptions engraved in the solid rock, to convey to future generations a record of the exploits they had achieved. Lofty columns, triumphal arches, towering pyramids, magnificent temples, palaces, and mausoleums, have been reared, to eternize their fame, and to make them live, as it were, in the eyes of their successors, through all the future ages of time. But, if the soul be destined to destruction at the hour of death, why should man be anxious about what shall happen, or what shall not happen hereafter, when he is reduced to a mere nonentity, and banished forever from the universe of God? He can have no interest in any events that may befall the living world when he is cancelled from the face of creation, and when the spark of intelligence he possessed is quenched in everlasting night. If any man be fully convinced that the grave puts a final period to his existence, the only consistent action he can perform, when he finds his earthly wishes and expectations frustrated, is to rush into the arms of death, and rid himself at once of all the evils connected with his being. But we find the great majority of mankind, notwithstanding the numerous ills to which they are subjected, still clinging with eagerness to their mortal existence, and looking forward, with a certain degree of hope, to a termination of their sorrows.

—“They rather choose to bear those ills they have  
Than fly to others that they know not of.”

“There is, I presume, no individual in a sound state of mind, who can entirely throw aside all concern about his posthumous reputation, and about the events that may happen in the world after his decease. And if so, it clearly demonstrates, not only that he does not *wish*, but that he does not even *suppose* that his existence will be for ever extinguished at death. The idea of the shame of being exposed naked after their death, produced such a powerful effect upon the minds of the Milesian virgins, that it determined them from putting an end to their lives, after all other arguments had been tried in vain. The desire of existence—and of existence, too, which has no termination, appears to be the foundation of all our desires, and of all the plans we form in life. Annihilation cannot be an object of desire to any rational being. We desire something that is *real*, something that is connected with *happiness or enjoyment*, but non-existence has no object nor concern whatever belonging to it. When a wicked man, under a consciousness of guilt, indulges a wish for annihilation after death, it is not because non-existence *is in itself an object of desire*, but he would choose it as the least of two evils: he would rather be blotted out of creation, than suffer the punishment due to his sins in the eternal world.

“It may also be remarked, that the desire of immortality, however vigorous it may be in ordinary minds, becomes still more glowing and ardent in proportion as the intellect is cultivated and expanded, and in proportion as the soul rises to higher and higher degrees of virtue and moral excellence. It forms a powerful stimulus to the performance of actions which are noble, generous, public-spirited, benevolent, and humane, and which have a tendency to promote the intellectual improvement, and the happiness of future generations. Hence the most illustrious characters of the heathen world, the po-

ets, the orators, the moralists and philosophers of antiquity, had their minds fired with the idea of immortality, and many of them were enabled to brave death without dismay, under the conviction that it was the messenger that was to waft their spirits to the realms of endless bliss. When Demosthenes had fled for shelter to an asylum from the resentment of Antipater, who had sent Archias to bring him by force, and when Archias promised upon his honor he should not lose his life, if he would voluntarily make his appearance:—‘God forbid,’ said he, ‘that after I have heard Xenocrates and Plato discourse so divinely on the immortality of the soul, I should prefer a life of infamy and disgrace to an honorable death.’ Even those who were not fully convinced of the doctrine of immortality, amidst all their doubts and perplexities on this point, *earnestly wished that it might prove true*, and few, if any of them, absolutely denied it. Hence, too, the noble and disinterested actions which Christian heroes have performed, under the influence of unseen and everlasting things. They have faced danger and persecutions, in every shape; they have endured ‘cruel mockings, scourgings, bonds, and imprisonments;’ they have triumphed under the torments of the rack, and amidst the raging flames; they have surmounted every obstacle in their benevolent exertions to communicate blessings to their fellow men; they have braved the fury of the raging elements, traversed sea and land, and pushed their way to distant barbarous climes, in order to point out to their benighted inhabitants the path that leads to eternal life. Nor do they think it too dear to sacrifice their lives in such services, since ‘they *desire* a better country,’ and feel assured that death will introduce them to ‘an exceeding great and an eternal weight of glory.’

“Since, then, it appears that the desire of immortality is common to mankind, that the soul is incessantly looking forward to the enjoyment of some future good, and that this desire has been the spring of actions the most beneficent, and heroic, on what principle is it accounted for? Whence proceeds the want we feel amidst the variety of objects which surround us? Whence arises the disgust that so frequently succeeds every enjoyment? Wherefore can we never cease from wishing for something more exquisite than we have ever yet possessed? No satisfactory answer can be given to such questions, if our duration be circumscribed within the limits of time; and if we shall be blotted out of creation when our earthly tabernacles are laid in the dust. The desires to which I now refer appear to be an essential part of the human constitution, and, consequently, were implanted in our nature by the hand of our Creator;—and, therefore, we must suppose, either that the desire of immortality will be gratified, or that the Creator takes delight in tantalizing his creatures with hopes and expectations which will end in eternal disappointment. To admit the latter supposition, would be inconsistent with every rational idea we can form of the moral attributes of the Divinity. It would be inconsistent with his *veracity*; for to encourage hopes and desires which are never intended to be gratified, is the characteristic of a deceiver, and therefore contrary to every conception we can form of the conduct of ‘a God of truth.’ It would be inconsistent with his *rectitude*; for every such deception implies an act of injustice towards the individual who is thus tantalized. It would be inconsistent with his *wisdom*; for it would imply that he had no other means of governing the intelligent creation, than those which have a tendency to produce fallacious hopes and fears in the minds of his rational offspring. It would be inconsistent with his *benevolence*; for as ‘the desire accomplished is sweet to the soul,’ so disappointed hopes uniformly tend to produce misery. Yet the be-



nevolence of the Deity, in every other point of view, is most strikingly displayed in all his arrangements in the material universe, and towards every species of sensitive existence.

"What has been now stated in relation to desire and hope, will equally apply to those *fears* and apprehensions, which frequently arise in the mind in reference to the punishment of a future world. A being possessed of perfect benevolence cannot be supposed to harass his intelligent creatures, and to render their lives bitter with alarming apprehensions, for which there is not the slightest foundation. But, if there is no state either of punishment or reward beyond the grave, those desires of immortal duration, which seem at first view to elevate man above the other inhabitants of this globe, actually place him below the level of the beasts, which bound through the forests and lawns, and find their chief enjoyment in browsing on the grass. They are alive to present enjoyment, but appear to have no anticipations of the future; they feel present pain, but there is no reason to believe that they are ever tormented with fears or forebodings of future punishment. They are contented with the organs with which Nature has furnished them; they appear fully satisfied with ranging the fields and feasting on the herbage; their desires need no restraint, and their wishes are completely gratified; and what pleased them yesterday will likewise give them pleasure to-morrow, without being harassed with insatiable desires after novelty and variety. They live divested of those innumerable cares and anxieties which harass and perplex the children of men, and they never wish to go beyond the boundary which nature prescribes. 'The ingenious bee constructs commodious cells, but never dreams of rearing triumphal arches or obelisks to decorate her waxen city.' Through ignorance of the future, they pass from life to death, with as much indifference as from watching to sleep, or from labor to repose. But man, amidst all the enjoyments and prospects which surround him, feels uneasy and unsatisfied, because he pants after happiness infinite in duration. His hopes and desires overstep the bounds of time and of every period we can affix to duration, and move onward through a boundless eternity. And if he is to be forever cut off from existence when his body drops into the grave, how dismal the continued apprehension of an everlasting period being put to all his enjoyments after a prospect of immortality has been open to his view!

"How, then, shall we account for these apparent inconsistencies? In what light shall we exhibit the conduct of the Creator, so as to render it consistent with itself? There is but one conclusion we can form, in consistency with the moral attributes of God, which will completely unravel the mystery of man being animated with unbounded desires, and confined to a short and limited duration in the present world, and that is,—that this world is not the place of our final destination, but introductory to a more glorious and permanent state of existence, where the desire of virtuous minds will be completely gratified, and their hopes fully realized. I do not see how any other conclusion can be drawn, without denying both the *moral character*, and even the *very existence* of the Deity." p. 33-40.

Having now given the reader, by this long and excellent extract, an opportunity of judging of the general style and nature of the work before us, it remains for us to add but a very few remarks. The admirable character of the author's philosophical writings is so generally known, that we can hope to augment very little their utility by the expression of our commendation.

The "*Philosophy of a Future State*," is divided into four parts, the first, from which our extract is taken,

1A.

being a rapid, yet accurate and conclusive dissertation on the evidences of a future state as deduced from the light of nature. The reasonings of previous ethic writers are repeated in a brief and luminous manner, and rendered more cogent and convincing by the introduction of several arguments which we have not met with in any other writer. This part of the work is written in a style which cannot but prove generally agreeable; for, as the reader has seen in the above extract, it is at once so perspicuous as to be perfectly comprehensible to every mind, and so smooth and flowing as to win the approbation of persons of the nicest taste.

Of the whole of the second and third part, which treat of the connexion of science with a future state, we cannot speak in terms of too warm encomium. The prejudices which lead men to cry out against the vanity of human science are ably refuted; and so far from scientific pursuits and investigations being, in a religious point of view inutile, and foolish, the author clearly shows that they are great assistants to a proper comprehension of the Scriptures, and are almost invariably attended with a salutary influence. Of those who declaim against "the perishing treasures of scientific knowledge," many would be found who have only a slight and imperfect understanding of that better kind of wisdom which they consider fully sufficient. The author justly asks, what is the knowledge which a great majority of those who attend the public services of religion have acquired of the sacred oracles? It is too often, continues he, exceedingly vague, confused and superficial—owing, in a great measure, to the want of those habits of mental exertion, which a moderate prosecution of useful science would have induced.

The whole of these two books are replete with deeply interesting speculations, and though it is highly probable that many may not entirely concur with some of the author's ingenious theories, yet no one can read them without instruction and delight. His notions on the subject of the limited extent of the conflagration, by which we are told that this world will be destroyed; his opinion that the general system of nature will remain materially the same when the present fabric of our globe is dissolved, and the arguments by which the hypothesis is sustained; his ideas concerning the sciences which will be cultivated in a future state of existence, (among which he enters into a considerable extent of reasoning to show that arithmetic, mathematics, astronomy, natural philosophy and history will be numbered) are all exceedingly novel, exceedingly ingenious, and strongly sustained. The notions of the author on the *locality* of heaven, his exposition and illustration of the sublimity of the mental faculties, and indeed his viewson all the topics treated of in the course of the second and third part, are well worthy of attentive consideration. The fourth part of this excellent work, like the three preceding, contains a great variety of interesting matter. It treats, in general, of the moral qualifications requisite to the enjoyment of the felicity of the future world, and in the disquisition, the views and reasonings of the author are illustrated in a manner that renders them uncommonly captivating. In an appendix, there is contained a deeply interesting communication from a Mr. John Shepherd to Lord Byron, with the answer of the noble poet, in which his character appears in a very amiable point of view. We copy these, and with them conclude the present article. The first letter is dated, *Frome*, Somerset, November, 1821, and is addressed to Lord Byron at Pisa.

"*My Lord*.—More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring, as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so in-

fluent, as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were, "God's happiness! God's happiness!" Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contained her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your lordship a passage from these papers, which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself; as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings:

"O my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude, (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee, as for the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure. Do thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit, than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of Righteousness, which, we trust will, at some future period arise upon him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of the clouds which guilt has raised, and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope, that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious—cheer me in the path of duty; but let me not forget, that while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion, by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ's death, for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really seek to serve him) would soon dry up, and leave us as barren of every virtue as before.—*Hastings, July 31, 1814.*"

"There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract, which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection, how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others a Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. Delamartine; but here is the *sublime*, my Lord; for this intercession was offered on your account, to the Supreme source of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet, and from a charity, which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope, that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

"It would add nothing, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I would rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind."

The following is the reply of Lord Byron, dated Pisa, December 8th. 1820.

"Sir,—I have received your letter. I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure it was intended by the writer for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But, for whomsoever it was meant, I have

read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say, *pleasure*, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanor of the excellent person whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know, that in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others—for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since, (at the worst of them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself*; who can say I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all that which he least can comprehend? I have, however, observed, that those who have begun with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clark, (who ended as an Arian) and some others; while on the other hand, nothing is more common, than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertius and Henry Kirke White. But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you, that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh on my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf, for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me the justice to suppose, that '*video meliora proboque*,' however the '*deteriora sequor*' may have been applied to my conduct. I have the honor to be, your obliged and obedient servant,—BYRON."

#### TALE.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

"The knight he was a brave knight,  
But the king he was as brave."

#### CHAPTER I.

On the beautiful plain of Pampeluna was encamped the army of Charles V, flushed with innumerable victories, and soon about to add another to those which had already elevated that remarkable man above all the other sovereigns of Europe. The sun was fast sinking behind the long line of broken hills that, on one side, made almost impregnable the besieged city, whose towers, and temples, and splendid domes were rendered still more splendid by its mellowed light, as it streamed through the mountain forests. Before the eastern wall stretched far and wide the white tents of the beleaguering army, whose soldiers the drum was just calling to their evening meal; and a motley scene did the spacious square, bordered by the mess-houses, present. Here the young Spanish minstrel displayed his romantic dress, and tuned his guitar in vain, to detain his former eager listeners—there rose a lofty stage, the flowing beard and fantastically ornamented turban of whose occupant would have been supposed the property of some Turkish storyteller, had not his ludicrous attempts at the oriental vivacity betrayed to his boisterous audience one of their own comrades. Surrounded by a crowd of rough



men-at-arms, and more noisy archers, might be seen one whose long black hair and gold collar betokened a native of the New-World, and who was perhaps timidly struggling to return in season to his master's quarters. Here sat the despised Jew, whose keen black eyes, though nearly hidden by his tall cap, were never withdrawn from the goods temptingly spread out before him, while near stood the more vivacious Bohemian, who either by mimicking his grave neighbor, or by feats of juggling, was drawing together purchasers for his charms against Diabolus, his holy relics, and universal nostrums. In short, the whole had there been more knavery and less apparent happiness, would have been an excellent epitome of the world. But while all was bustle in other quarters, there was one which seemed comparatively solitary. In the very centre of the camp stood a tent, distinguished from the others by nothing except its being guarded by two sentinels, and a large banner floating over it, the appearance of a boar's head on which told that there, for the time, was the residence of the Emperor, Charles V. Both the soldiers seemed weary of their charge, for one, leaning against one of the pillars which formed the entrance of the tent, was lazily engaged in cleaning some part of his armor, while the other, whistling half aloud, was slowly pacing before it, until interrupted in his reverie by the voice of his less active companion.

"Well Rudolph, it seems their worships, the Holy Brotherhood, have not been idle; in coming from our quarters to-day I heard that Rosenberg had disappeared, and I doubt not the—"

"Why Ernest," interrupted his companion, glancing quickly around, "Why, Ernest, thou speakest of the Holy Brotherhood as if they were men like thyself! For God's sake bridle thy tongue, for it outruns thy better wits."

"Pshaw!" replied Ernest, "thy wits are too many for thy courage; thou hast become the veriest craven since we left Frankfort and the pretty Margaret, that ever trembled at a tale of the Red Miner—By'r our Lady, an I had not seen thee charge a dozen of those rascally Frenchers at once, I'd believe Black Albert, when he says that were the devil—"

"The devil take Black Albert; I've heard him cry quarter louder than ever he said amen to the longest grace that ever kept starving man from grace-cup—and as for thee, Ernest, thou art a born devil! By the mass, last night in the spill-house, when thou hadst Moses by the beard, I did believe thou wouldst pay off thy score with a stroke of thy dagger."

"Thy bolt was shot over the left shoulder then," replied Ernest, "for I did it but in jest, and if that were all to make a man wear the white feather, the cap should be taller than it is, for I have seen thee ruffle it with the fiercest of them—in thy cups."

Rudolph was prevented from making an angry reply by Ernest's exclaiming, "Nay, nay comrade, chafe not thyself at idle words, and here comes one who, if there be any broad pieces in the Pope's treasury, will give us gold enough to drink the dog Moses dry."

Rudolph turned, and scarcely had he done so before he was saluted by a stranger, the white cross upon whose mantilla, or short cloak, would have marked its wearer as an ecclesiastic, had not his gray beaver and black plumes shaded a countenance, the open and manly expression of which could have belonged to none but a soldier, and one, too, of no common order.

"Sir Squire" said he to the sentinel, "it costs but a breath to say thou hast not seen Ignatius Loyola to-day, and here is that will buy absolution."

The soldier bowed low as he received the offered gold, and the knight advanced to the ante-chamber of the tent, where having left his sword with the lord

in waiting, he was introduced to the presence of the Emperor. Charles reclined on a crimson couch, which from the superior workmanship seemed Venetian; for that republic, even then, excelled all other nations in the skill of its artificers. But this costly, and at that time, rare piece of furniture, accorded little with the appearance of the apartment it graced, and which in fact contained little else worth notice, except a splendid sword of Damascus steel, lying unsheathed upon a circular table; over which, suspended from the dome of the tent, swung a small silver lamp, also of Oriental workmanship. The dress of the Emperor himself was remarkable, inasmuch as it differed entirely from the ungraceful costume which then prevailed in Germany. He wore a doublet of Italian velvet, pointed and slashed after the Spanish manner, and over the whole was thrown a robe of the same, with a border and cape of ermine.

Loyola's countenance had entirely lost the insinuating smile it wore when he addressed the sentinel, and his whole appearance was that of one whose mental agitation would not suffer him to attend to ceremony. "Sire!" exclaimed he, without waiting to be addressed, "Sire, the Baron of Rosenberg was a brave knight and a loyal!"

"He *was*? we trust he *is*," returned Charles gravely, for he expected an appeal to his mercy and was determined to be slow in granting it.

"He is dead, my liege! but I come hither for vengeance."

"On whom?" returned the Emperor, "say out, if the cause be good it shall not lack the aid of Charles."

"The judges of the Secret Tribunal."

"Ha!" exclaimed Charles, starting up, "and one of our household too! but it is false! they durst not do it."

"In good sooth, my liege," replied Loyola, "we should not look for respect, even to the sanctity of crowned heads, in traitors who shun the open day, and do dark deeds in secret."

"Loyola," answered the Emperor, for he had recovered his usual calmness immediately, "Loyola, Rosenberg was thy friend: the Holy Brotherhood have dived into thy deepest designs and crossed thy path in all things! is it not so?" He fixed his keen blue eye on the knight, but observing him hesitate, proceeded, "It is, I know it, they have this day dishonored me by the death of my officer, enough; thou hast asked for vengeance, and to night, at the setting of the second watch, thou shalt see one who will conduct thee to it. Have in attendance a score of thy trustiest followers—farewell. Yet stay," he added in a playful tone, "if these rebellious burghers hold out much longer, we must needs propose other terms; the council meets at noon to-morrow, and we cannot well want so wise a head as thine. Provided," he added, as the arms of the sentinels were heard to clash in saluting the departing knight, "provided it be not then '*apud inferos*,' as Father Paul saith. The game has begun, look to it Jesuit, for the king may check the knight."

The Baron Rosenberg, a household officer of the Emperor, had greatly assisted Loyola in the institution of the order of the Jesuits, which even then exercised a secret influence over the cabinets of Europe, and not long after openly wielded the destinies of mighty nations. Yet however much sorrow Loyola really felt for the death of his friend, it was not that alone which induced him to seek so anxiously the punishment of his murderers. The Secret Tribunal (a more detailed account of which may be found in the German Chronicles of Diedrecker) was, as its name imports, a tribunal, the names, places of meeting, and deliberation of whose members, were kept profoundly secret. It was generally composed of the free knights of the empire, and sometimes even of the

princes, although its express intention was to protect the people, and punish the guilty, whatever their rank. For this object, its numerous concealed agents and immense wealth, acquired by the execution of the rich, well qualified it, and seldom were its decisions, manifested only by their execution, deemed unjust. At the time of which we are writing it was entirely independent of the government, and often, indeed were its acts in opposition to it, although it has been asserted that Charles himself at the commencement of his reign, attended its meetings, and made use of its power in ridding himself of the most disaffected of his nobles. Be that as it may, the petition of Loyola only aroused anew hopes he had long entertained of possessing himself of the treasures of an institution he felt had become too powerful. He cared little whether Loyola survived his attack upon the Holy Brotherhood, for he had long since received information, which, though anonymous, he knew came from that body, of the Jesuit's intrigues with foreign courts, but as it was not his interest to offend Leo X, who was Loyola's patron, he contented himself with counteracting them as secretly as possible. Besides the knowledge of this information, there was another cause of the Jesuit's bitter enmity against the Holy Brotherhood; twice had he been preserved from the dagger of what he deemed an assassin, although he was in reality but the executor of a just decree, by the shirt of mail he continually wore; and he well knew there would be no safety for him, whatever might be his future precautions, even in the midst of his own retainers, until his foes were destroyed.

It may appear strange that the Emperor should commission Loyola to attack a body whose wealth he might more surely possess himself of by means of his own more immediate followers; but he foresaw that if ever the transaction were made public it would decrease the popularity of the Jesuits; and he had moreover taken measures to prevent the knight's appropriating the treasures to himself should he attempt it. What these measures were will be seen in the sequel.

#### CHAPTER II.

"—such divinity doth hedge a king  
That treason dares but peep at what it would."

ABOUT a league from Pampeluna, in the midst of a venerable forest that had once formed part of the fair demesnes of its occupants, stood the monastery of St. Withbert; but no light now streamed through the Gothic windows of painted glass, and the deer, in the shadow of the oak that threw its broad boughs over the turreted roof, lay fearless, though his large melancholy eye was fixed on the mouldering and ivied gateway, from which with a goodly train of his brethren on prancing steeds was wont to issue forth the rosy abbot, to follow him in his race with cross-bow and hunting spear, through bush and brake, over hill and stream. Yet did he not long lie undisturbed upon his mossy couch; for not far off the branches crackled and the brightness of armor flashed in the "white moonshine;" so tossing his lofty antlers in the air, he bounded away again to the depths of the forest. Silently did the intruders enter the gateway, and they soon stood collected together before a massive door which impeded their further progress.

"Stadt," whispered their leader to one of the soldiers, "Stadt, do thou climb cautiously to yon grating, and tell me what thou seest."

The soldier did as he was bidden, and after gazing intently for some time, turning his head to his impatient companions below, said in a low voice,

"They are there, dark forms by the light of one dull lamp. I'll be sworn they are not mortal men! In sooth we had better go back, for I would not fain peril both body and soul in fight with the evil one."

"Fool!" muttered his leader, "come down, we must needs burst open the door; there is that within for which some of you would storm hell itself."

The soldier descended, and after one exertion of their united strength, they stood in a low hall, which from its size appeared to have been the refectory of the abbey; the judges of the Secret Tribunal had gathered together at the opposite extremity, and awaited their fate in silence. There was a short pause on the part of the soldiers, until their leader, whose eye was bright with a fiend-like triumph, clapping his hands fiercely, cried out, "We have them, on soldiers of the cross! On, cleave the sorcerers to the earth!" The soldiers obeyed; and though the Holy Brotherhood stood bravely, the struggle was brief, for little could their short rapiers and slight caps avail against the broad-swords and steel head-pieces of their assailants.

Loyola, after commanding his followers to bring in the guide, who remained with the sentinels without, motioned them to withdraw. The signal was instantly obeyed, and the Jesuit stood alone in the middle of the dead. A faint light fell from the expiring lamp upon his countenance, faint, yet strong enough to exhibit its agonized workings, the cold sweat that stood thick upon his brow, and the dimness of his eyes—yes! the eyes of the wily courtier, the fierce soldier, and the cold-hearted Jesuit, were dim, and with tears.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "has it come to this at last? When my blood was up, when the rush, and the trampling, and the shout of battle were around me, I have done deeds man should never do; yet it was a fair and open fight, and my foe stood warned before me! But this—this! oh, Loyola, Loyola, thou art a midnight murderer, a wretch that stabs in the dark and plunders—a snake, a venomous snake, that crawl-est into the very hearts of them that trust thee, and stingest them to the death! Oh! that I might forget my innocence. Yet," and he seemed to shake off his weaker feelings as he spoke, "Yet have I had my reward; I have mated me with the kingly and the noble; I have stood erect in the palaces of the long descended!" again did his head sink upon his breast, as with the low deep tone of one earnestly intreating he continued, "thou happy home by the bright Rhine, haunt me—haunt me not thus forever! thou art not mine, I have sold thee—aye, sold thee, and for what? for unholy passions, for power to work evil, for gold!"

He sank cold, and almost as lifeless as the pillar which supported him; yet did not his trance continue long, for the agitation of remorse, even while racking the body to exhaustion, often gives new impulse to the passions by which it was aroused. Slowly opening his eyes, like one awaking from a dream, he murmured again "for gold." That word was enough, and ere repentance had begun its work the fiend returned upon him, and he stood up proudly as ever, the Jesuit Loyola.

"What would you?" said the guide who now stood before him; but the Jesuit was watching the retreat of the soldiers who had conducted him, and the guide continued,

"There be many forms among these sleepers, an they had been cased in the steel some of them loved right well, I wot yon fellows of thine had met other reception." He spoke in a rough and careless manner, as if having done some service to his superior, he deemed himself entitled to treat him as an equal. This trait of character did not escape the penetration of Loyola, and it was in the same familiar tone that he answered,

"Perchance so; but how sayst thou? I warrant me there would be slight objection on thy part to doffing that cloak for a silken doublet, and while drinking thy Rhenish, care not a groschen for the host?"



The guide returned no answer, and the cloak of which Loloya had spoken preventing him from observing the effect of his remark, he continued,

"Where be the coffers of these knaves? Could we but find them, many a jolly wassailing might we have, and many a good flagon might we drain, and our purses be little the less for it." Still he received no reply, and stamping his foot violently upon the pavement, he continued, "Traitor, speak out, or by him that made me, I will strike thee down beside the men thou hast betrayed!"

"Touching the gold, my Lord," returned the guide in a calm voice, "our master, the Emperor, said nought to me, and in respect to the death with which thou wouldst reward one who has served thee right trustily and well, look to it, for assuredly he will require me at thy hands!"

Loyola's laugh of derision rang through the hall as he answered, "by heaven thou mockest me! our master, slave? what makes Charles of Spain *my* master? Is it wisdom? Have I not outwitted him a thousand times? Is it valor? He would not dare stand before me point to point!"

"Say you so, valiant Sir?" returned the other in a scornful tone, and throwing aside the cloak which enveloped him, the astonished Loyola saw that he was pointing his sword at the breast of his sovereign. Dark thoughts were gathering in his countenance, while he still maintained his threatening position, and it is more than probable, had Charles betrayed the least symptom of fear, that moment would have been his last. But haughtily and scornfully did he return glance for glance with the knight, until the latter retreated, and then bursting into a loud laugh of scorn, he exclaimed, "Oh sage, thrice sage Ignatius! didst think Charles would trust the vulture with the lamb, the hawk with the dove, thee with the treasure? by St. Withbert, man, thou wast wit-shotten!" He turned and shouted to the soldiers, who were not slow in obeying the summons, but thronged through the dark passage tumultuously, expecting nothing less than a large share of plunder from the hands of their generous leader. When, however, the torches they bore discovered to them the person of their Emperor, many let fall their arms from surprise, while others dropping upon their knees called loudly for pardon, for they knew not that he had consented to the deed in which they had been engaged.

"Rise!" said he "ye are pardoned on condition ye conduct us to the camp, and as for thee, turning to the Jesuit "thee too, Sir Knight, we pardon, for that thou hast in our presence spoken of us loyally and well, and in such terms as befit a subject." So saying, he waved his hand to the soldiers, who gathering around him left the Abbey in silence, and with looks far different from those with which they had entered it. The sound of their heavy and measured tread was almost lost in the distance, and could scarcely be distinguished from the moanings of the wind that swept through the forest, before the knight recovered from his stupor. Striking his hand fiercely against his forehead, and muttering "Fool! fool!" he rushed from the hall, nor stayed he his steps until he reached his tent, there to mourn in secret and silence the unexpected termination of his hopes.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Never did guilt escape fit punishment."

Years pastaway, and the Jesuits, uniting the opposite characters of the priest and the soldier, had extended their power to almost every part of the earth. While on one continent they were humbly preaching the truths of a sublime religion, made still more sublime by the very humility of its professors; on the other they unfurled the banner of persecution, and

with the bloody sword, slew the Pagan in his unbelief. Charles himself had become reconciled to the order, and the conscience of Loloya was so far seared that he thankfully accepted the forest of St. Withbert, the scene of one of the earliest and darkest of those crimes by which he had attained the rank he then held. In that forest he erected the principal "house of probation" of candidates for admission to the society, over which he presided in person, and, after a long absence was returning to it, on the night in which the event we are about to relate took place.

The Jesuit was meditating on the success of the mission in which he had been engaged, when his eye met the form of a man apparently sleeping, beneath one of the trees that bordered his path. From the dress, he supposed it to be a keeper of the forest, and as he had but just separated from a party of soldiers belonging to the neighboring garrison of Pampeluna, he determined to arouse the sleeper, for he knew those stragglers would not hesitate to bring down the first deer that crossed their path, if it could be done secretly.

"What, ho! Sir Woodman," said he in a loud voice "a marvellously lynx-eyed watch thou art keeping in thy sleep—come, bestir thee fellow, there are soldiers abroad, and I would not lose one of my deer for the most lucky of thy dreams."

The stranger starting to his feet, exclaimed wildly—"The fiend! the foul fiend walks the earth again! but beware devil—beware, for Werner is strong tonight."

He ran swiftly forward, but Loyola, confident from the words and the voice that the stranger was a maniac, fled through the forest involuntarily until he reached the open space where still stood the ruined monastery of St. Withbert. The place, the time and the circumstance united in recalling a sense he had almost forgotten, and he drew back in horror; but it was no time to hesitate, for the crashing branches behind him told that the avenger of blood was at hand, and, as if carried onward by an impulse he could not resist, he sprang through the gate-way and stood once again in the hall of the Abbey. The roof had fallen in and the light of an unclouded moon shone brightly on the mouldering bones and still visible blood of the Holy Brotherhood. Loyola, shuddering, withdrew his gaze, but it met an object yet more fearful, for far above in one of the vacant spaces that had formed the windows stood the maniac, whom, notwithstanding his pale sunken cheeks and dishevelled hair, he now recognized as a son of Count Werner, a member of the Secret Tribunal, who fell on the very spot he then occupied and by his own hand.

Ere he recovered from his astonishment, Werner, with a wild yell of exultation, sprang upon him and crushed him to the earth. He struggled for life, but the grasp of the maniac was on his throat, and he soon cried out faintly, "Spare me!"

"Spare thee!" said the madman triumphantly, "why should Werner spare thee? didst thou spare the father that gave him being?—didst thou spare the hound as thou art, didst thou spare the princely and the noble, the gathered wise and valiant of the land? Fool, fool! thy thought was to spill blood in silence; but the wind came to me, and it was loaded with groans—the spirits of the murdered whispered to me in my sleep, and their words they say made me mad—but they lie! for I followed thee, and though my arm was stayed, mine eyes were on thee; ay, on thee in thy secret chamber and in crowded halls—in the lonely forest and the populous city—yea, Werner was by thy side in the camp and on the battle-field; and when the hand of thy foe was raised, he smote him, for he knew thy life was his, though the place and the hour had not come!"

Nearly all traces of madness had disappeared from

his countenance while speaking, but again did his eye flash fiercely, and again did his voice grow wildly hoarse as he continued, "Black—black, ha, ha, ha! the fiend has his own color again!"

His grasp was tightened about the throat of the Jesuit, whose face did indeed grow blacker, yet even then he struggled, and rising in the strength of his agony, shook the madman from his breast. But it was the struggle of the hopeless, for the death-rattle was in his throat, and loud did his helmet ring on the pavement as his head sunk back heavily from the hand of his foe.

The maniac started up, and his first thought seemed of flight, for scarcely had his wandering eye been fixed by the window through which he entered ere he stood once more within it. His descent was interrupted by a groan from within, and turning quickly, he discovered still some faint signs of life in his victim, as the moonlight fell upon the body. Again he sprung from his lofty station to finish the work of death, but his fall was this time unbroken by any resisting strength, and when he reached the earth, the bright armor of the dead man was dimmed by the blood and dying breath of his murderer. Many were the masses that his black-stoled brethren said for the departed soul of the Jesuit; and solemnly did the voice of Alphonso Layner, his successor, float mid the crumbling pillars of the chapel of St. Withbert, as leaning on his crosier over the body, he slowly chanted the service for the dead. But the events we have narrated were long kept secret, and even to this day it is not generally known that Ignatius Loyola died other than a natural death.

#### ESSAY.

##### THE NECESSITY OF APPLICATION.

THERE is a deal of philosophy in the common saying, when rightly applied, which we often hear made use of to persons who have suffered calamity—"it will be all the same a hundred years hence." It is a saying which forcibly brings to mind the shortness of life, and, if reflected upon with a proper spirit, would teach us most impressively the truth of Martial's precept, *stultus labor est ineptiarum*. The mind would be taught by it to remember that, amidst the toils and bustle of this world, the petty disappointments we may experience and the obstacles we may meet with to retard our successful progress are things of but brief continuance, and that, when a few years, or perhaps months, have glided by, it will then be perfectly immaterial whether our fortunes were prosperous or adverse; whether we were surrounded by affluence, or obliged to struggle through the numerous ills of poverty. That life is short and death is certain, is a truth which all are acquainted with, but which all are at times too apt to forget; and such maxims, therefore, as tend to force the contemplation of these subjects on our minds, have ever met with the approval of the moralist. The one we have quoted, when thus used, can only be attended with a salutary influence.

It is too frequently the case, however, with that, and with almost all the pithy precepts which wisdom and experience have left for the guidance of mankind, that they are perverted in their application, to the encouragement, or the excuse of folly. The saying of Horace, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, for example is flippantly uttered by those who believe themselves endowed with genius, as an authority for indolence and inattention; as if the mere possession of natural requisites, without toil or study, were sufficient for the accomplishment of any thing great or excellent. Thus, too, the celebrated stanza of Gray, concluding with,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

and numerous texts from Sacred Writ, are every day cited as illustrating the foolishness of any exertion, beyond that which is necessary for the relief of the ordinary wants and passions of humanity.

It is very certain, indeed, however industriously the brief space of existence may be filled, that much, at the closing hour, will remain unaffected, and that even they who have risen to the highest pinnacle of human knowledge, have been most ready to exclaim,

All that we know is, nothing can be known."

But this, so far from deadening the spirit of exertion, should only induce us to more vigorous efforts. Instead of supinely resting in the obscurity which must inevitably be the lot of the inactive, it is the duty of every man to endeavor to occupy a useful place in society, and to transmit to his successors that best of patrimony, a good name and the benefit of a good example. The great majority of mankind, it is true, are doomed to live and die, without leaving any permanent record of their having been; but it is in the power of all men to make themselves valuable in the particular spheres for which they may be fitted by nature or education; and, if they cannot, like the Latin poet, erect a monument more lasting than brass, they can at least deserve a tear of affectionate remembrance from kindred and friends—an epitaph, after all, more valuable than the empty vauntings of ill acquired fame. If men would but rightly consider what it is that constitutes real greatness, we should no longer be surprised at the height to which a few of mankind have attained, but rather wonder that the number is so small of such as have been conspicuous for their virtue or their wisdom. It is very true that poets, in a certain sense, must be *born*—that is, to excel in poetry, one must inherit from nature a finer liability to impressions, and a sensibility more acute than is bestowed upon ordinary men. It is equally true, if we choose to take the Horatian maxim in its literal sense, that one must be born a philosopher; but who ever for a moment believed that philosophy was to be acquired without long and laborious study? And who are the majority of those who have stood forth to the world the noble ones in literature and science? Did any peculiarly auspicious circumstances attend their entrance into being? Is it not rather the fact that in most instances they have been opposed by greater barriers, and had to contend with more numerous difficulties than their companions in boyhood and youth, whose very names have ceased to be remembered. Such is most assuredly the case; and it is to employment, to industry, to perseverance, that the world is indebted for their subsequent greatness.

There are few men who would not be surprised, if they could review their past lives, and ascertain what portion of their time had been usefully occupied, at the little they had done, and the many opportunities they had neglected. It is idle to talk of being born to greatness. Adventitious circumstances which cannot be foreseen, without doubt, may sometimes accelerate or retard our advancement; but in general we are the architects of our own fortunes, and as we do well or ill, meet with success or discomfiture. The thousand complaints that we constantly hear and read of the want of patronage, the illiberality of the public, and the unhappy fate of genius, proceed, in nine cases out of ten from those who give full credit to the *nascitur* of Horace, but who, like the lillies of the field, "toil not, neither do they spin," and yet calculate to be revered and supported by their fellows.

Industry and perseverance are the hand maids that must lead Genius up

The steeps where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

Without them, one may start forth occasionally with



surprising activity, but can never ascend far beyond the mountain's base.

### POETRY.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

#### TO LOUISA.

Louisa! dost thou hear in heaven  
Thy brother's prayer addressed to thee?  
O, are thy suppliant efforts given  
Before the Eternal's throne for me?  
Could I be sure we yet shall meet,  
When in the grave this frame shall rest,  
My heart would not with anguish beat,  
As now, within this aching breast.  
When thou didst press thy bed of pain,  
And death was darkening o'er thy brow,  
Then rose that fever of the brain—  
I felt it then—I feel it now—  
The deep, the voiceless grief that wastes  
The heart by slow but sure decay;  
Which nothing stays, nor nothing hastes,  
No time can quench, no scene allay.  
O! o'er my soul what horror came—  
Can I forget that moment?—never!  
When thou didst strive to call my name,  
And found thy voice was hushed forever!  
A crowd of friends were gathered round thee,  
And tears burst forth from every eye,  
Despite their efforts not to wound thee—  
But thou wast not afraid to die!  
Life was to thee a wilderness,  
By not one ray of comfort lighted;  
The past presented but distress;  
The future seemed as drear and blighted:  
Long years of woe had worn thy form;  
Thy path had been a cheerless one,  
Devoid of flowers, and dark with storm—  
Thou well mightst wish thy journey done.  
I gazed upon thy mute, pale lip,  
As vainly thou didst strive to speak;  
I wept not then—I could not weep—  
But O! I thought my heart would break!  
The hue of death stole slowly o'er thee,  
Its glassy light was in thine eye;  
From the sad scene at length I tore me—  
I could not bear to see thee die!  
Though thou art now in yon blue heaven,  
A bright one in a world of bliss,  
Yet still with grief my heart is riven—  
Thou hast left an aching void in this!  
I cannot wish thee back to earth  
To heave its sigh, and shed its tear—  
But I who knew, and loved thy worth,  
Must mourn the waste that's left me here.  
High on the Alps, where now I stand,  
I turn my eyes across the wave;  
In fancy view my native land,  
In fancy visit thy lone grave:  
Thy form decays beneath the sod,  
By prairie wild-flowers sweetly drest—  
Thy soul is with its Maker, God,  
In yon pure realm forever blest!

### MISCELLANY.

#### OTWAY'S ORPHAN.

It has been often and truly remarked, that the real events of life far exceed in wonder and interest the most improbable tales

"That Fancy fashions in her wildest mood."

Indeed there is scarcely a scene or incident, a narra-

tive of love or hate, of noble courage or craven-hearted fear, in any of the most incredible creations of fiction, which could not, without very extensive research, be paralleled from the pages of truth.

The tragedy of the Orphan has not occasioned poor Otway more censure for the great indelicacy of many of its scenes, than for the alleged want of probability in its plot: but though entitled to reprehension for the immodesty of his language, situations and allusions, in the other respect he certainly cannot be accused with any shadow of justice. Indeed, on the contrary, so closely did he copy, in the construction of this drama, the principal features of a tragedy, unfortunately not a fiction in any of its parts, that he has no claim whatever to the merit of invention. The truth of the story does not diminish at all the censure which is his due for his indelicacy in making choice of such a subject; but it certainly acquits him of the charge of having contrived an improbable fable. It is much to be regretted that this unfortunate author had not exerted his genius on themes which might have been perused by modesty without a blush—that he had not sought to advance the cause of virtue, instead of throwing obstructions in its way.

The true poet is endowed with a power which enables him to perceive at a glance the beauties and deformities of all visible creation, as well as to conjure up before him the beings, scenes, and incidents of imaginary worlds. From this inexhaustible fund he should select with delicate care, remembering that not only to amuse, but also to improve mankind, is in an especial degree his duty. In undertaking the difficult task of depicting the human heart in a mimic drama, as operated upon by the various and conflicting passions and emotions of life, it should be his constant aim to exhibit virtue and vice in such bold relief and striking contrast, making the native and inseparable loveliness of the one, and the hideous deformity of the other, so apparent, as to kindle in all bosoms a desire of imitating and emulating the good, and cause them to revolt from the bad with salutary abhorrence. There is no reason why, in his researches for material, he should not enter into the dark windings and sinuosities of guilt; but this should only be done with the purpose of drawing thence some great and important moral lesson—surely not to fill up, as Otway has, whole acts with sentiments and delineations of licentiousness that invariably disgust even grossness and sensuality.

It is not likely that many of our readers are acquainted with the story to which we have alluded as the foundation of the Orphan; and we shall therefore make a brief sketch of it from an account contained in an old work, entitled "English Adventures," published in London, in 1667.

Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, was the son of a gentleman of large estates, who, besides Charles, was the parent of another son, and foster-father to a beautiful young lady, the child of a deceased friend. The charms of this female's person, and the amiableness of her disposition, inspired both brothers with love. But the elder succeeded in creating a reciprocal attachment, and they were privately married. The younger, Charles, knew nothing of this, and chancing to overhear an appointment made between them, to meet, on the next night, in her chamber, he determined to frustrate the intrigue, as he considered it. He found means to have his brother otherwise employed; and, making the preconcerted signal himself, was suffered to enter the apartment. The darkness of the night aided his design, which unfortunately met with full success.

The lady lost her reason on the discovery, and soon after died. The two brothers fought, and the elder fell. His broken hearted parent survived but a few months, and then followed to the grave. Charles

Brandon, the guilty and unfortunate cause of all this sorrow, left his country in despair, with a fixed intention of never returning. He was abroad and unheard of for such a length of time that his nearest relatives, thinking him dead, began to take measures for obtaining his estates. Roused by this intelligence, he returned privately to England, and, for a time, occupied obscure lodgings in the neighborhood of his family mansion.

While in this retreat, he had the good fortune to rescue the young King (Henry VIII) from two ruffians, who had attacked him while hunting on the borders of Hampshire, and at a time when he happened to be detached from his retinue. This act so pleased the monarch, that he not only restored him to his patrimonial estates, but took him under his own immediate protection. He afterwards married Margaret, Queen Dowager of France, and was created, by Henry, Duke of Suffolk.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MEGAREY'S STREET VIEWS.

THIS work, the first number of which has been very recently published, is intended to give views of all the principal streets in New-York, from points of sight best calculated to make interesting pictures. The series will be completed in four numbers, each, like the one before us, to contain three admirably executed views, of the size of thirteen and a half by nine and a half inches, and each plate to be accompanied with a well-written letter-press description.

The first view in the present number is of Fulton Street and Fulton Market, the spectator being supposed to stand at the Ferry-House, looking up Fulton Street. This view gives an animated representation of the bustle and commotion of that busy place. The delineation is exceedingly accurate; insomuch so, that one at all familiar with the scene may almost recognize many of the individuals of the different groups, and can scarcely avoid fancying that he hears the din of the multitude, and all the various and mingled sounds which characterize places of business, bustle and confusion.

The second view is of Broadway, from the Battery-gate, the spectator looking towards Trinity Church. This may very properly be termed the Bond-street or Pall Mall of New-York, where all the figure and fashion of the city are in the habit of congregating. The plate represents a lively and correct picture of the scene; every object calculated to give it its proper character is artfully introduced, and it would be difficult to point out a single circumstance which could be either added or taken away, to increase its accuracy, interest and verisimilitude.

The third and last view of the present number represents South-street from Maiden-Lane, the spectator looking west. In this beautiful aquatint a vivid sample of the busy commercial operations of this vast city is given with so much fidelity and with the masterly introduction of so many apposite circumstances, that one looking on the picture can almost imagine himself transferred to the scene, and that he can hear the jingle of the carts as they rattle along, the "yo, heave yo," of the sailors, and all the mingled din and turmoil of a variously occupied crowd. The ships at the wharf are represented with great faithfulness, and the store-houses, the groups of persons, the expression of countenance in the different individuals, and every concomitant of the scene, are delineated at once with truth, boldness and effect.

The second number of this valuable work, which will shortly be published, will contain two views of Wall-street, one from the Exchange, looking towards the East River, and the other from Mechanic's Bank

towards Trinity Church. The third view will represent St. John's Church and part of the Square. The work deserves, and we are pleased to hear receives, extensive patronage. The views are highly creditable, in every respect to the pencil and graver of Mr. Bennett.

#### SKETCH.

##### RUNNING THE MAIL.

##### *Returning on Board.*

My readers will think that I remained a long time ashore; and some of them are perhaps anxious to know how I regained the huge floating prison from which I made such a hair-breadth escape. Several weeks ago I seated myself to tell the remainder of my story; but poor Tom Wilson, who was closely associated with the events of that night, rose up so vividly to my recollection, that I could not resist drawing a slight sketch of that eccentric and unfortunate young man. But I will now keep my promise, and hope that my motive,—a wish to please—may be considered some atonement for the dullness of my story.

Have any of my readers been in Port Mahon? If so, they will not wonder at my pausing a moment to dwell on the moonlight features of its beautiful bay. By the time that we emerged from the lengthened shadow that our vessel cast upon the water, (for the moon had not not attained her full height in the cloudless sky) we were too far away to be recognized, even had a suspicion that all was not right been excited. But such was not the case. The scrutiny of the captain had been the result of his natural moroseness, not of suspicion; and as soon as we left the side, he had turned to some new object on which to vent the malignity of his disposition. Our breasts, therefore, as soon as we considered ourselves past danger of being recalled, were relieved from a heavy load of care; and as we glided along over the bright waters, propelled by Antonio's lusty arm, who had now taken both oars, or rather paddles, into his own hand, my eye rested on every feature of the scenery with a delight hardly equalled by my first emotions on coming to anchor in the tranquil bay. I was free! The bird let loose from thralldom, twitters among the green branches, and hops from spray to spray in an ecstasy of rapture that its little bosom never knew before; and so I, on this occasion of temporary emancipation, experienced a hilarity, a degree of transport as intense as it was to be short-lived. The thought of how I was to get on board again did not once occur to my mind: I was free! I should once more hear the silvery voice of Inez; should once more clasp her form—embodied harmony—to my bosom; we should mingle our tears together as I told that the hour of departure was arrived; and breathe vows of mutual fidelity until time and fate should restore us again to each other.

The moon, not even in that clime which she favors most, ever shone down so brightly before. The walls of the Lazaretto on its little green island in the midst of the water, looked as white as snow; and the turrets of the neighboring convent, the white stone houses of the public dock, and the spire of the Cathedral, all shone like silver in its light. Not a breath of air disturbed the beautiful serenity of the scene. The night-pennons of the different men-of-war in the harbor, hung drooping down their masts; the surface of the tideless water was unagitated by a single ripple, save those occasioned by the motion of our little pinance; and the floating leviathans of war were mirrored in the glassy bay with such distinctness, that the eye could almost trace every rope and spar of the shadowy and inverted fleet.



From one of the straggling fisherman's huts along the water's edge, in which Antonio informed us that a wedding was that night consummated, there came sounds of music and revelry, which harmonized well with the rippling of the phosphoric water, and the still loveliness of everything around.

The brow of the steep acclivity on which the town, reposing in moonlight stood, cast a shadow over the beach below, and rendered the polaccas, feluccas, and other vessels along the shore but partly visible. The little boat of Antonio, however, shot in amongst them, and threaded her course with undiminished rapidity, guided by as expert a boatman as ever lifted oar; it reached the quay, grated along its granite steps, and in less than an instant my foot was on the shore.

During the time that I had been confined on board the ship, I had a number of times sent ashore to Dutch John's, (as we used to term, from the name of its proprietor, an excellent hotel where the American officers were much in the habit of congregating) for a variety of "creature comforts," to console me in my listless hours of "durance vile;" and my first object on reaching the land was to proceed thither and liquidate the bill which had thus accrued. This done, I meant to separate myself immediately from my associates, and seek the presence of the beautiful Inez. We had not proceeded far along the sideling and parapetted road, over which a deep shadow was thrown by the projecting eminence above, when our attention was suddenly arrested by a clicking sound from the summit, as if occasioned by the collision of swords in a furious fight, and directly after, a Spanish oath, uttered in a deep guttural tone, struck upon our ears, while at the same moment, something fell heavily to the earth. Startled by the occurrence, our eyes sought the edge of the toppling cliff above, strongly defined against the moonlight sky, and there we beheld the dark outline of a large and apparently herculean figure, stooping over some victim probably that he had murdered, and endeavoring, as was made manifest by the loosened gravel and stones, which were rattling down the declivity, to throw him headlong from the height. To have reached the ruffian by the way of the road, would have occupied at least a good twenty minutes, although he was not more than forty or fifty feet above us, for it was cut in the face of the cliff, and gained the summit by a very gradual ascent; and to attempt to climb the rugged projection, rising as it did, precipitously from the shore, and in some places beetling half way over the road, would have been fruitless folly. But Jake Mullin's ready wit always supplied him with an alternative; and pulling something from his pocket, he cried out to the desperado in a loud voice, and in broken Spanish, (for we had most all of us acquired something of a smattering of that language by our visits to different Spanish ports) bidding him instantly desist, or he would blow his brains out. As an evidence of the sincerity of his threat, a clicking sound was heard, like that which is produced by the cocking of a pistol. The villain, unable to perceive who it was that uttered the peremptory order, but aware that his own person, in the broad light of the moon, and from the height on he stood, which must be perfectly obvious, shrunk back with instinctive fear from the brow of the summit, so as to screen himself from the threatened danger.

"Here, Shakspeare!" cried Tom, addressing me, "here take this pistol, and if the damned scoundrel shows his head again, shoot him dead!"

This speech must have been intended solely for the benefit of the assassin, for neither pistol, nor weapon of any kind, did Tom put into my hand; but as soon as he had uttered the words, he started off, whispering to the others to follow him, and ran at full speed along the road, in order to reach the spot where the

Spaniard stood, before he should sufficiently recover from his intimidation to return to the purpose which had been so fortunately interrupted.

A few minutes went by when the trampling of feet announced that they had gained the eminence, and a loud shout told me that the villain had fled from the scene of his atrocity. The party now proceeded to examine the body of him who had been felled to the earth, and who was lying there pale, bleeding and insensible.

"Gracious heaven!" cried Jake, as he raised him up, and turned him round, so that the moon shone full in his face—"Gracious heaven! it is Tom Wilson."

"Is he dead?" cried I, in an earnest voice, excessively startled by the intelligence. But without waiting for a reply, I also set off at full speed, and in a few moments joined the group upon the cliff. By the time I reached the spot, Tom had given some evidence of returning animation, and his eyes were rolling round with a listless and vacant stare, from one individual to another, till resting on me, they lighted up with a sudden gleam of intelligence, and in a faint voice he ejaculated,

"If you would save the life of Inez, lose not a moment. She is in danger."

The reader may be sure that I wanted to hear no more. Rushing rapidly through the well known streets of Mahon, I was not many moments in reaching the abode where I had spent many delicious hours with the lovely Spanish girl, as soft and beautiful as the moonlight radiance of her own delightful clime. The door stood open, and without pausing to announce myself, I entered the spacious hall. It was empty. I rushed into the apartment where Inez had been wont to sit—it also was deserted. I seized the silver bell which lay upon the table, and ringing it loudly, soon brought a domestic into my presence. To my eager inquiry of where was his mistress, he could only inform me that she had left the house about an hour before, in company with Wilson, and that neither of them had since returned. Alarmed by my evident agitation, he ventured to inquire its cause.

In rapid phrase, and with all the coherence that my emotion and my poor Spanish admitted of, I told him what I had seen and heard. The aged servant paused for a few instants in deep thought, when suddenly raising his head and striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "I have it!" and immediately proceeded to relate to me what he thought would prove a clue to the discovery of the mystery.

Sebastian Cabotto was a wealthy resident of Majorca, whose early life had been passed in maritime pursuits, and it was more than conjectured, that a large part of his riches had been acquired by practices which would not bear a very close investigation. About a twelvemonth previous to our arrival in Mahon, business had called him to Minorca, and during his stay in the island, he had seen and been captivated by the beauty of Inez. He had soon after proffered her his hand, but the lovely orphan (for both the parents of Inez were dead) could ill conceal her abhorrence of his character as she rejected his suit. Inflamed by her refusal, and more inflamed by the attachment for me, which, on a subsequent visit to the island, his quick glance detected, the malignant Sebastian determined to accomplish by force, the object which he could not effect in any other way.

For a long time no opportunity presented itself for the perpetration of his design; but at length the brother of Inez chancing to be called away by some important affairs to Barcelona, and learning that I was under arrest on ship-board, he had fixed on the very night of my stealthy visit to the shore for the consummation of his purpose. A felucca at the quay, under his command, only awaited his orders to put

to sea, and to assist him in his enterprize, two stout seamen, ready to do anything at his bidding. During the whole evening he had been lurking in the shadow of the houses near the dwelling of Inez, awaiting a favorable moment to execute his intention; and when he at last saw her, in company with Poor Tom Wilson, issue from her abode, for the purpose of a moonlight walk, he and his associate ruffians followed at a distance, till they had reached the spot where our attention was first attracted by the clashing of swords, when suddenly rushing forward, two of them attempted to hold Tom, while Sebastian seized Inez in his arms, and began a rapid descent towards the shore. But Tom, by a great exertion of strength, jerked himself away from the fellows who had laid hands on him, and drawing his sword, pursued the principal miscreant. He overtook him, and a fight ensued, which, for some minutes was doubtful; for though Tom was not a practised swordsman, he possessed great activity and dexterity, and had besides the courage of a lion. The men received an order from their master in the midst of the conflict, to seize Inez and bear her to the felucca, which mandate they forthwith executed with prompt alacrity. The sight of this redoubled the angry energy of Tom, who finding that he was much inferior to his antagonist in the use of the sword, availed himself of a favorable opportunity, and closed in with him. Desperate was the struggling which ensued; but it was only of momentary continuance, for Sebastian was a man of powerful frame, and raising Tom from the ground, he threw him down again upon the earth with such violence as deprived him at once of sense and motion. He was about raising him once more in his arms for the purpose of precipitating him from the brow of the cliff to the road below, when he was interrupted in his purpose as the reader has seen. Alarmed by the exclamation of Jake, and the snapping of his jack-knife which he mistook for a pistol, as Jake intended he should, he made a hasty retreat down the same road that the sailors had taken, which ran in an opposite direction from the one we were ascending; and when our party reached the spot, the inanimate form of Tom Wilson was the only object to be seen.

The old servant of Inez, of course, did not inform me of all the particulars which I have laid before the reader; but the clue which he gave led to a pretty accurate conjecture of the truth. I scarcely waited to hear him finish his tale, before I rushed from him, and hurried towards the beach. On my way down I encountered a party of officers who had just come on shore, and calling on them to follow, I pursued my way with unabated speed. When I reached the quay, the first object which presented itself was the felucca of Sebastian already under way, her broad lateen sails looking as white as snow in the moonlight. Springing into a boat of one of the ever-ready Mahonese watermen, and still followed by three or four of my comrades—to whom I had given no explanation of my intention, but who, with the chivalry which usually distinguishes men of military professions, were ready to stand by a brother officer in difficulty, without wasting time to inquire into causes—I gave orders to pull directly for the felucca. The seamen on board Sebastian's vessel were plying their oars lustily, for not a breath of air filled their flapping sails; but our little boat shot like an arrow through the water, and in a very few minutes we were alongside. I will not describe to the reader the scuffle that ensued, for I have not so much space to spare: suffice it to say that we succeeded in mastering the lawless commander and his crew, and after pinioning the former, obliged the latter reluctantly to pull their vessel back to her former situation.

Of my succeeding interview with Inez and the delicious hours I passed with her that evening, I shall say

nothing. Poor girl! she sleeps in a timeless grave; and the tragical circumstances which led to her early death, I may perhaps communicate to the reader at some future time.

The night had well nigh passed away, before it once occurred to me that prudence and duty both required me to return to the ship. Now came the rub. I had very narrowly escaped being detected when leaving the vessel, though aided by my messmates, and several favorable circumstances; and now to go back alone at so late an hour, and to be obliged to pass the inspection of a more vigilant officer of the deck, (for I had calculated in my mind what Lieutenant then had the watch) presented difficulties which I had no fondness for encountering. But it was to be done, however; and so bidding the tender Inez farewell, and turning to repeat my vows and adieus again and again, I at length tore myself from her just as the gray light of morning began to dapple the eastern heavens. Following Antonio, who had been patiently waiting for me, and jumping into the bows of his little pinnace, I was about stepping aft to take my seat in the stern sheets, when a form suddenly emerged from the shadow of a small ruined stone building, that stood near the water, and spoke in a loud tone, commanding Antonio to stop. The reader may judge how I shrunk at the sound, when I tell him that I recognized in it the voice of my commander!

What was now to be done? The foot-board, on which Antonio's feet rested, fairly rattled with the trembling that seized his limbs; yet with the instinctive cunning of a Spaniard, he gave me a twitch, at the same time shoving one of the oars towards me. I understood the hint, and dropping on the forward thwart, prepared to play again the part of Antonio's younger brother.

"I want you to put me aboard," cried the captain, in a gruff voice, as he staggered towards the edge of the quay, evidently inebriated.

"Si, Senor Capitano," responded Antonio, in a quivering tone, bringing his boat to at the steps.

Never having had any practical acquaintance with the art of rowing, I was not very expert in my attempts, and once or twice was guilty of that piece of awkwardness which sailors denominate "catching a crab." This the captain noticed, and immediately delivered himself of a coarse joke on the occasion. A pretext was thus given to Antonio, who feared that my blundering strokes might betray me, to snatch the oar from my hand, which he did with well-painted irritation, at the same time muttering something about my having got intoxicated at a cousin's wedding.

How I should be able to get on board was more than I could conjecture, for when, as the boat approached the ship, it was hailed by the sentry, the answer given was the name of the vessel, by which the officer of the deck was at once informed that his commander was coming on board, and I could distinctly hear the four side-boys with their lanterns ordered up to receive him. This I was fearful would throw a light over the inmates of the boat which could not fail to expose me. The boat came alongside, the boys were ordered to lie out, and the captain, putting his foot on the steps and seizing the man-rope, commanded Antonio to shove off. This sagacious creature, from the moment that the boat had shot alongside the accommodation-ladder, had occupied such a position in it as completely to screen me from the observation of those on deck, and the order of the captain to shove off was no sooner given than it was obeyed, he being as anxious as myself that I should escape detection, lest his share in my rash adventure should bring him into unpleasant circumstances.

When the captain got on deck, the sideboys immediately slunk back again to their hammocks, and the officer of the watch walked aft with the commander,



with the ostensible purpose of communicating some matter of duty, but with the real one of lending him his support, perceiving by his unsteady gait the situation in which he was. Antonio's quick eye noticed that the gangway was clear, and dexterously drawing his boat to again, he tried to give me an opportunity of slipping unperceived on board. But no such good luck was mine. I had got but half way up the side, when I heard the lieutenant's footsteps returning towards the gangway, and had only time to jump in the main-chains, and crouch down among the spare spars, when he stepped again into the opening, and in a surly voice asked Antonio why he did not shove off. The timid boatman was now obliged to leave me in my awkward situation; and the officer of the deck remained standing in the gangway, leaning over the hammock nettings for full half an hour, during which time the reader may rest assured I felt in no very pleasant mood. In the meantime the wind had shifted, and there came on a heavy shower of rain which drenched me to the skin.

At last I heard the welcome voice of Jake Mullin. He had been extremely anxious, as it was by his advice that I had been induced to transgress my duty, to have me return without being detected, and had several times, in the course of the night, been on deck, for the purpose of looking out. By this time it was broad day-light, the sentinels had gone below, and an order had been sent down to the Boatswain to pipe all hands. Jake came to the gangway, and peering round with a searching glance, saw me as I crouched down, like a drowned rat, amongst the spars in the chains. With the coolness and presence of mind he always displayed, he walked slowly aft, and pretending to see something afloat in the water, called to the officer of the deck, and told him that he verily believed there was a man overboard. His *russe* had the desired effect. The lieutenant and all who were on deck immediately rushed to the taffarel, to see the imaginary man, while poor Shakspeare, as they used in their pleasantry to call me, taking the hint, slipped over the gangway, and, in less than a second, was once more in the steerage.

#### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Carbonaro. A Piedmontese Tale.* By the Duke de Levis. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York republished, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill, and others.

THIS book comes before us with the pretensions of a novel, but the author has by no means succeeded, according to our opinion, in establishing his claim to the title. In the course of the story, the reader will now and then meet with well written passages, and two or three of the incidents are of rather an interesting kind. But for the most part, the narrative, which the author states in his preface to be essentially historical, is excessively dull, being even destitute of the interest of history, on account of the inextricable mixture of truth and fiction. Some little light (serving only, however, to make darkness visible) is thrown on the secret institution of the celebrated Carbonari; but he must have set down to the perusal of this work with a very slender stock of knowledge of the period of which it treats, who can say after completing it, that his previous information has been much enlarged. Yet the author states that his principal motive in giving publicity to the work before us was to make his countrymen better acquainted with the remarkable epoch which he has chosen for the time of his narrative.

With the author's idea that it is a matter of indifference whether historic truth be conveyed through the medium of a novel, or on the pages of a veritable narrative, we are not disposed to quarrel; not that we agree with him, but because we look upon him as

isolated in his opinion, and therefore to attempt its refutation would be a useless consumption of space and time. But, to confine our remarks to his performance, not his theories—his work, if it be to be considered as a history, must be condemned on the ground that it is mixed up with much irrelevant matter, and much that is wholly fictitious. It is principally made up of the adventures of a wild and restless spirit, whom burning aspirations, mis-directed by uncontrolled passions and an erroneous education, led to join and forward many rash and immature political enterprizes. After having his military ardor cooled by a wound which he received in an engagement, he falls in love with the daughter of a venerable nobleman, who, at great personal hazard, afforded him concealment and protection. The daughter, sometime after, in order to save the life and liberty of her aged parent, which his sheltering the *Carbonaro* had jeopardized, by a noble exertion of filial affection, consents to become the wife of the officer of police by whom her father was endangered, and thus rescue him at the price of her own happiness. When this intelligence reaches the hero of the story—if hero he may be called—he devises a plan of most execrable vengeance on her whose love for him had never ceased, but in whose noble heart duty had risen paramount to love. He basely sets fire to the palace of her father, steals the daughter away at the dead of night, she being at the time far advanced in pregnancy, and after subjecting her to all the inconveniences of a secret and hasty journey, attempts the destruction of the twin infants of which she is delivered on the way, and keeps her with him to the conclusion of the story, ("the conclusion, in which nothing is concluded") a sort of slave, whom he treats with distant civility, but whom he seems determined shall never see her father or husband more.

As a novel, the work is as liable to censure as it is in a historical point of view. Instead of plunging into the middle of affairs, according to the instruction of Horace, the author begins at the end, and leaves off in the middle. The first chapter possesses more interest than all the rest of the two volumes together, and all the rest is taken up in explaining the incident which forms the subject of the first chapter. According to our wont, we select a sample for the reader's perusal, and that we may not be accused of unfairness, we give the passage which we have pronounced the best.

"The midnight bell had tolled, the lights were extinguished, and the little town of Chevreuse was wrapped in sleep, when a domestic, whose accent spoke him a foreigner, was heard to knock repeatedly at the door of Dame Bontemps, the midwife, whose aid he had come to solicit for a female that was then in labor, about two leagues from the village. Old Bontemps, the husband of the *accoucheuse*, pushed up the window of the second floor, where he lodged—

"'The night is chilly and dark,' said he; 'my dame has a cold; go to the doctor, at the corner of the square opposite the church.'

"'He is not at home,' answered the voice; 'and besides, it is Dame Bontemps, in whom alone we repose confidence. Bid her get up: her labor will be amply rewarded. If she require twenty francs in advance, I have orders to give them to her.'

"'I shall open the door immediately,' said old Bontemps. Whilst the messenger was being admitted, and was taking some hasty refreshment, after depositing a Napoleon on the chimney-piece of the parlor, the good dame dressed herself for a journey; and, anticipating a troublesome labor, she took down the green bag that held her professional implements, and wrapping herself up in a good man's cloak, set out with her guide.

"When they had gone on for a hundred yards, they found at the turn of a little street a covered car, the horse of which was securely tied to the bars of a window.

"Get in," said the man, "it is my master's market cart, which he sent, lest you should be fatigued."

"Dame Bontemps placed herself in the seat of the car accordingly. When they were about a musket-shot away from the town, the messenger drew hastily a handkerchief from his pocket, and addressing Dame Bontemps, said roughly—"I have orders to blindfold you; do not attempt to resist; it is quite useless."

"Dame Bontemps lacked neither courage nor wit, but she was alone; it was night, and she was at the will of a powerful man. To yield was, therefore, a matter of necessity, and she submitted. Such extraordinary precaution, she thought, betokened nothing good, but she affected to treat them lightly.

"If you will have a game of blindman's-buff," said she, "good: but it is a useless precaution, for we sort of folks tell no tales; and, besides, 'tis so dark, that one can hardly see with their eyes open."

"It matters not," said the guide, binding the handkerchief firmly round her head, "it is my orders." After a minute or two of silence, he added,—"You have no cause for alarm, Dame Bontemps, my master is generous, and you will be well paid; but he is a devil of a fellow, and will be obeyed, let him order what he will. His anger is terrible, and no one ever withstood it with impunity."

"During this conversation, which was but little calculated to give her confidence, the good dame perceived, by the jolting of the car, that they had quitted the high way to Versailles, and betaken them to some cross-road; and she was aware, from the rubbing of the branches on the top of the vehicle, that they were traversing a wood. At length they stopped; and the barking of a couple of dogs told that they were close to some country seat, or farm house. The driver alighted, pushed up the great gate which he had left ajar when he set out, and drove forward the car into a large yard. He then assisted Dame Bontemps to alight from the car, but without allowing the *bandeau* to be removed from her eyes, until she was fairly in the inside of the building. The room into which she was thus introduced was a sort of barn, with an arched roof, one half of it filled with wheat in the sheaf. At the end of the empty portion, and behind a garden mat, stood a stump-bed—a couch for misery to stretch itself on—on which lay a young female, whose long dishevelled tresses trailed on the floor, and who was so worn out and exhausted with distress of every kind, that she had no longer strength to complain, but only spoke her anguish in low groans. A few rude seats, a table of walnut-tree, very much the worse for wear, a sorry pallet that leaned against one of the pillars which supported the gothic roof, composed the whole furniture of a place that up to that time no human being had ever inhabited. The flickering light of a lamp, placed on a pedestal from which the statue had fallen, dimly lighted up the scene of desolation. Near the bed upon a low stool, a man was seated, whose features were half concealed by the broad brim of a hat that was pulled over his eyes, and whose stature and garments were hidden by the folds of a Spanish cloak, in which he was enveloped. When the midwife entered, he arose and said, with a severe tone, "You have been long in coming; if you had arrived sooner, you might perhaps have saved the life of this infant, that has just come into the world, and which is now dead." While speaking thus, he showed her a new-born babe, that lay stretched out at his feet on a heap of linen.

"Dame Bontemps approached, in order to consider it more narrowly; and stooping down, "It gives no signs of life," said she, "yet we may try—"

"I tell you," interrupted the unknown, "that it is dead."

"There was in the tones of the man, in his looks, and in the gesture with which his words were accompanied, something imperious and sinister, that made Dame Bontemps shiver with terror.

"In good truth," answered she hastily and fearfully—an answer which she afterwards regretted—it gives no sign of life."

"You hear, madam," said the unknown, addressing the unhappy mother, "the midwife declares that the child is dead." He immediately stooped down, wrapped up the infant in a cloth, and, after saying a few words in a strange tongue, handed the body to the servant, and then walked out along with him.

"Dame Bontemps, now left alone with the travelling woman, approached the bed, in order to render her such services as her case required. She had no sooner done so, than she was aware of a second infant that was about to be brought forth; and scarcely was it born, when the effort of nature that accompanied its birth restored the use of her senses to the mother, of which she had till that moment remained apparently deprived. She opened her eyes, and meeting the compassionate glance of the midwife, with a tone of despair addressed her—

"For Heaven's sake, take pity on this unhappy infant! save this one at least, I conjure you, if Heaven permit it; the good deed will not go unrewarded."

"Dame Bontemps, who was as kind as she was courageous, promised to do all that was in her power, but, at the first blush, no expedient presented itself to her mind. So pressing a necessity, however, soon set her wits to work; and on a sudden, and as if by inspiration, she bethought her of the bag that contained her instruments. She immediately drew them out, and concealed them at the end of the barn between two sheaves of corn: she then took the child from its mother, who gave it to her with her blessing. "Dear little one," said she, "may that God in whom I trust, preserve to thee the life which he has given!" Dame Bontemps speedily wrapped up her charge in her apron, and stowed it in the best way she could in the bag, in which she was careful to leave an opening for its breathing.

"Trust to me," said she, in a tone which gave consolation to the heart of its mother; "I will no more abandon it, than if it were my own son; but if it cry we are undone!"

"In a short time the dreaded moment arrived; the scowling looking stranger returned. Collecting all the courage she could, Dame Bontemps, with an air of calmness, said—

"My presence here is no longer necessary; the woman of the house can render the lady any ordinary services, and there has been no accident in the case. For my part I am impatiently expected at Chevreuse: will you reconduct me thither?"

"That is but just. Take these forty francs, and set out; don't attempt to pierce into my secret; 'tis as much as your head is worth."

"The midwife took the money, thanked the giver, and went a step or two towards the door, then hastily returned to take her bag, which she feigned to have forgotten, squeezed affectionately the hand of her patient, under the pretence of feeling her pulse, and bidding her be of good cheer, departed. The car was ready to receive her; and scarcely had she taken her place, when the servant again tied the handkerchief round her head; a precaution that was indeed more excusable than before, as the day was now about to break. When they set out, Dame Bontemps thought that she could perceive that, in quitting the house they did not take the same road that they had in coming to it; and she was strengthened in this opinion from feeling, by the motion of the car, that they were de-



scending a steep hill, which must have retarded the pace of the horse, if they had had to climb it in their previous drive. She could perceive, also, from the rustling of the dry leaves in the wind, that they were travelling in a wood. The desire of discovering some clue to the case of the unhappy woman, whom she had just left in so lamentable a condition, forcibly directed her attention to these particulars; and she was endeavoring to imprint on her memory whatever might assist her in her ulterior researches, when the report of a gun fired at a short distance made her start in alarm.

"'Tis robbers," said she in a subdued voice, and pressing close to the driver.

"'It is some poachers rather,' replied he; 'but we are now at our journey's end; get down, and on your life, stir not from this spot for a quarter of an hour hence.' So saying, he placed her at the foot of an oak; and having done so, turned his horse's head and drove rapidly off.

"The first care of the midwife was to open the bag, in which she found, with joy, the infant living and breathing, but extremely weak. While she was warming it in her bosom, a hound pushed through the brushwood, and halting some ten paces from her, began to bark: the noise speedily brought forward its master, who imagining that he had lighted on a poacher, exclaimed, 'Give up your arms, you thief, or I'll blow your brains out!'

"'Don't fire!' cried the frightened dame in her turn, 'I am a woman.'

"'Ah, that alters the case,' said the game-keeper, with a softened voice; 'but what are you doing here at this untimely hour?—cutting wood, I suppose, or plundering the warren. The duke does not do enough for the poor, mayhap, they must rob him, too! These rascally peasants, 'tis always their way, the more you favor 'em—'

"'You are wrong now, Lafrance,' said Dame Bontemps, who, from his voice, recognized in the man a keeper whose wife she had delivered, at Chevreuse, the preceding year: 'I have lost my way; you must assist me in finding it again. Are we far from the town?'

"'Ah! what! it is you, Dame Bontemps! you are a good half-league from home; but tell us, by what mishap are you here?'

"'I shall tell you that some other day. I have a baby here that requires succor. Guide me out of the wood.'

"'Most cheerfully: you midwife folks, are always in a mystery; but come, lean on my arm, you appear fatigued.' In a short time they reached the road from Dampierre to Chevreuse, that runs along the river Yvette: the morning was now getting light, and they met some country people going to market. Them Dame Bontemps joined; and the keeper perceiving that she had no more need of him, quitted her in order to finish his rounds." p. 11-19.

What becomes of these infants the author has not explained; but as he states in his preface that the completion of his work is delayed, by the non-arrival of certain expected documents from Greece, those readers who are excitable enough to have their interest awakened by the events of the present volumes, may look to have it gratified when the sequel shall be given to the world.

*Tales of the Good Woman.* By a Doubtful Gentleman. 12mo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THIS agreeable volume is now published, and claims from us another notice. Besides the "Yankee Roué," to which, in our former article, our remarks were principally limited, the volume contains three other

tales, viz. "The Drunkard," "Dyspepsy," and "Old Times in the New World."

The first of these is a most powerful and vigorous sketch, and the direct and positive tendency of it is calculated to be of the most salutary kind. It is written in the form of a confession, by one who, born of respectable and affluent parents, and brought up with tender indulgence, is gradually led astray into the paths of vice, first from a habit of associating with persons of inferior stations, and afterwards by being induced to visit the haunts of gamblers, of the most dissolute and abandoned class. The unhappy young man is hurried from one grade of vice to another, till he at last loses all his property by the arts of his associates, and all the respect of society from the confirmed irregularity of his habits. In order to pay a *debt of honor*, he embezzles the property of his sisters, which had been intrusted to his guardianship, and afterwards, to prevent his infamy from being discovered, he marries a young, interesting, and wealthy female, from whose partial eyes he had managed to conceal his excesses. For a while, after these inauspicious nuptials, the resolution of the dissipated husband is sufficiently exerted to enable him to refrain in a great measure from indulgence in his deplorable and ruinous practices. But the natural delicacy and sensitiveness of his character had been too thoroughly eradicated for him long to find a sufficient source of happiness in the quiet intercourse of social love. "The old impassioned ways and habits of his mind remained," and, falling in with some of the former companions of his midnight orgies, he was without difficulty persuaded to revisit the "club" where his fortune and reputation had been spent, and where he was to become yet more deeply implicated in evil. About this period of time the marriage of one of his sisters making it necessary that her portion should be forthcoming, and having now a man to deal with, who could not be put off by the artifices which he had hitherto practised on his credulous relatives, he is induced to load his soul with another act of infamy, which, more than the first, precipitates him rapidly towards irretrievable ruin. "The crisis of my fate," says the unhappy drunkard, "arrived. My generous and noble-hearted wife, had peremptorily resisted all the cautions of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No, she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and throw myself on her generosity; or to make use of her fortune secretly to replace that of my sister. That strange pride, which clings even to guilt and degradation, prompted me to the latter. To replace the money of which I had robbed my sister, I robbed my wife of that, which after events proved she would have given me with all her heart.

"Up to this period, I had loved Amelia as much as it was possible for me to love a generous virtuous woman. Her affection, and the complete acquiescence to my wishes which she exhibited on all occasions, had won all that was left of a heart seared in the fires of mad voluptuousness. But from the moment I robbed, I hated her. With the injustice which I believe ever accompanies the perpetration of injuries, I considered my wife a spy, prying into my actions, and at every moment on the eve of discovering the deception I had practised, the robbery I had committed. All confidence was now at an end, on my part; all pleasure in her society; all enjoyment in her arms. I began to estrange myself from home, and by degrees to drink drams, to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and make me sufficiently a brute, to meet her after my nightly orgies without sinking into the earth. Now it was that my downhill course became more rapid than ever. I fell in company with some of my old associates of the club; renewed my intima-

cy with Balty and the ferret-eyed butcher; got half fuddled, was robbed and cheated every night, and returned to my home every morning, more of a beast than I left it in the evening." p. 165-66.

To liquidate the losses thus incurred deeper and deeper draughts are made on his wife's fortune, and to bury the galling consciousness of his turpitude—still galling even to his seared and indurated heart—he steepens his senses in the stupefaction of brandy. From one excess he proceeds to another, until he at length becomes a mere brute—a bloated mass of disease—and is entirely forsaken even by those who were addicted—but in a less degree—to the hateful vice by which he had been prostrated. He becomes at length reduced to absolute penury, and has only a miserable hovel to shelter himself and ruined family from the storms of heaven. The catastrophe of his fate now draws rapidly on. During all this time his heart-broken wife had borne him company, meekly bearing his brutality and ill-treatment, and endeavoring to force herself into an appearance of cheerfulness which her wan and wasted condition too plainly denied. But, as the author observes, there is a certain state of endurance, a forced elevation of the spirits, which cannot be sustained beyond a stated period, without shaking the intellectual fabric to its foundation. The reason of the uncomplaining partner of the Drunkard at last becomes unsettled. "Her mind was sometimes evidently not mistress of itself, and her vivacity became, at intervals, when she was strongly excited, so misplaced and ungovernable, as to indicate too evidently that the springs which regulated the fine machine were deranged or worn out by perpetual exertion." The delineation of this poor and blighted creature's condition is given with a painful strength and accuracy of touch that cannot but take a deep hold of the reader's sensibility. But we must not dwell on it. During this wrecked and shattered condition of her intellect, her husband conceives the diabolical thought of making her a participant in his execrable practices, and thus pollute her soul, as he had already forever destroyed her happiness.

"Yet from the bottom of my soul," says the narrative, "I believe my poor Amelia, had she been herself, notwithstanding her mistaken lenity, and mischievous indulgence of my excesses, would never, in her rational moments, have degraded herself by a participation in my orgies. At last, however, and by imperceptible degrees, she fell from her high estate, and sunk—not indeed to my dead level of measureless brutality—but low enough to lose herself, and all she once had been. I will not describe the scenes which my home now presented, almost every day. Husband, wife, father, mother, children, all mad; now singing and laughing; now cursing and swearing, like the inmates of a mad-house." The dreadful issue of these courses could not long be delayed, and we shall copy the account of the catastrophe from the volume itself.

"One day—it was an ominous day—the anniversary of our marriage—in a fit of savage hilarity, I swore I would celebrate it with more than usual splendor. I got up at twelve the preceding night, and intoxicated myself before sunrise, when I went to bed and slept myself partly sober again before dinner. At dinner I drank, and enticed my poor Amelia to follow my example, till the little reason left us began to stagger on its throne. I proposed a toast—'Our wedding day—and many happy returns of it.' A sudden pang seemed to cross her mind, and produce a train of bitter recollections. 'Was it not a happy day, Amelia,' said I tauntingly. She burst into tears and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them she replied with a look of agony, that still haunts me day and night,—'Yes it was a happy day—but—' The tone and look irritated

my already infuriated spirit, burning as it was in liquid flames. 'But what'—replied I—'Come, speak out—let us have no secrets on this happy day.' 'We have paid dearly for it'—she said—'You with the loss of fortune, fame and goodness—I with a broken heart, and a shattered reason.'

"And I alone am to blame for all this, I suppose."

"No; I blame nothing but my own folly. I had my warnings, but they came too late, or rather, as my conscience tells me, I shut my ears to them. Would I had died,' added she, wringing her hands, 'before that miserable day.'

"I laughed aloud. 'Poor soul,' cried I, 'does it mean to say I deceived it. Pish, woman! did you ever flatter yourself your weak and silly sex was a match for men—men of the world—men of experience. Pshaw! a wife is a mere plaything—a—'

"A victim,' sighed my poor wife. 'But what can you charge me with?'

"Your fortune is gone," said I.

"Who was it wasted it for me?"

"Your beauty is turned to deformity; you have grown as ugly as the —."

"Who spoiled it by robbing me of rest by night, of happiness by day?"

"You are no longer the gay, sprightly, animated, witty thing that won my heart."

"Your heart," replied she, scornfully; "but who was it that robbed me of my gayety; that worried my sickened soul by night and day; that has broken my heart and turned my brain? Do you know the man, the monster I would say?" Her eyes now flashed fire as she continued, "Do you know the monster, I say? he who deceived my youth; wasted my fortune; destroyed my happiness; degraded the modesty of my sex and station; poured liquid fires down my throat, and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children? Who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God?"

"I, whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come give me an example of obedience," cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor, "come, one bumper more; I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come!"

"I will not; I am already more than half a beast!"

"And half a fool," muttered I, rising and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, "I swear by hell you shall drink it."

"I swear by Heaven I will not!"

"Who shall answer for the actions of a man, mad with drink! Not himself, for he is a beast without a soul; not his Maker for he has abandoned him. A struggle now ensued, during which I gradually became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away. My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fireplace. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and me another, and sunk down again. She was dead.

"I am now the sober tenant of a mad-house. The jury that tried me, would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad; the justice of heaven has ordained that I shall live while I live, in the full perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one will answer my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day



and night, waking and dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind, the history of that ill fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her, her friends, and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion. Guilt grins me in the face; infamy barks at my heels; scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up. I am going to meet Amelia!

"The man to whose charge I am committed, has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed, or am about to close it for ever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe, that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay worse than I have been. If we look only at the beginning and the end of a career of infamy and wickedness, the space appears a gulf which the delinquent has overleapt at a single bound. But if we examine into the particulars of his life and progress, we shall seldom fail to find that the interval has been passed, and the goal attained, step by step, little and little, from good to bad, from bad to worse. The pride of human reason, may whisper in our ears that *we* can never become like the wretch whose career we have just been tracing. But as poor Ophelia says, 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be.' It is only to begin as I began; to sow the same seeds, and be sure that in good time you will reap the same fruits; drink the same gall and bitterness here, the same fiery draught hereafter." p. 183-88.

Our rapid sketch of this story can convey no adequate idea of its merits. It evinces a degree of power on the part of Mr. Paulding—we beg pardon, on the part of the "doubtful gentleman,"—which is not often equalled, and very rarely surpassed. The progress of the miserable drunkard, from his first lapse from virtue to the consummation of his career, is naturally evolved; and we feel sadly impressed with the truth that many—very many prototypes, in all essential respects, of this victim of inebriation, might be pointed out in this very city.

Intemperance is the besetting sin of this country. Among the errors which stain the character of our communities, there is none so alarming in extent, nor so dreadful in its consequences, as the practice of excessive drinking, which is to be found in all classes of society. In support of this assertion, we need but allude to the vast number of drinking-houses in this city which everywhere offend the eye, and which have not merely grown with our growth, but, according to a moderate estimate, have increased, within a few years, at least in a ratio quadruple to the increase of population. The active tread, the happy countenances, and the decent apparel, which the great majority of citizens exhibit, whom we meet in the walks of business during the day, are denotements of general prosperity which cause the heart of the philanthropist to thrill with pleasure. But this is the sunny side of the picture only. Let him, who would know what "shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it," spend but one evening in visiting the principal drinking-house resorts of the town, and his sentiments, we fear, would undergo a very material alteration. He would there find the gray headed man, the evening of whose days should pass in thought and devotion, amid the endearments of his household, expending

half, and, very likely all, of an income which his daily avocations produce, in purchasing glass after glass of liquid fire, in the oblivion of which to drown his senses, and, by its poison, hastening the period of final dissolution. The middle aged would there also be met with, plunging into the same fatal delirium, while their deserted wives and children are perhaps awaiting in trembling anxiety the return of the dissipated beings, made forgetful thus, by the intoxicating draught, of the sacred duties which as husbands and parents they owe. To fill up the number—what a band of young men would be found, throwing away in the worst and most stupid of all sensual indulgences, their physical and intellectual endowments; blighting the hopes of parents, turning the smile of respect into the scowls of disdain, and preparing for themselves timeless and dishonorable graves! What is it that so swells our weekly bills of mortality with tales of death by consumption, and fifty similar diseases? What is it that causes the sickly complexion, the emaciated countenance, the faltering step, the nervous tremor of the limbs, and the lack-lustre expression of the eye, in half of those whom we commiserate as invalids? What but the wide-spread evils of intemperance! It is a deadly sin—and pervades, to a deadly extent, all classes of community. It blasts whatever it touches. Into whatsoever family it enters it leaves a mournful blank. It wastes the energies of the body; it withers the faculties of the mind; it dries up the fountains of our kindest affections; it quenches the light of reason, changes the human nature, and makes man worse than the brutes which perish. Well would it be if all would read, and properly appreciate the value of the eastern story, which tells of a prince, who, being condemned by fate to choose one of three great crimes, of which murder was one, incest the second, and intoxication the third, chose the latter, deeming it the least, and while influenced and maddened by the baneful draught, committed the other two!

From this digression we return to the volume before us, and, before we leave the story on which we have been commenting, we thank the author for the good which it is calculated to effect—for the painful and salutary accuracy with which he has portrayed the thousand ills consequent on the vice which we deplore.

The story of *Old Times in the New World* is one of that kind of which it is difficult to convey any idea by a synopsis, for its merits consist only in a slight degree in the construction, but are principally to be traced to the irresistible humor of the dialogue, and the separate interest of some of the scenes. It opens with introducing the reader to a young and romantic adventurer, named Percie, who had joined the expedition of Smith, and left his native country for the new world, in consequence of being led to believe that she to whom his heart was fondly attached, and from whom he had received an acknowledgement of reciprocal affection, lured by the superior fortune of his elder brother, had proved faithless to him. An animated conversation is going on between Percie and an old domestic who had followed his master to the wilderness of the west, when it is interrupted by the approach of Smith and a number of disaffected co-colonists, who refused to bear a share in the toils which were necessary to the defence and support of the little band. The individuals of this group are described with graphic power and humor. At the time of the outset of the story, the infant colony is in a state bordering on absolute famine; and the united exertions of all become necessary to provide for future subsistence.

The savages take advantage of the weak and deplorable condition of the colonists to make a sudden irruption upon them; but the enfeebled, yet still

brave and determined emigrants beat them back with considerable slaughter. The whole of this occurrence is related with great animation, and it gives rise to two or three scenes of a highly dramatic cast. One of them is a dialogue of exquisite humor between a fat and cowardly justice of the peace, drawn somewhat after the Falstaff portrait, and the other, a faded dandy of that period, who still continued to prize his worn out pale blue silk doublet as the most valuable of his earthly possessions. Their protracted encounter of wits is rather out of place, to be sure, considering that the merciless savages are whooping and yelling about the settlement; but it is none the less diverting on that account. In their retreat, a party of Indians seize and carry off the child of Mistress Arabella Fenton,—who, with the exception of a humble female companion, was the only representative of her sex in the infant settlement of the new world—and this event gives rise to several deeply affecting scenes. The anguish of the mother, the consolation of the good old divine who had accompanied the little band of adventurers across the world of waters, the hurry of the pursuit, the means by which the fugitives were tracked, and every feature of the occurrence is well imagined and well portrayed. The distressed father and those who accompany him in pursuit of the flying Indians, are at length successful in regaining the child, with whom they return, shouting and triumphing, towards the settlement. The wretched mother, her reason almost overthrown by the cruel death which she fancied had been inflicted on her boy, had wandered towards the shore, accompanied by Hardin, the good old clergyman before alluded to, and the remainder of the tale, from the period to which we have now brought it, we shall give in the author's own words. The reverend man after having vainly endeavored to sooth the agonized state of the mother's feelings, had sunk into silence; from which he was suddenly aroused by his companion exclaiming,

"If my eyes do not deceive me, there is a little speck of white yonder far down the river."

"Where, madman?" asked Hardin eagerly.

"Yonder, in that direction."

"A sea-gull, or a white wave perhaps," said he.

"See! another speck, and now they grow larger! It is, it must be the ships! Watch, watch good Hardin."

"Sure, there is something," cried he. "Gracious power, may it be so!"

"They now attentively watched the specks, which gradually expanded larger and larger as they approached, and at length could plainly distinguish two vessels, ploughing their way with a light southerly breeze.

"My prayers are heard," cried Hardin. "It is, it is the ships; now we shall be happy again."

"Happy!" replied she, reproachfully; "my child and husband cannot share these rejoicings; the physician comes when the patient is buried."

"Shouts were now heard in the village, mingled with exclamations of 'They've come—they've come!'"

"Are they not ashamed to rejoice," cried Arabella, "when I am broken hearted? I cannot bear it; let me go to the woods where I shall hear nothing but whoops and howlings—I'll not stay here to be trampled on!"

"Again the shouts and exclamations rent the silence of the twilight air, coming nearer and nearer."

"Impious men!" exclaimed she distractedly, "I will not stay here to be laughed at;" and was rushing wildly towards the adjoining wood, when she was met by Fenton, who caught her in his arms, where she remained for a while insensible. Fenton took off her hat, parted her brown hair from her pale white forehead, and kissed it. At length her color came again,

and when the boy cried 'wake up mother; you don't seem glad to see us,' she revived, and passing from the embraces of the one, to those of the other, wept upon their bosoms. 'And you too, poor Anne,' said she; 'I knew that you would bring him home again, or never come home yourself. I thought the shouts I heard were for the ships we saw just now.'

"What ships?" cried Vere.

"Two," answered Hardin, 'bearing hitherward. We saw them a minute ago.' And see! there they are coming round the point."

"But that the sight is too good to believe," cried Vere, 'I should think I saw two ships. It must be the Flying Dutchman and his consort. Will any of you good people convince me I'm not dreaming? 'Tis plain as the sun,' added he, after looking again. 'They're ships, true heart of oak ships. Huzza! huzza! do'st weep for joy, Percie; for I suppose it would go against your conscience to commit the sin of laughing?'"

"I rejoice," replied the other, 'for the sake of these suffering people; but for myself, these ships can bring nothing that I care for. The land whence they come, the ocean they have ploughed, bears nothing that I ever wish to see.'

"Every one to his notion," cried Vere, gayly. 'Thank fortune, I was born in the day time; the sun is my tutelary, and I scorn the snivelling, weeping stars. If there should chance to be such a person as one Sir Lion, an old acquaintance I've not seen for some time, and the only knight our scurvy King James ever made, that was worth the spurs—if I don't receive him with open arms, call me a crop-ear. Hey, Master Justice,' addressing Justice Knapp, who had just made his appearance, with Master Lavender, in hot discussion, as usual.

"Master Lavender, be dumb," quoth the Justice. 'For all thy threats, I see thou art enamored of my company.'

"Lookee, Justice," replied the other, 'though I despise thy cowardice, and have no respect for thy discretion, yet, inasmuch as valor shines by contrast, I do give mine a gloss by rubbing it against the dirt of thy demerits.'

"A fig for thy scurvy conclusions! 'Sfoot! art just like a button of cheese paring on a satin doublet, deriving all thy consequence with the commonalty from the company thou keepest. But is it gospel, Master Vere, two ships?'"

"As true as if it were gospel, Justice."

"Then will I signalize my gratitude by a donation to the poor," cried he, rummaging his pocket and bringing forth a periwinkle. 'Mr. Periwinkle, I bestow thee in charity on Master Lavender here, that when he hath eaten thee out of house and home, he may ensconce himself in thine armor, and shelter his inordinate ferocity in time of danger.'

"Keep it thyself, thou empty twiggin-bottle, with a huge rotundity, and not a drop of spirit. I see clearly I shall be obliged to offer thee up to the infernal gods."

"Here, now," quoth the Justice, continuing to empty his pockets. 'Here is a black leathern strap, which I did reserve for the last extremity—'

"To hang thyself," cried the other, 'I hope. He did steal this of a poor cobbler. He has the itch of a baboon for thieving, and would rob any man of his good name, though he hath not the grace to convert it to his own use afterwards.'

"To hang myself?" said Knapp—"No, marry—to beat thee into some remote probability of valor, so that in good time, with the aid of cold water, thou mayest be brought to look thy tailor in the face, even though armed with a long bill."

"Thou clucking old hen hussey—but I'll beat thee into dust for this."



"Gad-a-mercy! then shall I flee before the wind as fast as thou art wont to flee before the enemy."

"Why, Justice," cried Vere, "you are victualled for a six months' cruise—a voyage round the world with Sir Francis."

"Foresight, Master Vere. I learnt it of the squirrel, who fills his maw with nuts for a time of scarcity."

"Learnt it of a squirrel, forsooth!" cried Lavender. "Why, he inherited the love of other men's goods from his ancestors. Sixteen generations of them died of the quinsy. The disease ran in the family."

"But see!" exclaimed Vere, as the ships once more emerged from behind the projections of the river—"now they round to—now they furl their sails—now they hoist out the boat—and now—huzza! I see a *rara avis*, a woman let down the sides! Take notice, my masters, I bespeak her in lawful wedlock, be she old, ugly, witch, maid, widow, or widow bewitched. Avaunt, Master Lavender—I do fear thy embroidered satin doublet."

"Above all," quoth Knapp, "beware of his inordinate and sinful valor. Why, he hath the courage of ten hen patridges. But, marry, here they come sure enough, and a woman with them; a wonder in *this world*, whether she can keep a secret or not."

"A boat was now seen to put off from the ships, and make for the shore. Its passengers were received with shaking of hands, and shouts of welcome greetings. There were no strangers here. They had met in a new world, and all felt like brothers. Among those who came ashore in the boat, was a veiled lady, who was assisted to land by an old white haired man, who seemed somewhat between a servant and a friend. On landing, she looked around with great apparent earnestness, as if seeking some one she knew in the crowd, but who was not there, as it would seem, for she pressed her hand to her bosom, and turning away her head, leaned as if for support, on the old man. By degrees, the crowd dispersed towards the town, leaving the lady and her attendant alone, each one being apparently too much taken up with others, to observe them. I cannot excuse this want of gallantry, especially where ladies were so scarce, but so it was."

"During the foregoing scene, Percie, who sickened at every thing that reminded him of England, remained aloof, quietly, yet sorrowfully, contemplating the warm welcomes given and received. His heart swelled with a sense of loneliness, and desolation—the more sad and heavy, from his inability to share in the warm feelings that animated all around him. At length his attention was attracted by the stranger lady, who seemed to be weeping sorely, for ever and anon, she put her handkerchief under her veil, as if to wipe away her tears. The sight of a woman and a stranger, weeping, and seeming to know no one, excited his sympathy; he approached her and offered his services. The lady seemed greatly agitated, but made no answer, while the old man, uttering an exclamation of joyful surprise, retired to a little distance, and remained silent also."

"Is there any one you wish to see?" continued Percie—"any one that you hoped to meet, and are disappointed? Name him, and I will guide you to him, if he is here."

"The lady remained silent, while her agitation shook her whole frame. What can this mean, thought Percie. Perhaps she has come here to meet some one that is dead. Tell me, madam, who is it you seek? Mine is not an idle curiosity, believe me."

"One Robert Percie, of the North, erewhile," answered she, at length, in a hurried and trembling voice, that, to say the truth, was not quite so soft as became a fair lady."

"Robert Percie!" echoed he. "But you are, I fear, sporting with my busy prying. Indeed, madam, though rude, I meant it kindly. I am Robert Percie."

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, "I am not in a jesting mood. I am in search of him I said—I come from one who bade me tell you that once you swore you loved her—one whom you left alone to struggle with a guardian's power, a lover's stratagems—one whom you suspected most wrongfully—deserted without cause—and left almost broken hearted. She sends this ring in token of my message."

"Percie took the ring—it was one he had exchanged with Rose Beverly, on the day they were affianced. It awakened a thousand bitter pangs."

"Beware—beware, madam, whoever you are—unless you wish to make me mad again, and drive me to some other world, more distant and wild than this. Suspect her wrongfully! O convince me of that! But Pshaw! Is't she now, at this very moment, revelling in the spoils of a poor younger brother's happiness, and laughing over the story of his wrongs, in the incestuous claspings of an elder one? Is she not married?"

"She is not married!" answered the lady, firmly.

"What!" cried Percie—"What!—has the spoiler revelled on her charms, and then left her, sated with them, ere the wedding day? Not married? But now I remember. Our father's funeral, as I have just now learned, has scarce gone by, and the forms of decency must be observed, even where corruption harbors all her scorpions. She's waiting, I suppose, till the mourning is put off, and in the interval, whiles away the tedious year of sorrow, with proud anticipations."

"Alas! not she," answered the veiled lady. "She is a wanderer from her home, seeking one, whose heart is turned to stone, who stands as her accuser and her judge, condemns her unheard, and tortures before he murders her. One who was at first blind to her real worth, and is now deaf to her vindication."

"On thy soul, is this true?" cried Percie, trembling with uncontrollable hopes and fears. "O trifle not, lady, with me. I have been mad once, and may be so again. Yet this ring! I gave it her one night, when the soul's harmony, sweet silence-reigned; and then she swore, by all those everlasting sentinels of heaven, she would be as true as they. I cannot think she *could* have broke such vows, and wilfully."

"She did not break them," replied the lady. "Answer me, Robert Percie—as there is truth in man, or justice in heaven—did you leave her because you doubted her affection, or had outlived your own?"

"Look at me, lady," rejoined Percie. "Do I seem like a man whose heart is whole, or happy? What think you was it banished me from England? What chased me from my home, to seek the desert of the world, for such it is to those whose hearts are widowed like mine. Look at this blighted trunk, and then tell me if I forsook, or was forsaken. Have you no letter?" asked he, eagerly.

"None," replied the lady; "but she sent her picture, with a command that if I found you true, to be you would wear it for her sake."

"O give it me at once! you cannot doubt."

"You will hardly know it now," said she; "the colors of the master have so faded."

"Saying this, she unveiled her face, and disclosed to the astonished and enraptured Percie, the pale, faded, yet lovely face of his early love."

"Deeming it highly indecorous in a writer, to disclose in words, those actions which delicacy shrinks from exhibiting before the world; and holding it to be taking a great liberty with even one's own heroine to show her off in the embraces of anybody but her husband; I shall draw a veil over the transports which followed this discovery. Suffice it to say, that

all that love, tempered with modest maidenhood, could offer without blame, was received and returned without presumption or indelicacy.

"A thousand and a thousand times welcome! my beloved Rose," at length Percie exclaimed. "But tell me all the past, and how you found your way hither alone."

"I did not come alone, I had a beau; but I hope you'll not be jealous," said Rose, with one of her wonted smiles.

"Jealous! O no, never again. But I am a little curious; who was it Rose?"

"Old Kenrick."

"Old Kenrick! why Gilbert will grow young again when he hears this. He shall be welcome to my palace."

"True, where is your palace? The evening is setting in, and—but now I think of it—till—till—" Here she stopped, and the long absent colors returned to her cheek, spreading it with vermilion.

"Till what," inquired Percie.

"Till I can build a palace for myself. In the mean time I must seek some female protector, if there be any one that will receive a run away damsel."

"Well," answered Percie, "since my humble dwelling is beneath you, I am sure the kind Mistress Arabella Fenton will receive you as a sister, till we can build you a palace."

"Come, then, I'll trust myself with you once more," answered Rose, gayly. "You'll not run away from me again, will you?" Then looking in his face tenderly, she continued—"You look pale and thin; and if the truth must be told, a little rusty and old fashioned; and yet I should have known you any where. The instinct of a woman's love puts all your boasted reason to shame. Did not you suspect me a little?"

"Once or twice," said Percie, "an idea came across me, that I had heard that voice before. Yet in truth you croaked so naturally, that I was effectually deceived. But come, the dews are falling; lean on my arm; this new born happiness has taken away all my manhood."

"Mistress Fenton received her fair visiter with a kindness, a richness of welcome, which set an example that has ever since been followed by the descendants of the early adventurers in Virginia, insomuch that travellers there often commit an anti-quixotic blunder, in mistaking castles for inns, instead of inns for castles."

"The arrival of the ships brought such an accession of strength and food to the poor colonists, that from this time they flourished free from all apprehension of famine or the Indians. A few weeks saw the union of Percie and Rose, of Layton and Anne Burras, whose respective, and respectable descendants still flourish in the possession of a liberal competency. Both Percie and Fenton became, in process of time, members of the council; and Mistress Arabella lived to see her sons and daughters grow up, healthy, virtuous, and happy. The gallant Vere, only remained a bachelor, until he could save a hogshead of tobacco, with which he endowed a little damsel from Eastcheape, who came out to seek her fortune in one of the subsequent arrivals. Justice Knapp, tired at length of being an idle magistrate, became an industrious publican, whereby he fulfilled his destiny beyond doubt. Master Hyacinth Lavender, not long after the period in which our story comes to an end, departed for England, to take possession of a competent estate, which came to him by the death of an elder brother."

"Would I were the keeper of an ordinary, near the theatres," said Knapp, as he bade him farewell; "I should infallibly receive a conveyance of thy estate in tavern bills."

"I would thou wert," quoth the other; "for then could I cudgel thee daily in part payment of my dinner. Adieu, publican."

"Farewell, sinner! and thus they parted forever. p. 355-67.

Thus concludes the story; but the part which we have extracted is by no means the best. In our hasty sketch of its construction, we have not even adverted to many scenes of rare humor which it contains, nor one or two of a very affecting kind. Among the former, the one which takes place before Justice Knapp, when the punishment of ducking is inflicted on master Hyacinth, and, of the latter, one that transpires in the cottage of Fenton, the attenuated inmates of which are almost expiring for want of food, might be specified. But we have occupied so much space with our general outline and extracts, that we cannot dwell longer on separate features of excellence. Had the author written no other work than this, he would not long remain a "Doubtful Gentleman." Of "Dyspepsy" we can only spare room to say that it is a diverting and humorous tale, and will well repay a perusal.

*Afara III. Christ in the Desert, a Fragment, and Other Poems.* 8vo. New-York, 1829.

THE author of *Afara* obstinately perseveres in committing rhymes, in despite of our friendly advice. The effusions before us contain a strange mixture of insanity and poetry, of blasphemy and holy thoughts. The first piece, *Christ in the Desert*, in which the Saviour of mankind is represented in the light of a lover, agitated by violent human passions, and spoken of as exhibiting a countenance

"—flushed, as if a fervid spirit burned  
Beneath his bosom, that at moments swelled  
With scorching thoughts,—"

exceeds anything we have ever read for the impious audacity of its design, and would entitle the writer to deep censure, were he not evidently too much under the influence of the moon to be altogether accountable for what he says. Though highly colored with the extravagance of a crazed and delirious imagination, this production is not without some passages of exquisite poetic beauty. But these instances are very few and brief. The poetry of poor Clarke is like the ravings of a man in a fever; now and then, amidst a mass of incoherent nothings, we find a flash of true genius, a just remark, a melodious expression, or a forcible illustration. We shall amuse ourself and readers by copying a passage or two, in which beauty and absurdity are equally mingled. Such, for example, is this:

"The soul of sunset soothes and thrills the air,  
And blooming silence looks enchantment there;  
The envious stars are veiled with that thick light  
The moon draws o'er them in her cloudless flight;  
The winds have swooned, o'erpowered with the balm  
That sweetly tempered that too radiant calm;  
The sighs of flowers are all that stir the deep  
Delicious stillness of a world asleep,  
The melting transport of all things below  
Brimms danger's chalice to an overflow."

There is a prettiness of simile contained in these two lines:

"What form is that, who stands beneath the shade  
Of trees so bowed, they look as if they prayed."

The following poetic description of the breaking of day is in the true Clarke vein. It is said that it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous; and the singular author of the pamphlet before us is continually, in all the inebriety of lunacy, staggering from one side to the other of the separating line.

"Night sickens on the mountain—a strip of light,  
Is closely wrapped across its verdant brow."



The ghost of darkness in her clouded flight,  
Leaves the roused earth to strength and splendour now."

If one could but divest himself of the knowledge of the theme with which this crazy bard has dared to meddle, there would be found something to admire in the following lines.

"Garinda! rave not thus—be calm! awake  
From this dark trance—for mine, for mercy's sake!  
Is not my face wan with exhausting thought,  
My form worn lean with agonies o'erwrought,  
And though, most strange, though weak, and cold, and sick,  
Yet, like the dryness of a withered stick,  
The fires of nature kindle through my clay  
Quicker than in my fresher, greener day,  
When we have blushed to feel our burning breath  
Mix in the thoughtless plays of Nazareth.  
By that pure period, that rushed by so fast,  
We used to think some angel's wing had passed  
Before those days, and they had fallen in love  
And chased the tempting stranger's flight above.  
Oh by those virgin hours—too pure to stay,  
By every darkened smile whose dawning ray  
Lit up the summer time of our young years,  
By memory's sanctity, by misery's tears,  
By him who sees, by those who see us not,  
My fall would crumble to damnation's lot:  
By our times on earth—by those far happier times,  
That will be ours if—wherefore talk of crimes."

But, to turn from the principal effusion, in which the author has grasped at an object, the very conception of which should have struck him dumb,

(But fools rush in where angels fear to tread,)

we now proceed to copy one or two of the lesser pieces in the collection, in which, mixed up with faults, there is really much to praise. There is spirit and meaning (this last is an unusual thing with our author) in the following.

#### *Bunker Hill.*

Why lift that column to the sky,  
And write proud letters there?  
Think ye such names can ever die,  
Such triumphs need despair;  
Unless the labored marble rise,  
To stare in coming centuries' eyes,  
And with its ghastly language tell,  
Here freedom's first apostles fell!

Away with solemn pomp—away,  
With column, niche, and arch,  
The ghost of freedom's bloodiest day  
Down time's dim vale will march;  
History will take her by the hand,  
Nation's will sound her name,  
Oh therefore, let our noble land,  
Spurn the proud tricks of fame.

The playfulness and gayety of the annexed effusion cannot but cause the reader to regret that the author's lucid intervals are so few and far between.

#### *Mind your Book at Morning Prayers.*

Oh turn away the azure light,  
Of that bewildering look,  
And let me read the lesson right,  
And mind your own Prayer Book.

Your eyes have teased me this long while,  
For just at this long stop,  
As mine were raised, they looked a smile,  
And suddenly, would drop.

Now this will never do, my dear,  
'Tis naughty, and no one,  
Who feels as young folks should feel, here,  
Would do as you have done.

We all come here to say our book,  
But mine will be unread,  
Till you leave off that funny look,  
Whene'er I raise my head.

Fair truant from the mourning skies,  
Go back to your own sphere,  
For such a pair of cherub eyes,  
What business have they here?

We give one more effusion. It would seem as if the

name of Napoleon has set the writer's brain reeling again, and we accordingly find him in these verses alternately on one side and the other of the line of demarcation that we have spoken of. The two lines,

Whose soul, with fiery visions overwrought,  
Like lightning shone, through the red tempest brought,

and the idea of Bonaparte's haughty spirit descending to a throne, are worthy of any poet.

#### *Napoleon.*

Imagination looked at that lone isle,  
That towers like the altar of the ocean,  
Whereon was offered up 'neath death's pale smile,  
The mangled hopes of him to whom emotion,  
Was but the gloomy slumber of his thought;  
Whose soul with fiery visions overwrought,  
Like lightning shone, through the red tempest brought.  
Across the earth, and like the lightning, too,  
But painted darkness with a ghastly hue,  
And suddenly in silent pomp withdrew.

Poor fellow—glorious as in truth thou wert,  
Thy spirit was beneath the sphere designed  
By fortune for thee—ardor, triumph, girt,  
Like glittering shadows, that tremendous mind,  
That—(had it not descended to a throne,  
When glory's trump throughout the world was blown,  
And kingdoms round it were like ribbons strown,  
But felt such paltry pomp beneath its glance.)  
When time, the funeral anthem of creation chaunts,  
Thy name would peal a thunder-burst o'er France."

But after all, Clarke is crazy, and to use one of his own kind of figures, the occasional gleams of his genius through the darkness that has settled on his reason, but serve, like flashes of lightning on a stormy night, to make the succeeding obscurity more palpably apparent.

*A Selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Late Isaac Harby, Esq.* Arranged and Published By Henry L. Pinckney and Abraham Moise, for the Benefit of his Family. To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life, by Abraham Moise. 8vo. Charleston, 1829. James S. Burges.

A PERSONAL acquaintance with the lamented writer, the principal part of whose works are collected together in the volume before us, has caused us to look over its pages with an unusual degree of interest. During the brief period of his residence in this city, ere he was summoned away by death, we had many opportunities of admiring the brilliancy of his wit, the strength of his mind, and the extent of his knowledge; and the impressions then made upon us by his conversation are now fully sustained by a perusal of his published effusions. We find on almost every page of this volume evidences of a mind deeply imbued with classical literature, and rich with original resources; of wit, keen, chaste and brilliant; a genius, ardent and impetuous, a soaring imagination, and a cultivated taste.

The first pages in the volume, after the introductory memoir, are occupied by "Alberti," a play in five acts, which was produced at the Theatre in Charleston in 1819, and met, we are told, with a flattering degree of temporary success. It was, however, soon laid aside, and has never since, we believe, been represented on the stage. The play was published in the course of the same year in which it was first performed, and the author, in his preface,—preserved in the volume before us—states that his original object in the composition of it was the vindication of the character and conduct of Lorenzo D'Medici from what he considered the calumnies of the celebrated Italian poet Alfieri, in his tragedy called *The Conspiracy of the Pazzi*. But after having made some considerable progress in this design, he was obliged to abandon it; for history did not furnish him with that unity of action, and the variety of incident and character, which

have been found necessary to the success of a dramatic fable; and to have distorted facts and chronology, to make them suit his purpose would have been but incurring the same censure to which he considered Alfieri as amenable. As the tragedy now stands, the story is one of his own invention, though sufficient traces of the first design are evident to invalidate, in some measure, though very slightly, his claims to entire originality and invention. Without possessing any of those startling and unexpected incidents, which are so much resorted to by modern dramatists, and totally destitute of all the trickery of the stage, such as thunder, lightning, trap-doors and ghosts, yet Mr. Harby's play was found to possess sufficient interest and merit to ensure a successful run, and had the parts been cast to a stronger company, it would doubtless have elicited still warmer approbation. It is certainly devoid of the degree of complication of plot and bustle of action, which are almost positively necessary to the continuance of a drama on the stage; but the language is chaste, the sentiments natural, tender, and delicate, the illustrations, though few, apposite and forcible; and even in point of construction of the fable, there is manifested considerable ingenuity and acquaintance with stage-effect.

Previous to the production of *Alberti*, Mr. Harby had employed his pen in two other dramatic attempts; one of them a tragedy in five acts, called "*Alexander Severus*," which, with the sanguine feelings of a youthful author, and yet with blushing diffidence, he proceeded to lay before the manager. This effort of his early genius is not preserved in the collection before us; but his biographer has given place to a note, which he found, at the end of the manuscript, in the hand-writing of the disappointed aspirant after dramatic honors. In this, after stating that the time employed in the composition of his play had only been the intervals between the drudgery of an attorney's office, and the time allotted to repast and rest, he gives a humorous account of the rejection of his production by the manager of the Charleston Theatre, who was a native of France. "He very kindly informed me," says he, "that 'the Engleze vas not veri coot, dat de play ad not de incidents, des avantures, de something to catch de peple; dat Monsieur Harby vish to write like Shakspeare, and dat vas wrong, because Shakspeare vas old, he vas young, and he make de peple laugh, just after he make them cry.'" Not depressed by the ill success of this attempt, he sat himself again to work, and in the following year produced another five act play, partly founded on a romantic novel, called "*The Abbess*." *The Gordian Knot*, or *Causes and Effects*, was the appellation which he gave to this production. The volume under review contains only a short fragment of this performance; but, insofar as we may judge from so slight a specimen, we feel inclined to concur in the approbatory opinion which the biographer expresses, in relation to the chasteness and vividness of its language, and its easy, animated and flowing style. After the failure of several attempts to get his play upon the stage, our author relinquished further importuning the manager, and had recourse to the usual alternative of unsuccessful dramatists—he printed it. Whether the profits of the sale compensated him for his delays and disappointment we are not informed.

Besides the play of *Alberti*, this collection of Mr. Harby's writings contains an eloquent Discourse, delivered in Charleston before the Reformed Society of Israelites, a number of political essays, several excellent literary criticisms, and a selection from his strictures on dramatic performances, for which branch of writing he was allowed on all hands to be eminently qualified.

The first named of these papers, the Discourse before the Reformed Society of Israelites, we pe-

rused with great pleasure a long time since, having been favored with a presentation copy by the author himself. We have not space to enter into an account of the object for the promotion of which the association was formed; but must limit ourselves to the expression of an opinion on the literary merits of this admirable paper. It is characterized, from first to last, by a glowing eloquence, and zealotness and liberality of purpose, which cannot fail to fix the reader's attention and interest his feelings. Its style is magniloquent and flowing, its arguments cogent, convincing, and the rapid historical survey which it takes of the oppression of the Jews, and the noble warmth of patriotism which the author evinces, are all of them features that entitle this production to great and unlimited praise. He speaks like an Israelite—a firm and devoted Israelite, whose blood curdles and whose flesh quivers at the recollection of the indignities and persecutions which have been heaped upon his race, and he clings to the faith of his fathers with a steadfast hold, strengthened, not loosened by the contumely to which it had been subjected. But amidst all the warmth of indignation, which his production displays, against those who have trodden down his people, he yet exhibits, towards the real precepts of christianity, and towards the whole community of his country a feeling of kindness and brotherhood, which reflect the highest credit on the liberal principles by which he was swayed.

We copy the peroration of this admirable address; and, in leaving this part of our subject take occasion to express a full concurrence with a critical opinion, quoted in a note to the Memoir, that "it is conceived in a fine spirit throughout, and executed in a manner altogether worthy of the occasion." After some speculations, at once ingenious and eloquent, as to the locality of the promised land, the Discourse concludes in the following elevated and admirable manner.

"But, be the promised land what it may—whether new Jerusalem mean old Judea, renovated and blessed by the munificence of Heaven;—or whether, with *Chrysostom*, we take it to signify the city of God, happiness hereafter—yet are we contented, while we remain on earth in this temporal state, to live in America; to share the blessings of Liberty; to partake of and add to her political happiness, her power and her glory; to educate our children liberally; to make them useful and enlightened honest citizens; to look upon our countrymen as brethren of the same happy family, worshipping the same God of the universe, though perhaps, differing in forms and opinions. We are contented and happy thus to act, and we hope and trust we act rightly and virtuously—until the annunciation of the *Messiah* shall re-unite us into one nation, offering with all mankind, in the Universal Father, our common sacrifice on one common Altar. Whether that annunciation be made this hour, or thousands of ages hence, let us, in the name of that *Being*, who out of the depths heard the voice of his people, and brought them into salvation—that *Being*, who created all men for happiness and light and truth—let us, in *his name*, live in friendship with each other, and in charity with all mankind. In the words of him whose powers of harmony could exorcise the evil spirit from men's bosoms—'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the dew of Hermon, and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the *Lord* commanded the blessing, even life forevermore.'"

Without indulging ourselves in further latitude of remark, we now proceed to make two or three desultory selections for the gratification of our readers, from the remaining portion of the volume. The following excellent passage, is the introduction of an able pa-



per, in which the merits of Maturin's *Melmoth*, and the decision of the London Quarterly Review on that singular and powerful work, are considered.

"The ancients had no Reviews! But had they no critics? Aye, that they had, and not very indifferent ones. Aristotle, Longinus and the poet Horace need not be ashamed to look in the face of Jeffrey, Gifford, or the poet Campbell. But are Reviewers genuine critics? Indeed this has lately become a very moot point: for, whereas we are led to believe that the laws of the ancient critics, concerning composition, the epic, and taste and literature in general, have been in a great measure the standard of their successors, our modern critics, or, as they more properly style themselves, *Reviewers*, can have very little effect whatever on the permanent literature of the age. I am led to think this, because I find Reviewers divided into political parties, or rather factions, and carrying into the retreats of literature, the passions and the prejudices of partizans to a ministry, or disciples of a master. I find too that the same work, which is lauded in one critical journal, is frequently abused in another; nay, that the same journal is sometimes inconsistent with itself, in the expression of its opinions from year to year, upon the same subjects! This being the case, however amusing, and, in some respects instructive, these periodical productions may be, I look upon them as rather constituting a part of the literature of the age, than as being an agent in its production. As an engine to aid an author, they cannot go very far; and as to their power to destroy—true it is, that works of feeble texture, '*inepte magis quam ineleganter*,' are frequently torn to pieces by these Reviewers, who like owls (not eagles) evince their valor upon mice, while stronger and nobler creatures disdain alike 'their friendship and their hate.'

"But it may be urged that a review is the offspring of the highest state of civilization—the *enfant chérie* of a literary age—of an age grown delicate, fastidious, tired to death of the solid viands of youth and manhood, and rather inclined 'to cards and counters.'

"This may be the truth; but I hope it is only partly so. The accumulation of books, through that great laborer, the press—the complexity and variety of human employments—the small leisure and almost infinite communication of mankind, that now prevail—in fine, the enlarged socialities of domestic life—all account very satisfactorily for the necessary existence of works like *Magazines* and *Reviews*. In that splendid *conversazione*, in Athens, where Socrates would listen to the accents of Aspasia, and where Pericles himself formed one of the group in the enlightened assembly, how rich a treat would have been one of our miscellaneous periodical works. Imagination paints the scene—the reader—the listening auditors—the youthful beauty of Alcibiades, the gravity of Plato—the graceful figure of Aspasia, losing all its meretricious attractions in the absorbing and intellectual character of her countenance—her speaking eyes, her breathing mouth, as she is represented reclining near an Ionic column, in that rich picture of Raphael's, '*The School of Athens*.' Or, among that assembly of the wits, philosophers, poets and statesmen, of the Augustan age, which Horace describes in such beauty and good-fellowship—could one of Blackwood's *Magazines* have been thrown by some invisible hand, and the language, the subjects, with 'all appliances and means to boot,' been suited to the age and persons—what a dessert! How rare! How rich! The scattered rays of intelligence collected and bearing all at once upon them—the sense, the conscious pride, that the intercommunication of intellect is infinite and immortal—that sublime and inspiring truth flashing upon such an assembly—well might they have exclaimed with the bard who speaks of them,

'O noctes, cœnæque Deum!'

"This, indeed would have been very pleasant; and, had there been a proper hint given, I doubt not Horace himself would have commenced and conducted a Review with as much talent, and, at least, as much impartiality, as Marmontel, Constant, Jeffrey, or Gifford. In truth, taking the works of Horace together, they may, without any great impropriety, be said to be a Review of the age in which he flourished. They form the best picture of the manners, the best account of the writers, and the best satire on the vices of the times. He was neither a father nor a husband, and therefore could not enter into the sweeter and more cordial traits of domestic life. But of men, their characters, their pursuits—of books—of taste and literature, and philosophy in its most liberal sense, where shall we find his equal, as a vivid, true and powerful painter? Pope seems to have inherited more than any of the moderns (for Boileau is often a mere imitator) the spirit, the graphic hand, and observing eye of the great Roman satirist. Nay, the very language of Horace, that peculiarly clear, forcible and elegant expression of his thoughts (for Horace is for the Latin, what Dryden is for the English language, a standard of purity,) seems to have descended to Pope, and to have conquered all the difficulties of adverbs and prepositions, converting into force, and contrast, and antithesis, the very tags and points that hang so loosely on the borders of genuine Anglicism. Yet who could wish Pope to have been a Reviewer? With his prying, piercing, curious intellect, with his close and minute knowledge of manners—his bitter prejudices against women, his nicety of feeling, his wonderful, his almost *nervous* sensibility, in matters of poetic beauty and pure taste: with all these requisites for a well-seasoned and highly-relished Reviewer, we fear Pope would have allowed his passions too frequently to triumph over his philosophy; and that worse part of his nature, its feminine irritability, would have sunk the poet and the scholar into a political or literary *partizan*. At all issues, who would lose forever the '*Essay on Man*,' or the '*Rape of the Lock*,' for any Review that ever was written?"

The annexed passages we select from the body of an article entitled "*Defence of the Drama*." The opinions maintained in relation to the propriety of theatrical representations are in strict accordance with our own, and such as we have frequently, though in a less energetic and conclusive manner, advocated in the columns of the different papers with which we have been connected.

"Nor is a Theatre, as the sphere where *The Poet* lives and enacts his wonders, merely to be considered as the source of a people's rational entertainment, fitted only to the faded or luxurious mind. Not that this is not one among its attributes and excellences; but it is not the only one. A Theatre, as the word implies, in its ancient (architectural) sense is a place where men *see around* various exhibitions—such as the painter, the mechanist, the dancer, and the gladiator, can afford to the eye and to the fancy. But in its intellectual sense, that in which *alone* the great masters of Grecian Tragedy and of Roman Comedy viewed it—it is a spectacle of life, as it is, and was, and ever will be. A representation more vivid than any other art can create, of passion and of sentiment. The mirror of man 'held up to nature!' a living, moving picture, pregnant with truth and animation.

"In its wider and more magnificent application, the splendid genius of antiquity used a Theatre for almost every public spectacle. Whether the terrific inspirations of *Æschylus*, the deep feeling of *Sophocles* (his pupil) or the pathetic power of *Euripides* the rival of the latter) were to be portrayed, the stage was consecrated to the subject, and mask and music gave reality to the scene. Whether wild beasts were

to be subdued by reckless men; or the last hope of some brave captive was to be suspended on the doubtful conflict, the hair-poised victory over many brave brothers in captivity; whether the *motion of the thumb* was to decide the great palm, not only of breathing life, but of liberty and citizenship, the theatre was the appropriate arena. In these exhibitions the applauses and feelings of the multitude gave the meed of approbation, while (as the case might be) a Consul or a Cæsar, Brutus or Nero, furnished the enormous expenses.

"And in our latitude and in our times, although the theatre was intended to be more limited in its sphere of operations, yet circumstances, fashion and the multitude have so controlled it, that its *subjects* are not confined to those great purposes which alone the dramatic poets of Greece and Rome cultivated and aimed to establish, but are extended almost as far as the amphotheatrical grasp once extended, with this difference, however, without the patronage of government, the resources of an English or an American theatre must be gathered from the public; without political objects, neither family faction nor political power has much chance of bending the direct spirit of the drama to the purposes of ambition. The crimson gore of gladiators shall never again cement the tower of strength which some fortunate captain may wish to raise to his own popularity. The love for cruelty and taste for blood have passed away—have become unfashionable, except indeed in some few Byronic stanzas. But that is mere affectation. No; our popular men, covered as they are with 'golden opinions,' *would not* if they could—and *could not* if they would, turn this tremendous engine to the purposes of personal aggrandizement. The temper and impress of the times, the character of our institutions, all would laugh at the effort. The stage is, indeed, a powerful engine; if its objects are more limited, they are not less effectually accomplished, than those of the press. There have been instances, in which, appealing to the hearts of a people, its political impulse has been irresistible. It speaks with such fidelity, it is so direct in its passion, so vivid in its portraits, so full of life and mobility, that it can lift a weight quicker than, if it cannot sustain it as long as, the press. Instances in the revolutions of France and Italy attest the truth. In England a Foote, in Paris a Le Sage, in Athens an Aristophanes, made the stage a sphere for moral or for personal satire. Even the *Mimi* in Rome, whom Horace condemns as a race of buffoons, would sometimes exalt themselves into public accusers. Their tenacity or their thoughtlessness was wonderful. 'The audacity of the Mimes (says Mr. Dunlop) was carried still further, as they satirized and insulted the most ferocious Emperors during their lives *and in their own presence*. An actor, in one of these pieces, which was performed during the reign of Nero, while repeating the words '*Vale pater, vale mater*,' signified by his *gestures*, the two modes of drowning and poisoning, in which that sanguinary fiend had attempted to destroy both his parents. The *Mimi* currently bestowed on Commodus, the most opprobrious appellation. One of their number, who performed before the wonderful *Maximin*, reminded the audience, that he who was too strong for an individual, might be massacred by a multitude, and that thus the elephant, lion and tiger, are slain. The tyrant perceived the sensation excited in the theatre, but the suggestion was veiled in a language unknown to that barbarous and gigantic Thracian."

"It is, then, principally as a moral lever that the statesman and philosopher should regard the stage. Viewed in this aspect, who does not wish the drama to prosper? From the day so long gone by, when first the *Monologue* accompanied the sacrifice of a ram to Bacchus, through all its successive improvements of

dialogue, story, passion and scene, to the closing labors of the great masters of comedy, the bold and pregnant Plautus, and the witty and elegant Terence—the drama has given to poetry what the prayer of Pygmalion imparted to his marble statue—life and beauty, a spirit to feel and an 'understanding heart.' The revilers of the ancients, forgot that Racine and Corneille, and indeed the leaders of the French school, have drawn their spirit and their form, from the tragic writers of Attica—they forget that Moliere and even Shakspeare himself have plundered from Plautus and Terence—plundered, it must be confessed, not like robbers, but like conquerors; whilst these latter themselves, as well as the other Roman dramatists, have taken largely from their Greek predecessors, particularly from Menander, the prince of comic poets, from Diphilus and Philemon, of whose excellences we can only conjecture from a few fragments preserved in other authors, but sufficient to lead us to the well-spring, whence Plautus and Terence draw their delightful draughts. \* \* \*

"It is *there*, [the theatre] where men are led—particularly young men—to seek the amusements, they find not elsewhere. If they even pay no regard to what passes *on the stage*, they cannot entirely escape from what Hume emphatically calls 'the contagion of opinion.' They must speak and be spoken to, and the subject of discourse must frequently have alliance with the place in which it is held. The most superficial may be happy enough to catch a *new idea*; the most rigid muscle may be induced, as Spenser says,

"To break a melancholy smile."

If the dissipations of a city cannot be restrained and broken up in every channel—is it not well to direct the torrent which we cannot oppose? The scruples of the religious would be less fastidious, if men would reflect that our feelings and propensities and passions will exist, and that by turning them into an intellectual course decorated with attractions, we *win* what we cannot command, and metamorphose the brute sensualist into a reasoning and polished member of society. Here then is one great victory, which innocent and improving pleasure can never lose. We have circulating libraries with fresh romances, panoramas, public galleries of paintings, with their 'chromatic tortures,' operas at which 'to expire' with Lady Townly, an aquatic circus, Punchinello, the dog Apollo, and the horse of Montargis. But what is to supply, though partially, that great desideratum, literary assemblages? What is to supply those *conversazioni* with their direct tendency to encourage talent and inspire modest merit, to draw forth observation, or elicit wit; to exercise the mind on something at once fashionable and intellectual? What, even partially, can supply these, but the theatre, which lifts its placid head, like the bright evening star after a storm."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The whisper, the laugh, the tear, the murmur of mingled approbation, the exchange of opinions, the impressions made on the mind from objects before and behind the proscenium, all contribute to the pleasing task. One pang of a *Beverley* well portrayed, may work a wholesome effect; one brilliant shaft from Sheridan may transfix the tongue of scandal. It is from the loveliness and grief of a *Juliet*; the agony of a *Belvidera*; the fortitude and mental purity of an *Isabella*, that woman becomes acquainted with emotions and derives reflections full of instruction and melancholy pleasure. When *Imogene* accuses only *one* man of false-heartedness, and *Posthumous* accuses the whole race of womankind, the master bard gives a lesson in human nature as profound as it is fascinating. Whether *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* portray a hundred females, or Shakspeare limit his pencil to a dozen, we are still furnished with living images of truth.



The great volume of nature has been opened to the dramatist, and the pages he selects for our perusal are most precious. Ambition may shudder, and the star deluded adventurer may pause, at the 'barren sceptre' that *Macbeth* gripes, and the visionary 'metaphysical aid' which tempts him to destruction. The virgin may well sigh, and the wife may weep with *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*; misguided love and reckless power may each be checked by the exhibition of the fate of *Calista*, and the conscience-stricken honor of Richard. *Massinger* may throw his enchanting coloring around impossibilities; and Otway's harmony give to a plain tale the hues of an Italian heaven." p. 253-60.

With the above well written paragraphs we close our extracts. When the purpose with which this volume is published is considered, in connection with its intrinsic merits, we think that it cannot fail to receive a liberal patronage. Mr. Harby possessed talents and education from which, had a longer life been allotted to him, a large augmentation of the literary fame of this country might have been expected. The essays, criticisms, and other papers which he has left, are rather to be considered as evidences of what he might have done, than a finished and permanent monument to his fame.

We have only to add that a brief and well written Memoir forms a part of the volume; and in this the reader will find a portrait of its subject, as interesting, as we have good reason to believe that it is accurate.

*The Shepherd's Calendar.* By James Hogg, Author of the *Queen's Wake*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York republished, 1829. A. T. Goodrich, and others.

THE old and long cherished opinion that the moral and intellectual condition of mankind is materially modified in different parts of the earth by the differences of climate, seems to be giving way before the force of truth, and it is no longer a belief generally held that genius rises and falls with the thermometer. A taste for fictitious compositions was once supposed to belong, if not exclusively, at least in a peculiar degree, to the inhabitants of Persia and other Asiatic countries, where, it has been said, that the nature of the climate inspired a love for tales and romances. But though fictitious histories had their rise in the east, yet the theory deduced from their early and general prevalence there, has been overthrown by the fertility and invention which writers of more frigid countries have shown in their production, and in the avidity with which the inhabitants of the frozen north seize hold of every effusion of the novel tribe. The great number of fictitious works—many of them excellent—continually issuing from the press in Great Britain, plainly evinces that the influence of a crackling fire on the winter's hearth, is quite as potent in producing stories and fabulous narratives, as the redolent breezes and cloudless skies of the oriental world.

The volumes before us are agreeable evidences, in addition to those which he had before given to the world, of the excellence of the Ettrick Shepherd in this kind of composition. They contain seventeen stories, highly amusing—if we may pronounce a general opinion from partial perusal. The work came to us at so late a period in the week, that our paper was nearly ready for the press, and we are consequently precluded from expressing ourself with any fullness on its merits. Our inspection of them has prepared us to say, in general terms, that these tales will at least sustain, and we are inclined to believe, advance, the previous reputation of their author, and will afford infinite diversion to the lovers of "right merrie lore."

We shall notice them more at large in our next.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

THE great and extensive benefit of short precepts and sayings, expressed with epigrammatic point, or with a happy conciseness and precision of language, so that they may be easily retained in the memory, is generally acknowledged. It has been said by an excellent ancient author that a few useful maxims do more to promote the happiness of life than whole volumes of argumentative cautions; for, in relation to conduct, men generally know what is right; and though one may readily bear to be reminded of his duty by a salutary precept, yet there are few who can give their patient attention to an extended homily, the windings of whose disquisitions tend to a point already well understood and acknowledged.

But while it is undoubtedly true that the sententious precepts of morality have a salutary influence upon life, it is equally certain that the erroneous sayings of men who have been distinguished by their genius or their wit, exert a pernicious operation; for these qualities throw a brightness around folly, that the severe and awfully sedate countenance of reason must always lack. Besides, there is a well-known defect in the nature of man which leads him to copy rather the faults and imperfections, than the virtues and excellences of those who have stood high in the world; and the mind eagerly seizes and treasures the unguarded expressions of vivacious genius, or the baneful observations of dissolute wit, as a justification of the errors to which it finds itself impelled.

How particularly careful, therefore, should they be, who, by the power of their intellect, or the brilliancy of their productions, have acquired extensive influence over the public mind! Men search with a curious eye into the private lives of those whose published works have charmed them; and when any fascinating vice is found to be sanctioned, either by their example or their precept, it goes further than one could believe who has not attentively considered the subject, to break down the barriers which good sense may have erected against folly. Were it necessary, these reflections might be illustrated by many examples; but it will be sufficient to instance one. The world has been indiscreetly told that Byron (during an hour of inebriety, it is to be presumed) adverted to *gin* as the source of half his inspiration. Who can doubt that this unpremeditated sentence has been the cause of many a debauch, on the part of young men of intellect and education, who, had Byron's private life illustrated a happier system of morals than he professed, would have spurned the Lethean cup which makes such a dreadful blank in our community? The eagerness with which those who write memoirs and volumes of reminiscences display before the reader every unsalutary anecdote of this kind is extremely reprehensible; it is the duty of the biographer and the scrap-collector,—and it would be their pleasure, did they wish to advance the interests of their fellow-men—to repress all such sayings and doings as have a tendency to demoralize a community, and enlarge the sphere of debauchery and vice.

Johnson, the great model in biographical literature, whose private life was a beautiful commentary on his precepts, knew well where the line should be drawn, which separates minuteness of fidelity from duty as a christian and a man. The law maxim, that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, should be spoken, he did not consider as applying to letters; and while every word that he had penned was indubitably correct, he yet, much to his own honor, and to the benefit of mankind, suppressed many anecdotes which, though entirely veracious, might have

proved of injurious operation. It is much to be wished that all men were so punctilious.

It cannot be disputed by a reflecting mind that the anecdotes of the conduct of Byron are calculated to be as extensively pernicious as the poetic immorality of his works; and Thomas Moore has done more injury to the world by his "Life of Sheridan," than his lascivious effusions, under the name of "Little," can ever have produced

## POETRY.

### THE HEART'S APOCALYPSE.

BY S. L. FAIRFIELD.

Εν ἑλπίαι χροὺς τοὺς σοφούς ἔχειο βίον  
 Ἀνθρώπος ἀτυχῶ σῶζεται ὑπὸ τῆς ἑλπίδος.—Menander.

Why wake ye, memories of devoted hours?  
 Delirious dreamers, sleep forever now!  
 Through the cold tempest, that around me lowers,  
 Glance not heaven's glory on my darkened brow!  
 Hushed hearts, that quail o'er still despair's last vow,  
 Breathe awful music 'neath a stranger's touch,  
 And minds, that rocky as their fortunes grow,  
 Like mountain torrents gush when tasked too much—  
 They bear long years but dare not feel their burden such.

Though shook by every gale, yet, rooted deep,  
 Youth's hapless love lives through all power of change!  
 Too pure to shrink, too proud to wail or weep,  
 It fills all things with memories vast and strange;  
 Whene'er the rainbow bends or sunbeams range,  
 Or lightning flames or thunder heralds God,  
 In ruined castle or romantic grange,  
 It gathers flowers to clothe its native sod,  
 And o'er the birthplace hangs where young hearts rushed abroad.

The wasted heart retains its earliest glow,  
 As trampled flowers their odor, not their bloom—  
 Though doomed no more the thrilling bliss to know,  
 That threw its angel glance beyond the tomb;  
 Mid all that can man's lion heart illumine,  
 Mid all his boundless hopes, ambitions, fears,  
 One image steals o'er all its glow and gloom,  
 Troubling the fountain of forbidden tears,  
 And fading not though borne far down the sea of years.

The worn mind clings to this—this beautifies  
 The temple it must ruin; all things sink  
 Into one passion;—life of earth and skies  
 Becomes a frenzied ecstasy to drink  
 The poison-cup from which we vainly shrink,  
 The deep cup brimmed with deathless destinies!  
 Hurl'd on by agony, which cannot think,  
 We search vast ocean and world-studded skies  
 For one sweet home to rest from grief that never dies.

Again—and yet again, my earliest love—  
*Ellen! thou fabled Clara of my song!*  
 My lonely heart, unchanged, is doomed to prove  
 A sleepless watcher o'er thy nameless wrong—  
 An unseen visitant, who roams along  
 Thy desert way, and loves to trace thy tread,  
 Though downward tending where Oppression strong  
 No more can bow thy wildly throbbing head,  
 Nor gore thy bosom fair among the accepted dead!

Pale, chilled, and passionless, thine image steals,  
 With wrought brow, hollow cheek, and faded eyes,  
 On me when most the quickened spirit feels,  
 The soundless hour of midnight fantasies;  
 Then pallid memory on dark wings flies,  
 Like birds to Tinian's isle from ocean's storm,  
 To thee and love, romance and May-night skies,  
 And, for an hour, it slumbers 'neath the charm,  
 That, as an angel garb, hath ever wrapt thy form.

Then in communion with eternal days,  
 I clothe my soul in sanctities, and yearn  
 For that restoring hour when scorn or praise  
 Shall mock no more the heart that cannot learn  
 To quench the shrine where love's first odors burn;  
 When courteous speech shall sanction spotted crime,  
 And tyrants from their sacrifices turn  
 No more, exulting, but, beyond all time,  
 True hearts, long sundered, clasp in glory's realms sublime.

We feast on hope as 'twere our vital food—  
 And linger o'er it with a vain delight;  
 We banquet on the air when tempests brood,  
 And breathe the rose when at its heart is blight!  
 Misguided, hopeless pilgrims of the night,  
 Grasping at shadows in an unknown land,  
 Victims of visions, gathering wrong from right,  
 With foes behind us and on either hand,  
 And led by danger on where giant fiends command.

Would I had been thy brother! life had then  
 Been pleasant too thee, and thy virgin smile  
 Had lingered yet—like twilight in the glen,  
 Revealing a bright spirit!—to beguile  
 Thy little cares, with deep and patient toil  
 To build a quiet refuge for thy rest,  
 To love thee with a hallowed love, and pile  
 Blessings around—in each myself most blest—  
 Had been my daily joy—so joy was in my breast.

But thou art fated to endure reproof,  
 Linked to a serpent evil none can rend—  
 Doomed to the dismal refuge of a roof,  
 Whence hope was banished by thy nearest friend—  
 Creating images of woe, where blend  
 All separate features of thy own despair—  
 And, worse than madness, destined to depend  
 On him who peopled all thy landscape fair  
 With grief, repentance, doubt, and cold and crushing care;

And I, when vesper lifts its diamond brow,  
 And zephyrs glide in music through the grove,  
 Oft sink in anguish o'er thy fate, as now,  
*And sanctify thy sacrilege of love!*  
 Where'er o'er earth my wayward passions rove,  
 To thee ne'er faithless, still to Derby's wood  
 They turn enchanted—and ascend above;  
 When by that silent forest shore we stood,  
 Rememberest thou, lost love?—the sun went down in blood!

## DRAMA.

### PARK THEATRE. RICHARD THIRD.

It is strange that Mr. Wallack, after the great applause he has received in his excellent comedy personations, and the very little that rewards his tragedy, should continue to persist in playing such parts as the crookback Richard. His attempt in this character on Thursday evening last was a miserable abortion—inasmuch so, indeed, that some of the most deeply interesting passages provoked irresistible laughter, and a general smile brightened the faces of the auditory at his ludicrous contortions in the dying scene. Mr. Wallack has not the kind and degree of talent to enable him to delineate the heroes of Shakspeare's tragic dramas, and we look upon it as a piece of presumption by no means creditable to him to attempt to play Richard and Hamlet before an audience that has seen Kean, Forrest, and Booth. Woodhull's Buckingham was a far more praiseworthy performance than the ambitious monarch of the other. Mrs. Hilson supported the character of Queen Elizabeth with her usual grace and attractiveness. Without being the first tragedy actress in the country, she yet manages to throw into all her personations a degree of spirit, truth, and nature, which richly entitle her to very warm approbation.



## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Trails of Travel; or Tales of Men and Cities.* By the Author of *High-Ways and By-Ways*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. H. Colburn. New-York republished, J. & J. Harper.

THE assertion of the author of these amusing volumes, that their contents were written in high health, high fortune, and high spirits, seems to be fully corroborated by their lively and agreeable character. His former work, "*High-ways and By-ways*," we recollect to have read with much gratification, and were consequently predisposed to look for a corresponding share of entertainment in this. The author is understood to be a Mr. Grattan, who during a long residence on different parts of the continent, has acquired a minuteness of acquaintance with the manners, customs, scenes, &c. which assist very materially the force and interest of his narratives. In point of style, these stories are generally easy and unlabored; their wit is ready and sparkling, the descriptions graphic, and the dialogue full of vivacity. There is a vein of eccentric pleasantry and humor running throughout the production which will strongly recommend it to gay readers; and there are not wanting some tales of deep passion and suffering, which are well calculated to attract the sentimental.

The first story, entitled "*A Bone to Pick*," a tale of Irish revenge, is one of the latter description, and is related with very considerable power. We do not like the groundwork, however, for the vengeance of the wife is of too demoniac a character, and is certainly excited by a very inadequate cause. The descriptions, and the delineations of feeling are very vivid and energetic; and the death-bed scene is one of unusual and thrilling interest.

As a fair specimen of the prevailing character of the work, we shall make a few extracts from its pages. The first of these is the following interesting sketch.

*Sœur de Charité.*

"I have often met in the streets of the capital, a *Sœur de Charité*, whose youth inspired me with involuntary respect. Nothing could be more engaging than the expression of her countenance, nor more animated than her gait. There was an inexpressible charm in her blue eyes, and one could not help imagining that her woollen vestments concealed a beautiful form, as yet unchanged by time or fatigue. An air of health and content characterized her person, and was quite enough to satisfy those who might have attributed her apparent sacrifice to some one of those sorrows, of which youth exaggerates the importance and duration. One might say with certainty that misfortune had never approached her; and it was easy to imagine that her presence alone must, of itself, have been a happiness to the sufferers who enjoyed it.

"At whatever distance I perceived the *Sœur Eugénie*, I, as it were mechanically, carried my hand to my hat; and my respectful salutation was recompensed by a benevolent smile, which gave me a sensation of pleasure in which pride was certainly mingled; but that feeling, I believe, enters into the most innocent actions of our lives. This interchange of salutations had established a sort of silent intercourse between us, of which we never failed to avail ourselves at each fortuitous *rencontre*. I was called one day to see a friend of mine, a poor devil of an author, whose talent had not preserved him from misery, and whose persevering labors had brought him to the verge of the grave. I was less surprised than delighted to see the young sister at his bed-side. She was reciting some prayer, in a low voice, while the poor invalid seemed to enjoy a profound sleep. The half-opened

door allowed me to enter without being perceived; and, during some minutes, I contemplated the touching picture of innocence supplicating for misfortune.

"A low sigh announced that the sufferer was awake. The sister perceived me, saluted me as usual, and rose to offer her patient a potion which she had herself prepared. He took it in his hands in a sort of transport. His looks expressed the most lively gratitude. 'My friend,' said he to me, 'God has taken pity on me, and sent an angel to reconcile me to myself. Since I have had the happiness to fall ill, her care of me has been most tender and unceasing, nothing could surpass her charity; and life is the least benefit I owe her.'

"'Speak less,' said the young Sister, 'the doctor was particular in his orders on that point;' and then, turning to me, as to an old acquaintance—'he is much better—the doctor has pronounced him out of danger; but a single imprudence might be fatal to him. Do not allow him to say more than is absolutely indispensable.' Then, after having arranged a second potion, which the patient was to take in an hour—'I leave you,' said she; 'my duty calls me away: the doctor will come at noon, and I will return in the course of the day.'

"My friend was just at that age when we have no faith in medicine, or the doctor, who comes to administer it. He set more value on the visits of the sister Eugénie than in all the science of the faculty; and as soon as his guardian angel was gone, he assured me that he was entirely recovered, and feared nothing, and that he only consented to be still an invalid for the happiness of receiving the attendance of Mademoiselle Montmégean; and as he perceived a movement of surprise, on my part, that I was not able to repress, he added, 'Yes, my friend, this young person is the grand-daughter of the Count de Montmégean, descended from one of the most noble families of La Bresse. Her grandfather emigrated; all his property was seized and sold, and his young daughter, whom he had left in France, reduced to a state of great difficulty. At length, when our cruel countrymen were tired of crying '*Vive la mort!*' he came back, but would not accept any place under the Emperor, and, in consequence, he could not obtain the restitution of his property. His daughter had married a rich financier, and passed a part of the year in one of her husband's handsomest demesnes, the Chateau d'Ambly, of which my father was the agent; and it is there that the young Sister whom you have just seen was born.

"'Madame de Chavigny was exceedingly kind to my father. She took me into her favor, to the great benefit of my education, and of my *amour-propre* also. My father, depending on her protection of me, made me prosecute my studies. I studied for the bar; but a taste for letters seized me. That fever of literature has upset me. I fancied myself destined to resuscitate Moliere, or to dethrone Corneille. I began this double operation, by scribbling a comedy of pure imagination, and inventing an historical tragedy, which has excited the transports of my friends. Ruined by this success, I have renounced my profession, and my father has, in consequence, withdrawn the allowance he made me. Convinced that fame is superior to every thing, I have tried to live on my celebrity, and I found myself singularly weakened by that *régime*; but I was not the less resolved to die, rather than make any application to my father. In this situation my name having met the ear of the Count Montmégean's grand-daughter, she came to my assistance. All that the most tender humanity, the most ingenious charity could invent, has been employed by Sister Eugénie to bring me back to my duties. She wrote secretly to my parents, and vouching for a repentance, of which she had then only the hope, she has reconciled me

with my family. You will easily conceive that I could not do otherwise than yield to such an influence. I have promised my father that I will in future devote myself to the profession of the law, and, I need not add, that I will keep my word.'

"'But,' said I to my friend, 'what motive could induce the grand-daughter of the Count de Montmégean to devote her life to such arduous duties?'

"'If you knew,' resumed he, 'the purity of that truly angelic mind, the choice she has made would not surprise you. From her earliest childhood her every thought was charity. Born to a very moderate fortune, she passed her moments of recreation in the cottages of the poor; and always found means to serve them, whether in helping, or in sharing with them the fruits of her savings, or in calling the attention of her mother to scenes of misery, of which she would not otherwise have known the existence.'

"'Her mother had projected a rich establishment for her, and as long as she lived Eugénie made no opposition. But a year after she had the misfortune to lose her, and when, at the expiration of the mourning, she was urged to conclude this alliance, she refused with as much dignity as courage. With infinite judgment and good feeling she divided her little fortune between those of her relations who were most in want of it, and the poor of her native village. It was at first apprehended that this young person (she was not then nineteen years of age) would not be able to bear so fatiguing a life; but you see how her zeal supports her, and what a beautiful serenity is imprinted on her expressive countenance.'

"'My friend recovered; and faithful to the promises that had been pledged for him, he made his father's latter days his happiest. About a year ago he surprised me by a visit.'

"'My dear friend,' said he, 'I am come to implore your assistance.'

"'On what account,' said I.

"'The law of indemnity has given back to the Count de Montmégean's grand-daughter a fortune of two millions of francs. All her family write to intreat her to enter the world, where so high and brilliant a station awaits her. I fear that I shall fail, and I wish to be supported in this attempt by a help that may give weight to my arguments, and render the result less doubtful.'

"'Though I was convinced in my own mind, that our visit would not have the success that my friend hoped for, still I consented to accompany him, and we set out accordingly for the hospital of —'

"'We were conducted into the Sister Eugénie's parlor. She waved her hand to us. 'Wait a moment,' said she, with a smile, 'there are others in greater haste than you are.' This gave us an opportunity of witnessing her surgical duties, and of observing the angelic patience of this admirable woman. She left no word unanswered: the tone of her voice, so different from the harsh, unmusical sounds of the sufferers, had the magic power of allaying their pains and soothing their complaints. I was shocked by the gross expressions of one of the patients; but the Sister Eugénie, who guessed my thoughts, exclaimed, 'He is suffering greatly; but he is generally very tractable. Thus he found excuses for every thing that displeased us. It was touching to see that celestial countenance following, with intense interest, the different chances of life or death in the unfortunates committed to her charge. Those delicate fingers extended with such precaution the lint on the wound of that laborer, whose apathy contrasted beautifully with the inquietude of his attendant! Her hand supported with such native grace the head of that old man, whose almost extinguished looks were raised to heaven, and then fell on the sister, as if recommending her to the divine protection! She seemed to for-

get that we were there; so natural did it appear to her to give prompt relief to sufferings which seemed to diminish from the moment when she was occupied in relieving them.'

"'Her benevolent occupation over, the Sister Eugénie gave us audience. At the first words that my friend uttered she became serious, and seemed to listen with great attention. The announcement of the immense fortune coming into her possession drew forth no expression of surprise; and after the recital of my colleague, as I was going to speak—'It is useless,' she said to me, with precipitation—'my fate is long since fixed, and for ever. I am happy!'

"'But your fatigues!'

"'I have never been so well as since I renounced the world.'

"'Your resolution will drive your family to despair.'

"'I believe in the friendship of my relations; but God has not fitted me for society. If I grew old, and remained single, I should soon become an object of neglect, and perhaps of ridicule. If I decided on marrying, I own to you I should be in the constant fear of being unable to fulfil the new duties that would then be imposed upon me. On the other hand, those I have myself chosen are so easy! You know not all the happiness we enjoy here. Is not the certainty alone of contributing to the recovery or the salvation of one unfortunate an enjoyment preferable to all those that you could offer me?'

"'Our secret had transpired, I knew not how; for the Sister Eugénie had hardly imparted her refusal to us, when we saw all the convalescents successively enter the parlor which we had quitted. They came, with tears in their eyes, to congratulate the Sister on her good fortune, and they praised God for having shed his blessings on her whom they called their visible providence. The countenances of these good people bore the impress of two very different sentiments; one might read there an affectionate satisfaction for the happy event which was, as they thought, to change the destiny of the Sister Eugénie, and at the same time one might discover a lurking regret at the idea that they were about to lose her to whose care they attributed the recovery of their health. But this last feeling was not predominant, for they threw themselves at her feet. Some took her hands, which they wetted with their tears, others pressed their lips on her dress with deep respect. 'Ah, Madame! Ah, Sister Eugénie! Be happy! Go—leave us—and may the benedictions of all the wretched that you have saved, accompany you!'

"'The Sister Eugénie made vain efforts to conceal her emotion; her face was bathed with tears of joy; her looks wandered with delight on all the actors of this touching scene; she smiled on them, and said to us, with an accent that I shall never forget, 'God has just sent me a trial, which had nearly overcome me.'

"'She afterwards called for writing materials, and taking a pen, she wrote, with a steady hand, her renunciation of her restored property; but she reserved to herself the power of distributing it; and to commence her generous intentions, she sent for a young novice, named Sister Agatha. The poverty of her family, and the express orders of her mother, had determined her to embrace, as a resource, a profession which is suited only to an enthusiastic and religious mind. 'Dear Sister,' said she to her, 'I know the goodness of your heart; I can appreciate better than any one all the efforts you make to be happy; and if a scrupulous attention to your duties were sufficient to prove a vocation, it would be difficult to doubt of yours. But I have read your heart: and it is not at the post where you are placed that you can most usefully serve your fellow creatures. Go back to the



world, where your destiny is henceforward fixed; ensure the happiness of a husband, and become a model for mothers, as you have heretofore been an example for pious and devoted maids.' Sister Agatha wished to reply; but her amiable friend and companion did not give her time—'I have just recovered, a fortune, the distribution of which is already determined. You have too much friendship for me to refuse to subscribe to the little arrangements that I have made.' With these words she took leave of us, and hastened to shut herself up in her oratory.

"I learnt some days after, that not only was Agatha most generously provided for, on quitting the sisterhood, but that my friend had been summoned to a notary, with whom someone had deposited, addressed to him, a sum of thirty thousand francs, the donor unknown. It was not difficult for him to penetrate the secret; but though he has continued often to see the Sister Eugenie, he has respected the mystery with which she wishes to clothe the subject. Not a word of his has ever betrayed the secret of his benefactress. But he thought it his duty to detail to her the purposes to which he applied the generous gift, thus availing himself of an indirect means of proving his gratitude." vol. 1, p. 241-56.

The reader will find much humor in the following story.

#### *The Tea-Pot Gentleman.*

"Nothing has been more frequently remarked than the absurd and insufficient data on which foreigners form their notions of national characteristics. These are too often founded on some slight trait of individual peculiarity, and frequently on some deception expressly practised, and which certain gullible travellers catch at, and get hooked upon, like fish springing at artificial flies.

"Rather a whimsical instance of this kind of error happened to a friend of mine—himself so fond of whimsicalities, that I only wonder he has not already told the story to the public, in his own truly clever and humorous style.

"This gentleman once received a commission—not military but civil—from an acquaintance of his, an elderly young lady, who lived in single blessedness at Versailles, within twelve miles of Paris. Like most English females of her time of life, she was particularly fond of tea—that genuine refresher for fading hopes and disappointed expectation—that best companion for loneliness of heart—and liquid representative of those 'black spirits and green,' which alone can neutralize the sickly tints of yellow melancholy and blue devils. This maiden had been sadly annoyed for some years with manifold varieties of tea-pots, of silver, delph, and porcelain, all of French manufacture, but of most uncouth and unseemly shapes, fit indeed for any purpose on earth, rather than the ornamenting of a breakfast-table, or the distillation of tea. In this dilemma she entreated my friend to purchase for her, on his next trip to France, a tea-pot of the particular composition called queen's metal, unrivalled for its power of extracting the very quintessence of the essence of that vivifying leaf in which she rejoiced. My friend, always obliging and gallant, but somewhat dilatory, entered Exeter 'Change but a few minutes before the departure of the Dover mail, in which he had secured a place; and anxious to make the best choice, he looked from counter to counter—turned round and round, as he said himself, 'just like a tea-totum, in search of a tea-pot.'

"Having at length suited himself, and paid half a guinea for his purchase, he hastened to the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, and took possession of his place in the mail; and all his trunks and travelling bag, being already packed up in the boot, he put his tea-pot into what he facetiously called *the slipper*, that is to say,

one of the pockets of the coach. My friend slept soundly till he arrived at Dover, where he took a hurried breakfast, having tried and proved the virtue of his tea-pot, and knowing the manufacture it was composed of to be prohibited in France, his fertile and contraband imagination soon devised an expedient for getting it through the custom-house of Calais.

"Many a specimen of sea-sick passengers has been from time to time served up for the public amusement—but never was one 'so sick, so sad, so woe-begone,' exhibited on the pier of Calais, in sad reality, as this gentleman on the day in question. He had the true tea-green hue of suffering on his cheek, and looked the very illustration of a breathing emetic, as he tottered out of the packet, tea-pot in hand.

"'Ah, ha, Monsier, est tres malade?' inquired the keen and compassionate officer of customs, sharply eyeing my friend, as he spoke, quietly and cunningly feeling round his body with one hand, and taking hold of his tea-pot with the other.

"'Malade—sick—yes—oui—tres sick, very malade—very indeed—very malade,' pon my life—d'ye hear, don't you seize that tea-pot, give me my tayere s'il vous plait—if you please, d'ye see.'

"'Ah! pas possible—c'est prohibie, Monsieur.'

"'Not possible!—the devil it isn't—but you must give it me for all that, *mon ami*, unless you'd commit murder! it's infected—poisoned—what d'ye think of that. It contains my ptisan—poisonous ptisan—arsenic, hellebore, and hemlock, mixed—death to any other man, life to me—pon my life it's true—so now, give me the tea-pot, like a good fellow—I faint for a drink.'

"'Ma foi, you say true, indeed!' cried the custom-house officer, in amphibious English. 'You do live on poison, indeed—you are ver ill-looking! Take your tayere, and drink your poison, my dear Saar, 'tis trop vrai, I see.'

"'Looking very ill, you spooney,' cried my friend, 'don't you know the difference, and be damned to you!' And he walked off without any fear of the officer going the same way that he did.

"Well—the baggage was hurried through the custom-house—the places secured in the diligence—my friend in his seat—the tea-pot carefully deposited in the side-pocket—and opposite to our traveller was another, a French gentleman, who had also come down from London in the Dover mail, and had been busily employed on the road, taking notes (of admiration or interrogation, no doubt) in a little common-place book, which he carried constantly in his hand.

"Arrived the next evening at Paris, coaches were to be again exchanged, and my friend was soon transplanted into the Versailles stage, with his old companions, the French note-taker and the metal tea-pot, for which he really began to conceive a sort travelling affection. When the coach stopped at the door of his female friend, he got out, tea-pot once more in hand, made his adieus to his fellow travellers, his salutation to his fair hostess, delivered the treasure into her keeping, told the arsenic artifice by which he eluded the Calais customs, took copious cups of the bright beverage, distilled in his own alembic, went back to Paris, laid in a rich store of whim and comicality, and soon after arrived in London.

"Three years passed over the head of my friend, touching it as lightly, and polishing it as gently, as the hand of his spinster acquaintance polished and preserved the uninjured surface of the memorable tea-pot, which was long since banished from his memory. One day, about the expiration of the period I mention, my friend went to dine by invitation at the house of a friend of his. He arrived somewhat beyond the time appointed, and even after the extra half-hour which prescription allows as a privilege of the cook.

A party of eight or ten persons were assembled in the drawing-room. My friend entered, paused a moment on the outside, to make those little irresistible, and I might add, after all, *imperceptible* adjustments of wristbands, collar, and side curls, which not one man in a hundred—(not even my friend, though he is a man in a *thousand*!) ever enters a drawing-room without stopping to make. No sooner had he followed into the room the servant's announcement of his name, and just as he advanced to make his bow to the hostess and shake hands with the host, than a tall, black-haired, whiskered personage, rushed between him and the legitimate object of his earliest salutations, and with most vehement exclamations, half French, half English, he seized my friend in his brawny arms, hugged him almost to suffocation, and imprinted two burning kisses on his blushing and unaccustomed cheeks.

"Ah, mon Dieu, My God! Is it you, Saar—Est ce vous, Monsieur? Est il possible—is it possible! Que je suis enchanter de vous revoir! that I am enchanted to once more see you again over and over! Mon homme de la tayere—My tea-pot gentleman! Est ce vrai? Is it a true, not lie? Oh que je suis content de vous embrasser! That I am ver much glad and content to hug you in my arm! My dear tea-pot gentleman!"

"You may fancy the surprise of the lady of the house, and her husband and the other guests, but it would puzzle a poet to imagine that of my imprisoned and astonished friend. He struggled, kicked, and plunged, in vain efforts to extricate himself from his strong-armed, and warm-hearted assailant. He answered every embrace by a jerk, and every exclamation by an oath. He lost all observance of manner and temper, and loudly called on his host to give him protection. This gentleman, paralyzed by astonishment and convulsed with laughter, only added to the vexation of my irritated friend. The loud bursts of merriment irresistibly excited in the whole party of lookers on, was a proper accompaniment to the comicality of the situation, and the dialogue between the chief actors thus went on.

"What the deuce do you mean, I say—'Pon my life and soul, this is too bad—who the devil are you? Let me go, do then!"

"Ah, mon Dieu, my God! You do not remember?"

"Never saw you before in all my born days!"

"Vous me never see before, never! I who went before you from London to Dover, from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to Versailles! Que je suis charme de vous rencontre!"

"Damn your rencontre—take your black whisker out of my mouth, and be cursed to you, do—or 'pon my life and soul—!"

"De tayere!—de tea-pot! You not remember?"

"The fellow's mad—'pon my life, stark mad! Pray protect me—a straight waistcoat here!—send for a surgeon—he's squeezing me to death—'pon my life he is!"

"My God, mon Dieu! What I have suffered on your account!"

"What I do suffer on your account!"

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! my principle called in question!"

"Your due—your due! Are you not taking it back with interest, and be damned to you? 'Pon my life now—"

"My honneur, my reputation is in your hands!"

"My life and existence is in your arms! Let me go, do!"

"Will you go to Paris, den? Will you avow yourself de gentleman of de tea-pot? Will you save my honneur?"

"Will you spare my life, I say? Let me loose, and I'll go any, every where."

"You will?"

"I will."

"Go den," cried the Frenchman, loosening his hold—

"And be damned to you!" added my friend, by way of dove-tailing the colloquy, and re-adjusting his neckcloth, cravat, and curls.

"A hurried explanation solved the enigma. The Frenchman was no other than the note-taking personage who travelled with my friend. He had passed a couple of months in this country at the time, and on his return to Paris had given a flimsy book to the public, called 'Travels in England.' Amongst other absurd traits of character, he asserted that Englishmen were so fond of tea, that they not only lived on it at home, but often travelled from one end of Europe to the other, tea-pot in hand. For this the unfortunate author was criticised, quizzed, and laughed at in all the Paris papers, and his book scouted for this one absurdity. He, however, believed what he had asserted from the isolated instance of his own observation, and he thus exemplified the folly of hasty conclusions, jumped at from false premises. He was almost driven to madness by that severest test of all philosophy, but most of all *French* philosophy; and his joy knew no bounds at his recognition of the original and unconscious cause of his discomfiture.

"He explained his grievance, and demanded, as an act of common justice at the hands of my friend, a full avowal in all the journals of Europe of the singular truth of his assertion; but being alive to reason as well as ridicule, he was, after some time, persuaded to abandon his request, and convinced that even the justification he sought would not be sufficient to disprove our homely proverb, that 'one swallow does not make a summer.'" p. 180-91.

The stories of the concluding portion are termed "Belgian Sketches." We give fragments of one of these, omitting some portions, but copying sufficient to preserve the thread of the narrative entire. It possesses great interest. The following is the commencement.

#### "The Convent Cell.

"On a bleak and gloomy morning in the month of March, 1827, two travellers walked up the aisle of the church of St. —, in one of the chief towns of the Netherlands. They were evidently strangers, not only to the place, which they gazed at with curiosity, but to the manners and feelings of the congregation, for they were observed to walk carelessly past the *Benitier*, without dipping their fingers in the blessed water; nor did they bend their knees as they crossed before the altar, while they carelessly sat down, on two of the rush-bottomed chairs, with high backs and a ledge on the upper bar, intended for the support of the kneeling pious, and the prayer-books used in their devotions."

They were not affected by the religious ceremonies which they witnessed in any other way than was evinced by a faint smile, which seemed expressive of mingled compassion and contempt.

"Still there was nothing of actual levity in their manner; nothing, in short, which any liberal minded devotee (if such things are) might not have excused in the bearing of two heretics, unaccustomed to Roman Catholic rites, and acting from the impulses of inexperience and youth. For they were both young, under five and twenty; and they had that reckless and independent air which mark the citizens of a free country. They were, in fact, Americans, who with a full fund of health, money, and ardor for variety, and a sufficient acquaintance with modern languages, had just arrived in Europe, and were starting on their journey in quest of knowledge and adventures.



"They had landed a day or two before at Ostend, from London, and this was their first visit to a Roman Catholic church, in a Roman Catholic country."

One of the strangers, who was a quaker, and both of them Americans, viewed the spectacle without any other emotion than that of a painter or novelist, as if scanning the groups for the effect which they would produce portrayed on the canvass, or in description; while the other, of a more sanguine temperament, felt a deeper moral interest in the scene.

"He was, however, after a short time, roused to a more minute and personal train of thought, by observing, beyond any possibility of doubt, that one of the nuns, who had most pretensions to beauty, fixed her looks upon him with an uncommon intenseness, and in a manner so remarkable, as to cause him at length considerable embarrassment. There was something in the expression of her countenance, and in the determined scrutiny of her gaze, that made him almost shudder. She was handsome certainly. Her features were regular and marked; but she was pale to sallowness, and her dark eyes had a restlessness of motion, that seemed caused by an unquiet mind."

"He felt his cheeks glow, and he gave to his looks the tenderest expression of which they were capable. He saw an answering flush rise on the pallid brow of the nun, and a smile, that thrilled through him—but not with unmixed delight—played for an instant on her colourless lips. Her eyes then sank down, and her face resumed its calm and sculptured look."

The service was at length concluded; the priests had retired from the deserted altar, and one by one the congregation left the church. Aroused by his less excitable friend, the enamored young gentleman, also arose to retire.

"They were on the point of quitting their places and retiring from the almost deserted church; the friend of the young lover, for so we must call him, had turned round and made a few steps in the direction of the door, and the lover himself was about to follow, when his parting look at the nun was answered by an imploring glance from her quick raised eyes, and a momentary, but intelligible motion with her finger, that he should remain."

Determined, of course, to comply with this invitation, he found means to rid himself of his friend, and following the fair nun down a back stair, entered with her a narrow recess, lighted by a single lamp, before a shrine contained in which she again resumed her kneeling position. The lover (for by this time he felt deeply in love) took a position at a few yards distant from the object of his gaze, and leaning against a pillar, awaited her communication.

"With her head low bent, and inclined towards him, while she turned over her beads with much apparent devotion, she asked him, in a deep whisper,

"Do you understand French?"

"Yes," murmured he.

"Do you speak it?"

"Not sufficiently to express your influence on me."

"This was answered by her wonted smile—'Good God, is it *satisfaction* or *triumph*!' thought the American.

"If you can see any thing in me to interest you," continued she, "are you inclined to do me a service?"

"Am I!" replied he with energy—"try me—put me to the proof!"

"It is no trifle," said she solemnly.

"Anything is trifling that can enable me to serve you; for anything short of death command me!"

"And if death *did* cross your path in this adventure?" exclaimed she, with a full expression of voice, and a piercing solemnity of look.

"By Heavens I'd spurn even it," cried he; "you have exalted me to a pitch of excitement, I know no how or wherefore."

"You are an enthusiast!" said she, a somewhat more softened expression blending in her smile.

"I know what I am; but it is you who have made me so, be it what it may. I am new in this country—I seem to walk in enchantment—I swear myself yours!"

"I am satisfied with you," resumed she. "I believe you to be a man of honor; and that fine person and striking face cannot be allied to an ignoble soul: I feel myself safe in your hands. You perceive that the rules of my order are not the strictest; but their discovered infringement is ruin; and I am now infringing them. I can speak to you no more at present—I have run a fearful risk. But meet me outside that little portal to-night at nine. I will admit you punctually as the clock strikes. Vespers will be over, and the church in solitude. You must not speak; but trust to me: follow me, and count on my gratitude."

After some intermediate incidents, which, though interesting in themselves, are not material to our hasty outline, the hour of nine arrives, and the young American, followed by his anxious friend, rushes to the convent. The lover gains admittance, and shortly after is seen returning, bearing out a figure wrapped in his cloak, which, from its form and dimensions, is judged to be a human being. The alarm and anxiety of the friend, heightened by this occurrence, he follows at a distance and in silence.

"After a little time, in which they traversed several by-streets, through which the lover passed, as though he had been directed well, they reached one of those canals with which the town abounded, and the lover unhesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the landing of goods from the barges, and the embarkation of persons employed.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the watchful friend to himself, "can he be wild enough to bear her off at night, in some open boat—God knows where! Where or how will this adventure end?"

"He placed himself close to the quay wall and looked over the parapet. He saw his friend on the steps; there was no boat of any kind stationed near or in sight—yet the lover continued to descend!

"What can this mean? what frantic feat can be destined to conclude this affair?" muttered the careful guardian, as he watched with intense interest; and as he watched, he observed the object of his care to disencumber himself of his burden; a figure in black emerged from beneath the cloak, and a heavy plunge in the stagnant water was the signal of its disappearance.

"The perpetrator of this appalling deed immediately ascended the steps. The shocked witness felt the blood curdling through his veins. His eye seemed doubly fixed on his retreating friend, and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sank. The American could not swim, or he would have suffered no hesitation in the course to be pursued. He was therefore obliged to gaze in motionless horror, and the safety of his friend kept him mute, for to call for assistance was to reveal the murderer! He felt himself, therefore, as it were, an involuntary accomplice in the deed; but it was no time for acute reflection. The figure of his friend was rapidly passing away; and as he turned from the fatal spot to follow him, he saw the water softly and silently closing over its hidden prey.

"He quickly gained upon his friend, who, to his astonishment took the direct road to the hotel. They arrived there at the same moment; and they recognized each other without exchanging a word. A simultaneous pressure of the hand was their only salutation; and the friend shuddered to feel, that the one

he clasped was cold and clammy. The door opened to their summons, and they mounted together to their chamber." p. 90-92.

The explanation given by the young American to his friend is full of that source of interest which lovers of the Ratcliffe school of romances delight in—namely the horrible. The nun, by whose appearance he had been captivated, had received some untold injury or slight from a young priest, and had assassinated him in her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body, that she invited the traveller to this fearful interview. Maddened by her beauty and the draught of wine which she induced him to swallow, he consented to become the agent of her dark purpose. But to avoid the possibility of her crime being detected, she had mixed poison in the cup, and the unfortunate stranger, at once her agent and her victim, scarcely finishes his narration, before the drug takes effect, and he expires in great torture. His fellow-traveller lays before the officers of police a statement of the whole transaction, but a bigotted respect for the religious association stifles the decrees of justice, and induces them, without making any investigation, to suffer the mysterious and dreadful circumstance to pass into oblivion. We do not like the material of this story, and there is something of indelicacy in the manner in which the poisoned stranger alludes to some things that took place in the cell of the nun; but the scenes are wrought up with great power, and cannot but take a deep hold of the reader's attention. Altogether the work is one replete with abundant sources of amusement, and will add very considerably to the author's previous reputation as a writer of agreeable fictions.

*The Sylph, and Other Poems.* By Charles West Thomson. Post 12mo. Philadelphia, 1829. Carey, Lea, and Carey.

A LITTLE volume, bearing this title, has fallen under our notice. It appears to us to be the production of a mind possessed of some poetical capacity; but not sufficiently informed by study, nor disciplined by practice. In the course of the principal poem, there are several passages of considerable beauty, intermixed with many puerile thoughts and prosaic lines. The story is one of but slight interest, and its incidents are not of the most probable kind—though this, in a poem, perhaps, is no great objection. The description of the storm at sea, and the wreck of the vessel in which the two lovers, Alzola and Inez, had taken flight from Spain, is the most finished and best executed part of the production. The smaller effusions possess different degrees of merit, some of them being very creditable efforts, and others quite the reverse. As a specimen of the general character of the work, we make two extracts; the first from a poem entitled a "Dream of the Motherless," the merit of which consists in the truth and nature of the sentiments.

My mother!—by that little word  
How many a painful thought is stirred—  
How many a thought, which midst its pain,  
When parted, we recall again,  
And fondly cherish in the heart,  
Unmindful of its former smart.  
But yet it brings some thoughts of bliss—  
The look of love—the ardent kiss—  
The song of peace that wandered light  
Above my infant couch at night,  
In melody's sereneest numbers,  
To charm me into gentle slumbers—  
The tenderness—the frolic play  
That made me happy through the day—  
These, and a thousand thoughts like these,  
Come o'er me, as Arabia's breeze,  
When from her spicy bowers it springs,  
And bears perfume upon its wings.

My mother!—'tis a magic sound,  
That conjures up before the view

Things that in early life we found  
As sweet and bright as morning dew;  
Things that we love again to spy  
With retrospection's sober eye,  
Which lead us back to all the pleasure  
A mother's love could then devise,  
And teach us now to guard a treasure  
Which childhood knew not how to prize.  
For me a mother's love is o'er—  
A mother's love is mine no more,  
Unless, indeed, that love I wed  
Among the cold and silent dead;  
But if, as holy men surmise,  
Love is the language of the skies,  
My mother's spirit still may keep  
A kindly vigil o'er my sleep,  
And with a joy, serene and mild,  
Smile on her loving, sorrowing child.

The other extract, which we now make, is a little poem addressed to the admirable Mrs. Hemans. She well deserves the praises it bestows. Of her, one may indeed use with truth the beautiful line in Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*;" for whatever subject she touches, however barren it may have seemed to be, becomes at once replete with interest and beauty.

*To Mrs. Felicia Hemans.*

Heaven's own pure ray has lighted up thy heart,  
Fair minstrel of the soft and plaintive lyre,  
And shown thee mysteries which no human art  
Of earthly culture ever could inspire.  
Thine is the gift—the glorious gift, to see  
All that is bright and beautiful around—  
To gather lofty thoughts from every tree,  
And hear rich melodies in every sound.  
The whisper of the breezes! these to thee  
Are full of fantasies sublime and grand,  
And every murmur of the dark blue sea  
Sends thee an echo from the Muses' land.  
For thee the running brooks have each a song,  
To thee the forests speak a language known,  
The faintest note which music breathes is strong,  
And thy harp strikes a sympathetic tone.  
The burning stars that shine along the sky,  
Speak to thy spirit with their tongues of fire,  
And lead thee to imaginations high,  
Bright minstrel of the sweet and pensive lyre.  
Yes! the blue sky—the storm—the rolling sea,  
A cloud, the sunrise, starlight and the dew,  
Smiles upon nature's face,—these are to thee  
Alive with fancies beautiful and true.  
Things that to other eyes, whose bounded gaze  
Sees nought beyond external beauties shine,  
Afford no pleasure, wrapped in earthly haze,  
Are redolent of ecstasy to thine.  
The "voice of spring," that speaks from her wild flowers,  
Has power to reach into thy inmost soul—  
The songs of summer birds from forest bowers  
Fall o'er thy spirit like a shadowing stole.  
Thou redest the bubbling fountains—voices live  
In the wild winds for thee—and thou mayest claim  
The power which can to "airy" nothings give  
A local habitation and a name.  
Favored of Heaven! yet destined still to know  
Those ills which unprovided genius brings,  
Like birds whose music gathers from below  
The death-shot doomed to paralyze their wings.  
Yet, though the tempest hurtles wildly by,  
And thy frail bark is tossed upon the wave,  
Thou still canst own, with faith's unwavering eye,  
A hope in One omnipotent to save.  
With such a hope, lift up thy radiant lyre,  
Strike with an energy that knows not wrong,  
And heaven's bright sun shall gild each quivering wire,  
And spread a widening halo round thy song.

The very small duodecimo which we have opened for the amusement of our readers, contains no faults of a kind or degree which call for severe criticism. The sentiments are, for the most part, correct, the language chaste, and the versification smooth. The author we conjecture to be a young man, who, when his mind shall be enlarged with an augmentation of knowledge, his taste improved by culture, and his judgment by observation, may perhaps contribute a more creditable addition to the literature of his country. We think we see, in some of the poems before us, indications of genius which may, at some future day, exhibit itself in more praiseworthy efforts.



*Travels in the North of Germany, in the Years 1825 and 1826.* By Henry E. Dwight, A. M. 8vo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

OF this excellent volume of travels we can only, at the present time, enter into a very cursory notice. The work is composed of letters, which, for the most part, were written while the author was in Germany, in 1825 and 1826. They treat of a great variety of interesting topics, and present a body of information, in relation to the religious, literary and political institutions of northern Germany, which will prove a valuable addition to the previous knowledge which we had of that interesting country. In perusing this well written volume, we marked many interesting passages for comment and selection; but, in the present article, we can make room for only the two following extracts. The first treats of the admiration with which the writings of Shakspeare are regarded in Germany, and the general taste for English literature.

"I find that Shakspeare is more read here, if possible, than in the United States, and much more admired. Voss, the celebrated translator of Homer, many years since gave the plays of the great dramatic poet to his countrymen in a German translation; and since that time many other translations have appeared. There are now five or six of these German Shakspeares, most of which are superior to those of any other foreign tongue. This language is admirably adapted to present the thoughts of foreign poets in a dress little, if any, inferior to the original. It is richer in the number of its words than the Greek, and its facilities of combination are also greater than those of any language of Europe. The great number of particles, by means of which they make new verbs and substantives, as well as the wonderful ease with which two, and even three words and particles are united into one, (for two German words unite very much like two drops of water,) have given a richness to this language which excites the surprise even of those who are familiar with that of Attica. There are very few ideas or feelings which cannot be expressed by a single word, by means of these combinations. The flexibility of the language is little, if any, inferior to its copiousness. With such facilities, you can easily conceive that a German, who thoroughly understands a foreign language, if he enters into the feelings of the poet, the people, and the age in which he flourished, which his exegetical education and manner of investigating all literary subjects enable him to do, is admirably fitted to become a translator of the poetry of other nations. Accordingly, there are few departments of foreign literature, there are few celebrated poems in other languages, which are not within the reach of every German. The songs of Hafiz and of the other poets of Persia, the poetry of Arabia, of Palestine, and of ancient and modern Europe, all appear in the language of this country, and often with a beauty but little inferior to that of the original.

"Of all the translations of Shakspeare, Augustus Wilhelm Schlegel has acquired the greatest reputation. His version presents, perhaps the strongest proof of the richness and flexibility of this language. Of this work the Germans boast with a national pride, rarely excited, unless when speaking of their victories during the "Holy War," or the "War of Freedom," as they called that of 1813 and 1814. I know of no translation in any other language to compare with it, and when reading it you almost forget that you are not perusing the original. So literal is this work, and so perfectly are the beauties of the original retained, that Shakspeare might be almost willing to acknowledge it as his own. Wherever antique words occur in the original, they are to be met with

in the translation so far as this language will admit of it. It thus exhibits to the German reader, that character of age which throws such a charm over his pages. The critique of Schlegel on Shakspeare is filled with that enthusiasm which no one could feel, who was not alive to all the beauty and sublimity of the great dramatist.

"The northern Germans resemble us much more than any other nation on the continent. Like us they are Protestants, and they show in their conversation that depth of feeling, which naturally arises from a religion addressed equally to the intellect and the heart. A religion which is grounded on argument, and not on mere feeling, one where the heart is impressed through the medium of the understanding, though it will not excite as intense momentary dread, will assume a more permanent reality, and be more influential, than one which appears to the eye, through the revelation which painting presents of futurity. Like us, they are a people who are exposed to all the severities of winter, and during the long months of cloud and rain, mist and snow, they seek for enjoyment by their fire-sides, and not in basking in the sun, as do the southern nations of Europe. Like us, they have not only a *home*, but a word also to convey this idea, which in some of the southern dictionaries you search for in vain. Their impressions are not like those of the nations upon the Mediterranean derived from external objects, but from reflection, and they are capable of feeling in the fullest manner all that power of passion, which is seen on every page of the English dramatist. Accordingly you find their admiration of Shakspeare almost boundless. He is a more frequent topic of conversation than any foreign writer, and, since my residence here I have conversed more on this subject, than during my whole life in America. Lectures on his plays are given in almost every university, and in not a small number of the cities, they are publicly read by lecturers to the citizens, where his beauties are unfolded and his obsolete allusions explained, with all the acuteness of German criticism. His tragedies and comedies are more frequently played than those of any foreign writer or than any of their own, with the exception of those of Schiller; whose plays do not draw as full houses as that of the bard of Avon. They universally admit that his mind was of a higher order than any other creative poet, not even excepting Goethe, whom they almost idolize. It gives me not a little pleasure to see this universal admiration of Shakspeare, whose writings I have found so little appreciated elsewhere on the continent. I have never seen a Parisian who would acknowledge that his was a master spirit; not one who thought his genius comparable to that of Racine, Corneille, or Voltaire. In Italy he is almost unknown, and one living south of the Alps, laughs at the idea of comparing Hamlet or Macbeth, with the Philip or Saul of Alfieri. Probably no writer, except those of Greece and Rome, has had a greater influence over the literature of a foreign country, than Shakspeare over that of Germany. Klopstock, Goethe, Wieland, Lessing, Schiller and Herder, all acknowledged his influence in forming their taste, and unite in an almost boundless admiration for his genius. Goethe in his *Wilhelm Meister*, and Schlegel in his *History of Dramatic Literature*, have spoken of him with that admiration which all great minds must feel, when perusing his wonderful tragedies.

"During the continental struggle, English literature rarely found its way to the continent. Since the peace of 1814, it is introduced by every arrival at Hamburg from London, and most works of merit soon appear in the original, or in the translations. I have found some of the Germans as warm admirers of English literature as their fathers were fifty years since,

of that of France; preferring it even to their own. Our language is now spoken to some extent in every part of Germany, and some of the poets occasionally write in English, though their works are evidently composed with not a little restraint. Its grammatical construction is so much more simple than that of every other in Europe, that to translate our prose, is rather an amusement, than a labor to a German. The poetry is more difficult, but its construction so nearly resembles that of his own language, that he soon reads it with ease. There is one obstacle, however, of which they very much complain, viz. our pronunciation. This, to them, is a perfect chaos, and they often despair of arriving at moderate correctness. That the words *cough*, *enough* and *though*, should not rhyme; and that *though*, *blow* and *go*, and *enough* and *bluff* should, to them is incomprehensible. This, however, is not their greatest difficulty. They find the *th* of our language, a worse Shibboleth than the *W* to the Ephraimites; and were the Germans compelled to pronounce it in passing a second Jordan, or meet a similar fate, there are probably, not half a dozen who would ever reach the opposite bank. I have seen many of them who rarely made a grammatical mistake in talking English, but never met with but one who could say, *thirty-three thousand things*. With all their efforts they can only bring forth *dirty dree dousand dings*. In making the attempt they screw and twist their faces into as many shapes as a mountebank, reminding one of Hogarth's singing congregation.

"The works of Scott are as much read here as with us. They appear both in the original and in the translations, often in several of the latter. Cooper's novels, and Irving's Tales, are a constant topic of conversation. As they are the only American works in these branches of literature which are known in this country, the novelty of the scenes which they paint, together with their real merit, has given them a popularity, not much surpassed by that of the great Scotch Novelist. French works are more frequently reprinted in the original, than in a German dress, as almost every educated man reads that language, which the conquests of Napoleon and the gallantry of his officers, have made the *lingua communis* of Europe. The *chef d'ouevres* of the great Italian poets, are now re-printing at Leipzig, as well as the works of Byron, Shakspeare, Moore, &c. in the languages in which they are written. In truth, many of the classic authors of most of the countries of Europe, as well as many of those of Asia, appear from time to time, from the German press, in their proper languages and characters. When will the time arrive, that works of even one foreign classical writer can be printed in our country in the native language of the author, without the danger of their being consigned to the grocer to envelope his tea and sugar?" p. 168-73.

The information given in the following extract, in relation to the practice of duelling in Germany, will amuse the reader.

"Duelling is more prevalent in the universities of Germany than in any other place on earth. To have passed two or three years at one of these institutions, and not to have fought as many duels, is a rare example of moderation; and so far from being regarded as an honor, is considered by the students as a proof of a want of spirit. They do not wait for a genuine provocation, one that would give velocity to their blood, but avail themselves of every opportunity to display their courage. Every university has its code of laws relating to the intercourse of the students with one another. Some of these have been passed in general council, while others by tacit consent, have acquired a similar authority. These are regarded by the *Burshen* as inviolable, and whenever

they come in collision with the laws of the university, they become in their eyes null and void. From a violation of these laws not a few of the duels proceed. There is a law here, established by custom, that two students in passing each other shall always turn to the left. As this city has side-walks, they place a double value on their right to the outside of the pavement. Inadvertence or design, almost every day, brings two or more of them opposite each other. When thus almost in contact, the idea of turning is rejected as cowardly, and they advance until they meet. As it is an invariable law in the material world, that when two bodies meet each other, the smaller must yield to the larger, the velocities being the same, the smaller student soon finds himself in the gutter. Full of ire at the dirty ideas which his situation awakens, which is probably increased by the feeling all little fellows have, when compelled to contrast themselves with large bodies, he turns to his opponent and says, '*Sie sind ein dummer Junge*,' in other words, 'you are a stupid fellow,' or a blockhead. His antagonist immediately inquires of him where he resides, and having ascertained, says to him, 'you are challenged.' Accordingly, having chosen his second, this friend calls upon the offending student, informing him that he is to officiate as second to his own friend; requesting him at the same time to choose one for himself. This he does, and the two seconds fix upon the time and place. But the *Bursch* is not merely alive to his own honor, he is still more so to that of his *Landmannschaft*. If any individual speaks disrespectfully of one of these clans, he is immediately called a *dummer Junge* by the person belonging to it who hears him. To be called a blockhead, is an insult which nothing but a duel can atone for. If thus insulted, it is indispensably necessary to challenge the offender immediately, who is equally under the necessity of accepting it. Should either of them fail of acting like a genuine *Bursch*, his character would be considered infamous by his brethren, and he would be treated accordingly. The promise which he made on entering the university is of no consequence; as all the laws to which he has subscribed, disappear before this all powerful code of honor. These, and many similar causes of offence, arising from accident or design, give rise to frequent duels, until the report of several in a day, ceased in a few weeks after my arrival to excite surprise.

"Whenever a student is challenged, he has not the privilege of choosing his own weapons. If he is a German he must fight according to the established mode of the university; if not, he is allowed to claim the mode of fighting adopted in his native country. His opponent, however, may refuse to fight, unless he adopts the weapons of the university, and then the affair ends in words, without any effusion of blood. The Americans and English who have been here, have in a few instances been challenged, but claiming the right to use the pistol, they have most always found their opponent retreat, as they are not very fond of the smell of powder. When one student offends another in a very insulting manner, the latter has the privilege of challenging him *auf Pistolen*, (on pistols,) as the Germans express it, and it is then thought cowardly not to accept it on these conditions.

"When death ensues from these duels, the laws of Hanover condemn the principals and seconds to several years imprisonment. If they are natives, they are also prohibited from holding offices under the government. When they fight in this manner, if they can afford the expense, they usually cross the Danish, Dutch, or French lines, and after the duel immediately retreat into Germany; if not, they cross into some other German state, and after fighting return to Hanover, where they conceal themselves for a long time, or make their escape through the assistance of their



friends, as the police of the different German states act in concert in detecting the offenders. An exile of a few years is sufficient to let the affair blow over, when they return and live peaceably at home.

"Their mode of fighting with pistols is I believe peculiar to Germany. A line is drawn, and the two combatants at the distance of ten rods from it, advance towards each other, with the privilege of firing just when they please. This they rarely do, until within a short distance of each other. If one has fired and missed, or slightly wounded his opponent, he is required to advance to the line, to which his antagonist approaches. When within a foot of him, it is considered perfectly honorable to shoot him through the heart, which he commonly does, unless his pistol merely flashes, or unless he possesses more than usual generosity. How such barbarism should have continued to the nineteenth century, in a Christian country, is to me inexplicable.

"As the German students are usually so poor as to find it very difficult to meet the expenses of their education, these combats would of necessity almost cease, were the *Landmannschaften* once abolished. These institutions are in the fullest sense of the word the great nurseries of duelling. They not only furnish the necessary weapons, dresses, &c. but they keep alive that spirit of jealousy which is so conspicuous in this university. When one *Landmannschaft* is insulted by the student of another, it sometimes occurs, that both of these clans are brought into the quarrel. In such instances, he rarely, if ever, knows who is to be his opponent, until a short time before the combat begins, and then perhaps he fights with one whom he has never seen before.

"The genuine university duel, differs from any other in Europe. In some slight degree the mode varies in the different universities, but the leading features are every where the same. The weapon used is a straight sword, about three feet in length. Near the point it has a double edge, so that it will cut equally well on either side. To protect the hand, a circular piece of brass or iron of six or eight inches in diameter rises between the handle and the blade. These three parts are separated from each other, the cap receiving the circle of defence, the handle being placed in their pockets, and the blade concealed in a hollow cane, or carried under their coats. Thus prepared they promenade the streets, and go to the theatre of combat, without even exciting a suspicion in the minds of the *gendarmes* or constables, (for I know not what else to call them,) attached to the university. When assembled at the room which is to be the scene of their prowess, the parties consist of the following persons. The combatants,—the seconds—the umpire who is chosen by the seconds, whose province it is to determine when they shall commence, and when they shall terminate their contest, the surgeon, and finally a few friends of the parties, who are usually invited as witnesses. The dress consists of very thick gloves, which come almost to the elbows; and of a leathern jacket corresponding with a breast plate, which is so stuffed and padded that a sword cannot penetrate it. This descends below the hips, and guards every vital part of the body. Nothing but the face is thus exposed; as if this were the only part of the person, worthy of being ornamented with scars. At this they aim all their blows, as it is considered unworthy of a *Bursch* to strike at the legs of his opponent. The seconds are arrayed in the same costume as the combatants. They place themselves on each side of their friends with drawn swords, and ward off those blows which defy the skill of the principals. Although not in the thickest of the affray, they not unfrequently receive wounds themselves.

"A duelling code is established here, by which all the students are governed. I have not yet been able

to procure it, but have been informed of some of the laws. From them, as well as from descriptions of such scenes from eye witnesses, I shall be able to give you an idea of such a combat. If the offence is trifling, they strike a certain number of blows, I think it is twelve, and if no blood flows they shake hands and separate. If the offence is of greater magnitude, they continue fighting until one of them is wounded, or until they have struck twelve times twelve. During a long contest, which results from an equality of skill on the part of the combatants, they occasionally stop to recover their breath, and after a few minutes respite, they commence again with new ardor, continuing their strife in some instances half an hour, before either of the parties is wounded. Whenever blood is visible, the umpire immediately orders a suspension of arms. The surgeon then examines the wound. If it is two inches in length, and opens of itself one fourth of an inch, the duel ceases; as a wound of these dimensions is considered ample satisfaction for any offence that can be atoned for by the sword. The parties then become friends, the grasp of the hand being the sign of reconciliation; and leaving the wounded student with the surgeon, they repair to town, provided, as is usually the case, the duel is fought at a little distance from it." p. 49-52.

"Many of the students here, are horribly hacked, and not a small number of them carry on their faces the scars of many a duel. It not unfrequently happens that these wounds transform a very fine face almost into deformity. Instances have occurred where both eyes have been put out by a too well directed blow; in others, the nose\* has been cut off, or the jaw has been so wounded as never to recover from it. Within a short time, one of the students has lost his nose; another an eye; while others have been so hacked as to be disfigured for life. They seem as proud of these scars as an old Roman warrior, apparently believing that their reputation for courage will be in proportion to their number and size. I have been informed by those who have every opportunity to form a correct estimate, that more than two hundred of these duels have been fought here during the present term. Among the students I have two acquaintances, one of whom during this period, has fought seven, and the other six times. These are not very rare instances. It is currently reported that another has sent and received eighteen challenges, which are to be cancelled by as many duels the approaching Semester or term.

"The thirst for acquiring distinction, by fighting, and by getting into rows with the police, with the Philistines, and with each other, attracts many young men to these universities; who reside here for no other object than to pass their time as pleasantly as possible, with the intention of leaving behind them the brilliant reputation of a genuine *Bursch*. While here, their hours are passed in fencing, riding, smoking, drinking beer, and fighting, and in all these accomplishments, they take the lead. This class, which may form perhaps the tenth part of the students, make more noise, and fight more duels, unless there is a quarrel between the *Landmannschaften*, than all the others. They are the men who always stand ready to dispute the pavement with you, and *Sie sind ein dummer Junge* is always on the end of their tongues. They are ready to embark in any carousal, and the *Burschen* songs coming from their throats salute your ear long after all honest persons should be at home. These are the men at all the universities, who fill the

\* You probably have heard that artificial noses are made in Europe. One of the Heidelberg students who had lost this member in such a contest, procured one, which was in his opinion a very respectable one. While fishing in the Rhine, as he looked over the side of the boat to watch his nibbles, this ornament unfortunately dropped into the stream, and was lost to him forever.

beer cellars with smoke, and songs, and with noise, from the loud laugh which issues from these subterranean caverns, to the thundering shout with which they greet the air as they emerge into starlight. All the duellists, however, are not of this character. Some of those who fight are very peaceable and gentlemanly in their deportment. If, however, they have the reputation of being expert swordsmen, they are sure of being challenged by the class of students just mentioned, who with the hope of gaining the reputation of wounding them in combat, cheerfully expose their faces to the danger of receiving such honorable scars." p. 49-54.

*The Shepherd's Calendar.* By James Hogg, Author of the "Queen's Wake," &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New-York republished, 1829. A. T. Goodrich, and others.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE commendation which we bestowed on this work in our last number, is confirmed by further perusal. In almost every story there is a degree of humor, which renders them very diverting, and some of them possess an interest artfully excited and maintained. The writings of Hogg are too well known to make any particular critical examination of his style necessary: his principal merit consists in graphic delineations of the peasantry and lower classes of people in Scotland, and, bating a little occasional coarseness, there are few authors of the present day whose humor is of a more contagious and exciting nature. A portion of one of the stories, which we copy, will convey a tolerably accurate idea of the entire work.

"The Souters of Selkirk."

"I have heard an amusing story of a young man, whose name happened to be the same as that of the hero of the preceding chapter—George Dobson. He was a shoemaker, a very honest man, who lived at the foot of an old street, called the Back Row, in the town of Selkirk. He was upwards of thirty, unmarried, had an industrious old stepmother, who kept house for him, and, of course, George was what is called 'a bein bachelor,' or 'a chap that was gayan weel to leeve.' He was a cheerful, happy fellow, and quite sober, except when on the town-council, when he sometimes took a glass with the magistrates of his native old borough, of whose loyalty, valor, and antiquity, there was no man more proud.

"Well, one day, as George was sitting in his shop, as he called it, (though no man nowadays would call that a shop in which there was nothing to sell,) sewing away at boots and shoes for his customers, whom he could not halfhold in whole leather, so great was the demand over all the country for George Dobson's boots and shoes—he was sitting, I say, plying away, and singing with great glee,—

"Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,  
And down wi' the the Earl o' Hume,  
And up wi' a' the brave billies  
That sew the single-soled shoon!  
And up wi' the yellow, the yellow;  
The yellow and green hae doon weel;  
Then up wi' the lads of the Forest,  
But down wi' the Merse to the de'il!"

"The last words were hardly out of George's mouth, when he heard a great noise enter the Back Row, and among the voices one making loud proclamation, as follows:—

"Ho yes!—Ho yes!  
Souters aye, Souters a',  
Souters o' the Back Row,  
There's a gentleman a-coming  
Wha will ca' ye Souters a."

"I wish he durst," said George. "That will be the

Earl o' Hume wha's coming. He has had us at ill-will for several generations. Bring my aik staff into the shop, callant, and set it down beside me here—and ye may bring aye to yoursell, too. I say, callant, stop. Bring my grandfather's auld sword wi' ye. I wad like to see the Earl o' Hume, or ony o' his cronies, come and cast up our honest calling and occupation till us!"

"George laid his oak staff on the cutting board before him, and leaned the old two-edged sword against the wall, at his right hand. The noise of the proclamation went out at the head of the Back Row, and died in the distance; and then George began again, and sung the Souters o' Selkirk with more obstreperous glee than ever. The last words were not out of his mouth, when a grand gentleman stepped into the shop, clothed in light armor, with a sword by his side, and pistols in his breast. He had a livery-man behind him, and both the master and man were all shining in gold. This is the Earl o' Hume in good earnest, thought George to himself; but, nevertheless, he shall not danton me.

"Good morrow to you, Souter Dobson," said the gentleman. "What song is that you were singing?"

"George would have resented the first address, with a vengeance, but the latter question took him off it unawares, and he only answered, 'It's a very good sang, sir, and aye o' the auldest—What objections have you to it?"

"Nay, but what is it about?" returned the stranger; "I want to hear you say what it is about."

"I'll sing it you over again, sir," said George, "and then you may judge for yoursell. Our sangs, up hereawa, dinna speak in riddles and parables; they're gayan downright;" and with that George gave it him over again full birr, keeping, at the same time, a sharp look-out on all his guest's movements; for he had no doubt now, that it was to come to an engagement between them, but he was determined not to yield an inch, for the honor of old Selkirk.

"When the song was done, however, the gentleman commended it, saying, it was a spirited old thing, and, without doubt, related to some of the the early Border feuds. 'But how think you the Earl of Hume would like to hear this?' added he. George, who had no doubt, all this while, that the Earl of Hume was speaking to him, said, good naturedly, 'We dinna care muckle, sir, whether the Earl o' Hume takes the sang ill or weel. I'se warrant he has heard it mony a time ere now, and, if he were here, he wad hear it every day when the school looses, and Wattie Henderson wad gie him it every night.'

"Well, well, Souter Dobson, that is neither here nor there. That is nor what I called about. Let us to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very best style," said the gentleman, standing up, and stretching forth his leg to be measured.

"I'll make you no boots, sir," said George, nettled at being again called Souter. "I have as many regular customers to supply as hold me busy from one year's end to the other. I cannot make your boots—you may get them made where you please."

"You shall make them, Mr. Dobson," said the stranger; "I am determined to try a pair of boots of your making, cost what they will. Make your own price, but let me have the boots by all means; and, moreover, I want them before to-morrow morning."

"This was so conciliatory, and so friendly of the Earl, that George, being a good-natured fellow, made no farther objection, but took his measure, and promised to have them ready. 'I will pay for, them now,' said the gentleman, taking out a purse of gold; but George refused to accept of the price till the boots were produced. 'Nay, but I will pay them now,' said the gentleman; 'for, in the first place, it will insure me of the boots, and, in the next place, I may



probably leave the town to-night, and make my servant wait for them. What is the cost?"

"If they are to be as good as I can make them, sir, they will be twelve shillings."

"Twelve shillings, Mr. Dobson! I paid thirty-six for these I wear, in London, and I expect yours will be a great deal better. Here are two guineas, and be sure and make them good."

"I cannot, for my life, make them worth the half of the money," said George. "We have no materials in Selkirk that will amount to one-third of it in value." However, the gentleman flung down the gold, and went away, singing the Souters o' Selkirk.

"He is a most noble fellow, that Earl o' Hume," said George to his apprentice; "I thought he and I should have had a battle, but we have parted on the best possible terms."

"I wonder how you could bide to be *Soutered* yon gate!" said the boy.

"George scratched his head with the awl, bit his lip, and looked at his grandfather's sword. He had a great desire to follow the insolent gentleman; for he found that he had inadvertently suffered a great insult without resenting it."

"After George had shaped the boots with the utmost care, and of the best and finest Kendal leather, he went up the Back Row to seek assistance, so that he might have them ready at the stated time; but never a stitch of assistance could George obtain, for the gentleman had trysted a pair of boots in every shop in the Row, paid for them all, and called every one of the shoemakers Souter twice over."

"Never was there such a day in the Back Row of Selkirk! What could it mean? Had the gentleman a whole regiment coming up, all of the same size, and same measure of leg? Or was he not rather an army agent, come to take specimens of the best workmen in the country? This last being the prevailing belief, every Selkirk Souter threw off his coat, and fell a slashing and cutting of Kendal leather; and such a forenoon of cutting, and sewing, and puffing and rosetting, never was in Selkirk since the battle of Flodden field."

"George's shop was the nethermost of the street, so that the stranger guests came all to him first; so scarcely had he taken a hurried dinner, and began to sew again, and, of course, to sing, when in came a fat gentleman, exceedingly well mounted, with sword and pistols; he had fair curled hair, red cheeks that hung over his stock, and a liveryman behind him. 'Merry be your heart, Mr. Dobson! but what a plague of a song is that you are singing?' said he. George looked very suspicious like at him, and thought to himself, now I could bet any man gold guineas that this is the Duke of Northumberland, another enemy to our town; but I'll not be cowed by him neither, only I could have wished I had been singing another song when his Grace came into the shop. These were the thoughts that ran through George's mind in a moment, and at length he made answer—'We reckon it a good sang, my lord, and ane o' the auldest.'"

"Would it suit your convenience to sing that last verse over again?" said the fat gentleman; and at the same time he laid hold of his gold-handled pistols.

"O, certainly, sir," said George; but at the same time I must take a lesson in manners from my superiors; and with that he seized his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword, and cocking that up by his ear, he sang out with fearless glee—

"The English are dolts, to a man, a man—

Fat puddings to fry in a pan, a pan—

Their Percys and Howards

We reckon but cowards—

But turn the Blue Bonnets wha'can, wha'can!"

"George now set his joints in such a manner, that the moment the Duke of Northumberland had present-

ed his pistol, he might be ready to cleave him, or cut off his right hand, with his grandfather's cut-and-thrust sword; but the fat gentleman durst not venture the issue—he took his hand from his pistol, and laughed till his big sides shook. 'You are a great original, Dobson,' said he; 'but you are nevertheless a brave fellow—a Souter among a thousand, and I am glad I have met with you in this mood too. Well, then, let us proceed to business. You must make me a pair of boots in your very best style, George, and that without any loss of time.'

"O Lord, sir, I would do that with the greatest pleasure, but it is a thing entirely out of my power," said George with a serious face.

"Pooh, pooh! I know the whole story," said the fat gentleman. "You are all hoaxed and made fools of this morning; but the thing concerns me very much, and I'll give you five guineas, Mr. Dobson if you will make me a pair of good boots before to-morrow at this time."

"I wad do it cheerfully for the fifth part o' the price, my lord," said George; 'but it is needless to speak about that, it being out o' my power. But what way are we hoaxed? I dinna account any man made a fool of, wha has the cash in his pocket as weel as the goods in his hand.'

"You are all made fools of together, and I am most made a fool of, of any," said the fat gentleman. 'I betted a hundred guineas with a young Scottish nobleman last night, that he durst not go up the Back Row of Selkirk, calling all the way,

'Souters ane, Souters a',  
Souters o' the Back Row,'"

and yet, to my astonishment, you have let him do so, and insult you all with impunity; and he has won.'

"Confound the rascal!" exclaimed George. 'If we had but taken him up! But we took him for our friend, come to warn us, and lay in wait for the audacious fellow who was to come up behind.'

"And a good amends you took of him when he came!" said the fat gentleman. 'Well, after I had taken the above bet, up speaks another of our company, and he says—'Why make such account of a few poor cobblers or Souters, or how do you call them? I'll bet a hundred guineas that I'll go up the Back Row after that gentleman has set them all agog, and I'll call every one of them Souter twice to his face.' I took the bet in a moment: 'You dare not for your blood, sir,' says I. 'You do not know the spirit and bravery of the men of Selkirk. They will knock you down at once, if not tear you to pieces.' But I trusted too much to your spirit, and have lost my two hundred guineas it would appear. Tell me, in truth Mr. Dobson, did you suffer him to call you Souter twice to your face, without resenting it?'

"George bit his lip, scratched his head with the awl, and gave the linges such a yerk that he made them both crack in two. 'Damn it! we're a' affront-it thegither!' said he in a half whisper, while the apprentice-boy was like to burst with laughter at his master's mortification."

"Well, I have lost my money," continued the gentleman; 'but I assure you, George, the gentleman wants no boots. He has accomplished his purpose, and has the money in his pocket; but as it will avail me, I may not say how much, I intreat that you will make me a pair. Here is the money,—here are five guineas, which I leave in pledge: only let me have the boots. Or suppose you make these a little wider, and transfer them to me; that is very excellent leather, and will do exceedingly well; I think I never saw better;' and he stood leaning over George, handling the leather. 'Now, do you consent to let me have them?'

"I can never do that, my lord," says George, 'hav-

ing the other gentleman's money in my pocket. If you should offer me ten guineas, it would be the same thing.'

"Very well, I will find those who will,' said he, and off he went, singing,

'Turn the Blue Bonnets wha can, wha can.'

"This is the queerest day about Selkirk that I ever saw,' said George; 'but really this Duke of Northumberland, to be the old hereditary enemy of our town, is a real, fine frank fellow.'

"Ay, but he *Soutered* ye, too,' said the boy.

"It's a lee, ye little blackguard.'

"I heard him ca' you a Souter amang a thousand, master; and that taunt will be heard tell o' yet.'

"I fancy, callant, we maun let that flee stick to the wa', said George; and sewed away, and sewed away, and got the boots finished next day at twelve o'clock. Now, thought he to himself, I have thirty shillings by this bargain, and so I'll treat our magistrates to a hearty glass this afternoon; I hae muckle need o' a stockening and the Selkirk billies never fail a friend. George put his hand into his pocket to clink his two gold guineas; but never a guinea was in George's pocket, nor plack either! His countenance changed, and fell so much, that the apprentice noticed it, and suspected the cause; but George would confess nothing, though in his own mind, he strongly suspected the Duke of Northumberland of the theft, *alias*, the fat gentleman with the fair curled hair, and the red cheeks hanging over his stock.

"George went away up among his brethren of the awl in the Back Row, and called on them every one; but he soon perceived, from their blank looks, and their disinclination to drink that night, that they were all in the same predicament with himself. The fat gentleman with the curled hair had visited every one of them, and got measured for a pair of ten guinea boots, but had not paid any of them; and, somehow or other, every man had lost the price of the boots which he had received in the morning." p. 104-12.

The circumstance, or rather the two circumstances which had caused such surprise and mortification to the honest shoemakers of Selkirk, were the consequence of a bet between two young English noblemen, on a tour through Scotland—though, to be sure, the story is rather incredible, or the last one must have been a light fingered gentleman indeed. To persuade the *Souters* to take the money, might not have been very difficult, but to get it back, in every instance, was a feat which makes too large a draught on the reader's credulity. After the trick that had been played, not only on him, but all his fellow knights of the awl and lapstone, our hero, George Dobson, becomes involved in a new series of adventures; but we refer the reader who feels any curiosity concerning these to the book itself. There is rather too great sameness in the stories of our author; they are all children of one parent and bear a strong family resemblance. The following sketch, however, will be found to possess interest of a different kind from that which characterizes the story of George Dobson.

#### Prayers.

"There is, I believe, no class of men professing the Protestant faith, so truly devout as the shepherds of Scotland. They get all the learning that the parish schools afford; are thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures; deeply read in theological works, and really, I am sorry to say it, generally much better informed on these topics than their masters. Every Shepherd is a man of respectability—he must be so, else he must cease to be a shepherd. His master's flock is entirely committed to his care, and if he does not manage it with constant attention, caution, and decision, he cannot be employed. A part of the

stock is his own, however, so that his interest in it is the same with that of his master; and being thus the most independent of men, if he cherishes a good behaviour, and the most insignificant if he loses the esteem of his employers, he has every motive for maintaining an unimpeachable character.

It is almost impossible, also, that he can be other than a religious character, being so much conversant with the Almighty in his works, in all the goings-on of nature, and in his control of the otherwise resistanceless elements. He feels himself a dependent being, morning and evening, on the great Ruler of the universe; he holds converse with him in the cloud and the storm—on the misty mountain and the darksome waste—in the whirling drift and the overwhelming thaw—and even in voices and sounds that are only heard by the howling cliff or solitary dell. How can such a man fail to be impressed with the presence of an eternal God, of an omniscient eye, and an almighty arm?

"The position generally holds good; for, as I have said, the shepherds are a religious and devout set of men, and among them the antiquated but delightful exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decency and decorum; but formality being a thing despised, there is no composition that I ever heard so truly original as these prayers occasionally are; sometimes for rude eloquence and pathos, at other times for a nondescript sort of pomp, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

"One of the most notable men for this sort of family eloquence was Adam Scott, in Upper Dalglish. I had an uncle who herded with him, from whom I heard many quotations from Scott's prayers:—a few of them are as follows.

"We particularly thank thee for thy great goodness to Meg, and that ever it came into your head to take any thought of sic an useles baw-waw as her.' (This was a little girl that had been somewhat miraculously saved from drowning.)

"For thy mercy's sake—for the sake of thy poor sinfu' servants that are now addressing thee in their ain shilly-shally way, and for the sake o' mair than we dare weel name to thee, hae mercy on Rob. Ye ken yaursel he is a wild mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish; but put thy hook on his nose, and thy bridle in his gab, and gar him come back to thee wi' a jerk that he'll no forget the longest day he has to leeve."

"Dinna forget poor Jamie, wha's far away frae amang us the night. Keep thy arm o' power about him, and O, I wish ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for himself. For if ye dinna, he'll be but a bauchle in this world, and a back-sitter in the neist."

"We desire to be submissive to thy will and pleasure at a' times; but our desires are like new-bridled colts, or dogs that are first laid to the brae—they run wild frae under our control. Thou hast added one to our family—so has been thy will; but it would never hae been mine. If it's of thee, do thou bless and prosper the connexion; but if the fool hath done it out of carnal desire, against all reason and credit, may the cauld rainy cloud of adversity settle on his habitation, till he shiver in the flame that his folly hath kindled.' (I think this was said to be in allusion to the marriage of one of his sons.)

"We're a' like hawks, we're a' like snails, we're a' like slogie riddles;—like hawks to do evil, like snails to do good, and like slogie riddles, that let through a' the good, and keep the bad."

"Bring down the tyrant and his lang neb, for he has done muckle ill the year, and gie him a cup o' thy wrath, and gin he winna tak that, gie him kelly.' (*Kelly* signifies double, or two cups. This was an



occasional petition for one season only, and my uncle never could comprehend what it meant.)

"The general character of Scott was one of decision and activity; constant in the duties of religion, but not over strict with regard to some of its moral precepts.

"I have heard the following petitions sundry times in the family prayers of an old relation of my own, long since gone to his rest.

"And mairower and aboon' do thou bless us a' wi' thy best wairldly blessings—wi' bread for the belly, and theeking for the back, a lang stride and a clear ee-sight. Keep us from a' proud prassing and upsetting—from foul flappings, and stray steps, and from all unnecessary trouble.

"But, in generalities, these prayers are never half so original as when they come to particular incidents that affect only the petitioners; for some things happen daily, which they deem it their bounden duty to remember before their Maker, either by way of petition, confession, or thanksgiving. The following was told to me as a part of the same worthy old man's prayer occasionally, for some weeks before he left a master, in whose father's service and his own the decayed shepherd had spent the whole of his life.

"Bless my master and his family with thy best blessings in Christ Jesus. Prosper all his worldly concerns, especially that valuable part which is committed to my care. I have worn out my life in the service of him and his fathers, and thou knowest that I have never bowed a knee before thee without remembering them. Thou knowest, also, that I have never studied night's rest, nor day's comfort, when put in competition with their interest. The foulest days and the stormiest nights were to me as the brightest of summer; and if he has not done weel in casting out his auld servant, do thou forgive him. I forgive him with all my heart, and will never cease to pray for him: but when the hard storms o' winter come, may he miss the braid bonnet and the gray head, and say to himsell, 'I wish to God that my auld herd had been here yet!' I ken o' neither house nor habitation this night, but for the sake o' them amang us that canna do for themselfs, I ken thou wilt provide ane; for though thou hast tried me with hard and sair adversities, I have had more than my share of thy mercies, and thou kenst better than I can tell thee that thou hast never bestowed them on an unthankful heart."

"This is the sentence exactly as it was related to me, but I am sure it is not correct; for, though very like his manner, I never heard him come so near the English language in one sentence in my life. I once heard him say, in allusion to a chapter he had been reading about David and Goliath, and just at the close of his prayer: 'And when our besetting sins come bragging and blowstoring upon us, like Gully o' Gath, O enable us to fling off the airmen and hairnishing o' the law whilk we haena proved, and whup up the simple sling o' the gospel, and nail the smooth stanes o' redeeming grace into their foreheads.'

"Of all the composition, for simple pathos, that I ever saw or heard, his prayer, on the evening of that day on which he buried his only son, excelled; but at this distance of time, it is impossible for me to do it justice; and I dare not take it on me to garble it. He began the subject of his sorrows thus:—

"Thou hast seen meet, in thy wise providence, to remove the staff out of my right hand, at the very time when to us poor sand-blind mortals, it appeared that I stood maist in need o't. But O it was a sicker ane, and a sure ane, and a dear ane to my heart! and how I'll climb the steep hill o' auld age and sorrow without it, thou mayest ken, but I dinna."

"His singing of the psalms surpassed all exhibitions that ever were witnessed of a sacred nature.

he had not the least air of sacred music; there was no attempt at it; it was a sort of recitative of the most grotesque kind; and yet he delighted in it, and sung far more verses every night than is customary. The first time I heard him, I was very young; but I could not stand it, and leaned myself back into a bed, and laughed till my strength could serve me no longer. He had likewise an out-of-the-way custom, in reading a portion of Scripture every night, of always making remarks as he went on. And such remarks! One evening I heard him reading a chapter—I have forgot where it was—but he came to words like these: 'And other nations, whom the great and noble Asnapper brought over'—John stopped short, and, considering for a little, says: 'Asnapper! whaten a king was he that? I dinna mind o' ever hearing tell o' him afore.'—'I dinna ken,' said one of the girls; 'but he has a queer name.'—'It is something like a goolly knife,' said a younger one. 'Whisht, dame,' said John, and then went on with the chapter. I believe it was about the fourth or fifth chapter of Ezra. He seldom, for a single night, missed a few observations of the same sort.

"Another night, not long after the time above noticed, he was reading of the feats of one Sanballat, who set himself against the building of the second temple; on closing the Bible John uttered a loud hemh! and then I knew there was something forthcoming. 'He has been another nor a gude ane that,' added he; 'I hae nae brow o' their Sandy-ballet.'

"Upon another occasion he stopped in the middle of a chapter and uttered his 'hemh!' of disapproval, and then added, 'If it had been the Lord's will, I think they might hae left out that verse.'—'It hasna been his will, though,' said one of the girls.—'It seems sae,' said John. I have entirely forgot what he was reading about, and am often vexed at having forgot the verse that John wanted expunged from the Bible. It was in some of the minor prophets.

"There was another time he came to his brother-in-law's house, where I was then living, and John being the oldest man, the Bible was laid down before him to make family worship. He made no objections, but began, as was always his custom, by asking a blessing on their devotions; and when he had done, it being customary for those who make family worship to sing straight through the Psalms from beginning to end, John says, 'We'll sing in your ordinary. Where is it?' 'We do not always sing in one place,' said the good man of the house. 'Na, I daresay no, or else ye'll make that place threadbare,' said John, in a short, crabbed style, manifestly suspecting that his friend was not regular in his family devotions. This piece of sharp wit after the worship was begun, had to me an effect highly ludicrous.

"When he came to give out the chapter, he remarked, that there would be no ordinary there either, he supposed. 'We have been reading in Job for a lang time,' said the good man. 'How lang?' said John slyly, as he turned over the leaves, thinking to catch his friend at fault. 'O, I dinna ken that,' said the other; 'but there's a mark laid in that will tell you the bit.'—'If you hae read vera lang in Job,' says John, 'you will hae made him threadbare too, for the mark is only at the ninth chapter.' There was no answer, so he read on. In the course of the chapter he came to these words—'Who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not.'—'I never heard of Him doing that,' says John. 'But Job, honest man, maybe means the darkness that was in the land o' Egypt. It wad be a fearsome thing and the sun warn't till rise. A little further on he came to these words—'Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.'—'I hae often wondered at that verse,' says John. 'Job has been a grand philosopher! The Pleiades are the Se'en Sterns,—I ken them; an

Orion, that's the King's Ell-wand; but I'm never sae sure about Arcturus. I fancy he's ane o' the plennits, or maybe him that hauds the Gowden Plough.'

"On reading the last chapter of the book of Job, when he came to the enumeration of the patriarch's live stock, he remarked, 'He has had an unco sight o' creatures. Fourteen thousand sheep! How many was that?' 'He has had seven hundred scores,' said one. 'Ay,' said John, 'it was an unco swarm o' creatures. There wad be a dreadful confusion at his clippings and spainings. Six thousand camels, a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. What, in the wide world, did he do wi' a' thae creatures? Wad it not hae been mair purpose-like if he had had them a' milk kye?'—'Wha wad he hae gotten to have milked them?' said one of the girls. 'It's vera true,' said John.

"One time, during a severe and lying storm of snow, in allusion to some chapter he had been reading, he prayed as follows: (This is from hearsay.) 'Is the whiteness of desolation to lie still on the mountains of our land forever? Is the earthly hope o' thy servants to perish frae the face of the earth? The flocks on a thousand hills are thine, and their lives or deaths would be naething to thee—thou wad neither be the richer nor the poorer; but it is a great matter to us. Have pity, then, on the lives o' thy creatures, for beast and body are a' thy handywark, and send us the little wee cludd o' the sea like a man's hand, to spread and darken, and pour and plash, till the green gladsome face o' nature aince mair appear.'

"During the smearing season one year, it was agreed that each shepherd, young and old, should ask a blessing and return thanks at meal-time, in his turn, beginning at the eldest, and going off at the youngest; that, as there was no respect of persons with God, so there should be none shown among neighbors. John being the eldest, the graces began with him, and went decently on till they came to the youngest, who obstinately refused. Of course it devolved again on John, who, taking off his broad bonnet, thus addressed his Maker with great fervency:—

"O our gracious Lord and Redeemer, thou hast said, in thy blessed word, that those who are ashamed of thee and thy service, of them thou wilt be ashamed when thou comest into thy kingdom. Now, all that we humbly beg of thee at this time is, that Geordie may not be reckoned among that unhappy number. Open the poor chield's heart and his een to a sight o' his lost condition; and though he be that prood that he'll no ask a blessing o' thee, neither for himsell nor us, do thou grant us a' thy blessing ne'ertheless, and him among the rest, for Christ's sake. Amen.'

"The young man felt the rebuke very severely, his face grew as red as flame, and it was several days before he could assume his usual hilarity. Had I lived with John a few years, I could have picked up his remarks on the greater part of the Scriptures, for to read and not make remarks was out of his power. The story of Ruth was a great favorite with him—he often read it to his family of a Sabbath evening, as 'a good lesson on naturality;' but he never failed making the remark, that 'it was nae mair nor decency in her to creep in beside the douss man i' the nighttime when he was sleeping.'" p. 136-44.

From the extracts we have now given, the reader will be prepared to expect much entertainment from these volumes, and if his mind bears any resemblance to our own, we assure him that he will not be disappointed. Many, and we believe nearly all the stories, were originally published in Blackwood's Magazine, and thence much copied into newspapers and other ephemeral publications. Some of them, however, are quite new, and, as we have already said, very interesting.

## FINE ARTS.

### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

#### *Fourth Annual Exhibition.*

THE National Academy of Design opened their Fourth Annual Exhibition to the public last week, and we are happy to learn that their rooms have been well filled with visitors. The success of this institution, springing up, as it has, unaided by the subscriptions of the wealthy, and supported solely by the labors and public spirit of the artists, is not only gratifying to our pride as a citizen of New-York, but reflects much credit on the forethought and perseverance of those who founded the Academy. The obstacles which opposed themselves were neither few nor small, leaving out of view the little culture in taste which is found in our mercantile community, and which, among other evils, had produced almost total indifference to the Fine Arts. Whatever of feeling did exist among us on the subject, seemed to be wasted on methods unproductive of benefit, either to the true Artist, or to the cause of good taste. One of these, in particular, the indiscriminate purchase of the trash, under the name of *old pictures*, which was imported (and, to our shame be it spoken, which is still imported) into the city from the garrets and lumber-rooms of Europe, operated, and still operates, to the discouragement of native effort: how it thus operates to retard the progress of taste, we need not now stop to show; but the fact cannot be denied. Another evil was the mistaken notions which generally prevailed of the nature of an Academy of Arts. Convinced themselves that no real institution of the kind existed in the country, the only way that seemed left to the Artists of our city to rectify public sentiment on this point, was to show, by the example of a real Academy, that others bearing the name were but nominally such. In thus laying the foundation of their institution, the difficulties to be encountered were not of an ordinary character. Besides the want of funds with which to commence, there were a constitution and code of laws to be carefully digested, they had to concentrate the efforts of one another, to overcome the apathy of the indifferent, to rouse an interest in their favor in the public mind, to encounter the odium of apparent hostility and rivalry to existing institutions of a professedly similar character, to fight their way against the attacks of ignorance and misconception, and—a still more arduous task—to take the field against a powerful literary periodical, which, instead of lending its aid to encourage them, exerted the influence of its high character and extensive circulation to crush the infant enterprise, and dishearten the projectors. How ably this controversy was managed in behalf of the Academy must be fresh in the minds of all who take any interest in the progress of the Arts. The able President of the Institution evinced that he was equally skilled to use the pencil and the pen; and while to the former the community has been indebted for some of the most beautiful specimens of the art

"That calls back vanished forms at will,  
And bids the grave its prey resign;"

the latter has been efficiently exerted in the diffusion of taste and the correction of error.

But notwithstanding the many obstacles with which they had to contend from their very outset, the founders of the National Academy of Design were not deterred from prosecuting their undertaking; and they have steadily advanced, until we have no doubt their greatest hindrances are overcome, they having proved that their institution is founded on sound as well as enlarged principles. We conceive it must have been after a retrospective view of difficulties vanquished



and while animated with resolution to meet those that may still await them, that they selected the motto of their catalogue for the present year.

"Still undismayed, let Hope her light impart  
And bold ambition brave the ills of Art."

An institution established and growing into vigor under these circumstances, ought at least to awaken deep public interest in its favor, and we are glad to learn, from various sources, that there are indications that such an interest is created. The number of works now exhibiting, is greater than that of last year: in 1828 there having been exhibited one hundred and seventy-eight pieces; whilst at the present time there are one hundred and eighty-seven. There are not so many large pictures; but the character of the exhibition, as far as we are able to make the comparison, is at least equal, if not superior, to that of any former period. Their receipts, too, thus far, have been much greater than those of the previous exhibition, and this, of itself, tells well for their increasing popularity. We sincerely hope it may encourage them to persevere.

The great proportion of portraits exhibited, is not surprising to us: it shows what department of painting is most encouraged; and though we could wish that the higher branches were more attended to, yet we are far from thinking the painters are in the fault. We have just perused, therefore, with some regret, a critique in a Boston paper, on the Athenæum Gallery of that city, in which the Painters are treated with undue severity, for painting and exhibiting portraits. As a complete answer to this, it perhaps may not be amiss to quote the following passage from the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1808, which happens to be lying on our table.

"We do not impute blame to any artist," says the writer, "that he has cultivated portrait painting rather than the nobler styles. It must be mentioned, rather in sorrow than in anger, for portrait painting is almost the only species of employment which can reward the application necessary to the attainment of excellence; and if we have few historical painters, that deficiency arises not from the *fault of the painters* but from the *illiberality of the age*." "In the meantime historical genius sinks, or struggles with prodigious difficulties, and who can blame an artist for employing his talents in that walk where they will be most amply paid?"

But notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of efforts in the higher branches of art, there are some productions very creditable to their authors which we shall presently notice. Under the head of *Familiar Life* we consider as pre-eminent, No. 29, *Londoners Gypsying*, by C. R. Leslie, Esq. R. A. loaned to the Academy by R. Donaldson, Esq. who is the fortunate possessor. The name of the painter is almost of itself a sufficient guaranty, of the excellence of the picture. No painter of the present day shows in his works more careful observation of nature, in her frolic moods—of nature always in good humor—than Leslie. His humor is never tinged with vulgarity, never degenerates into buffoonery; it is always delicate and refined. He is in painting what Irving is in writing; their minds are cast in the same mould. The story of the subject before us seems to be simply this: a Londoner of that class not by any means the lowest, but constituting a very large portion of citizens, a hard working, industrious, thriving tradesman, who has found leisure for a holiday, one who has known the pleasures of the country only by hearsay, has taken his mother, his wife and children, into some of the charming forest scenery near London; the one horse whiskey (as the vehicle is called in which they have been conveyed) is seen in the back ground; the man himself extended at full length at the foot of a tree, is enjoying the fra-

grance—not of the fresh air—but of a pipe; feasting his eyes—not with the luxuriant foliage of the forest, or the brilliant tints of the flowers around him—but, with the advertisements or politics of a newspaper. He is *bodily* in the country, but in *mind* he is absent in the smoky atmosphere of the pot-house, or amid the noisy strife of the bargain-making, "*bank-note world*." Could any thing have been more happily conceived or more true to nature than this? But there are those in the picture who do enjoy the luxury of the scene. See that frolic group of infant boys, sporting in all the reckless playfulness of fresh budding boyhood: who can look at them, and not be carried back to his youthful days of mirth, ere sorrows had blanched his cheek and misfortunes had withered the energies of his spirit? Here let him recal those hours when life possessed freshness and health, and unwearying buoyancy. How admirable is every part of this group, even the shaggy lap-dog who leaps upon the prostrate urchin, enters into the spirit of their play, and adds his discordant bark to their boisterous revelry. Behind, you perceive the wife with a sleeping infant on her lap, anxious lest the noise of the youthful revellers, should wake her charge, and lifting her unheeded finger to check their excess. The grandam, who is preparing the rural repast for the party, stops for a moment to enjoy the sports of the children; her satisfaction is well expressed by a placid smile. To the left seated under the shade of some flowering shrubs, is an episode, which appeals by its very nature irresistibly to the heart. Two lovers, (cockney lovers if you please, but still lovers, and pure love is interesting in all its situations and modifications) a fresh blooming girl of sixteen, and a dapper apprentice of twenty, are enjoying a *tete-a-tete*. He has evidently just made a pretty tender speech to his fair companion; and his waiting, watching attitude is inimitably portrayed; while she, blushing, half turning away, perhaps half offended, yet too palpably pleased, is plucking a flower at her side, with as much of indifference as she can possibly affect. All the accessories of this picture, the tea equipage, the chairs, and the vehicle, are most aptly selected, and most beautifully painted. The putting of the flower, called batchelor's button, into the lover's button hole, and the folding up the bottom of his trowsers lest they should be spoiled by the wet grass, are little congruous incidents which beautifully illustrate character.

But we have been led to dilate longer on this picture than our limits allow, in justice to other productions of the Exhibition. We can but briefly, at this time, mention the names of the principal works, and leave, till another opportunity any critical remarks upon them. In *Historical or Poetical Composition*, are, No. 35, *Durand*; No. 15, *Agate*; No. 20, *Mrs. Lupton*; No. 21, *Edmonds*; No. 8, *Quidor*; and Nos. 2, 92, and 102, by *W. S. Mount*. These last, harsh and crude in their execution and color, like sign painting, but showing much talent in conception and composition. All these deserves particular notice. In *Landscape*, are, No. 13, 37, 54, 58, 60, 68, *Cole*; No. 124, 125, 141, 162, *Bennett*; No. 22, 42, *Weir*; No. 14, *Hoyle*; No. 128, *Harvey*; No. 70, *Pratt*; No. 107, *Marsiglia*. In *Portrait*, are *Morse*, *Ingham*, *Inman*, *Dunlap*, *Harding*, *Weir*. In *Miniature*, *Cummings*, *Miss Hall*, *N. Clarke*, *Newcombe*. In *Sculpture*, are *Cogdell*, and *Mrs. Lupton*. In *Architectural Design*, is *Davis*. In *Engraving*, are *Durand*, *Gimber*, *Paradise*. In *Die Sinking*, is *Wright*. These Artists have the principal works in the Exhibition, some of which we may critically notice in another number. The *Subsiding of the Deluge*, by *Cole*, together with several others of his productions, deserve particular mention and much praise, but we have exhausted our space, and must defer further remarks until we notice this subject again.

## DRAMA.

### AMERICAN OPERA HOUSE.

THE Chatham Theatre, with this new cognomen, and under the management of Mr. Hackett, opened on Wednesday evening to a tolerably numerous auditory. A large and efficient company has been engaged, and many alterations and improvements have been made in the arrangements and conveniences of the edifice. "A trip to Bath," and the "Agreeable Surprise," were the pieces selected for the occasion. Previous to the comedy, the following Address, written by a gentleman of this city, was spoken by Mr. Wallack.

#### ADDRESS.

The trusting mariner who tempts the wave  
That bears him o'er full many a coral grave,  
Fearless of tempest perils, spreads his sail,  
And woos the freshness of the favoring gale;  
Far o'er the deep he plies his wonted skill,  
And ocean's bounds are compassed at his will;  
Hope shrines within his breast her fairest flowers,  
While Fancy paints his far-off bloomy bowers:—  
And thus, confidingly, upon the stream,  
We launch the Drama's bark; a fairy dream  
Is ours, of pleasant winds, and cloudless skies,  
For here, behold our sun of hope arise!  
The gale we court, your friendly lips can breathe;  
Our dearest chaplet, your kind hands must wreath.

Muse of the Drama! heart-entrancing maid,  
In robes of truth and eloquence arrayed—  
Oh! lend the witchery of thy thrilling power,  
To cheer life's gloom—to while the weary hour:  
Let passion weave the soul-subduing spell,  
To light the smile, or bid the tear-drop swell;  
Around thee call thy train of varied mien,  
The fancy-woven phantoms of the scene—  
With visions bright and beautiful as day,  
Beam on the heart, and steal its cares away.

Dark, as the harbinger of coming storm,  
Behold, where moves a passion-shrouded form;  
The starting eye-ball, and the streaming hair,  
Are eloquent of grief and wild despair:  
Away! thou desolate and frenzied one—  
Death summons thee, that shriek!—thy woes are done!

Hark! to those merry notes of frolic glee,  
The breathings of light-hearted revelry—  
They come from yonder flower-embosomed grove,  
Where Mirth, with zone of gems, delights to rove;  
Sparkling and free, her radiant form appears,  
Joy lights her smiles, and feeling pearls her tears;  
Those lustrous orbs, now bright with pleasure's beam,  
At Sorrow's call oft yield the tribute stream.

List! to that strain of melting minstrelsy!  
It floats upon the ear like harmony  
Divine! come gentle spirit of sweet sound!  
And twine thy spells the raptured heart around;  
Enchant with melody the listening air,  
And waft oblivion o'er the brow of care.

But see! with steps of measured grace, advance  
The sylph-like votaries of the mazy dance;  
Care flies before those looks of sunny light,  
And pleasure spreads her visions to the sight.

A form grotesque, with mimic rites appears,  
'Tis motley farce, arch-enemy to tears—  
Gay, sportive humor frolics in his train,  
And shouting laughter bids him speak again!

Queen of the Drama! these thy spells obey,  
And, subject, bow beneath thy potent sway:  
Where art has reared the muses radiant dome,  
And nature comes to make her chosen home,

'Tis thine, to shadow from the mirrored stage  
The ever changing features of the age;  
To speak with fiction's breath truth's burning line,  
Where wisdom's precepts glow with light divine;  
And cull rich lessons from historic lore,  
That vice may shrink, and virtue listen and adore!

'Tis thus the poet gives the drama laws,  
Asserts her power, and vindicates her cause;  
But may not I, in less pretending phrase,  
Recall the memory of departed days?  
When first, upon these boards, your favor warmed  
With light and life each hope my fancy formed:  
The grateful heart requires no labored line,  
To waken recollections of "lang syne;"  
They still will linger in a breast sincere,  
While memory keeps her cherished records *here*!  
An old campaigner, now, I come to greet you,  
Delighted, on *this* field, once more to meet you:  
We raise our banners on the walls to-night,  
And boldly breast us to the Thespian fight;  
The prize in view—we spurn at every toil—  
Our field is fairly won, if you but kindly smile!

## POETRY.

### STANZAS.

BY HINDA.

—how the pure intellectual fire  
In luxury loses its exquisite ray.—*Moore.*  
The minstrel music bright and deep—  
It flows not as of yore,  
Sunk in the bosom's nerveless sleep,  
Its life of song is o'er.  
The minstrel harp has lost the tone  
Of feeling proud and strong;  
Its chords entwine the witching vine,  
And roses lull the song.  
Oh nurse the spirit's gifted might  
In all its echoes high,  
And fear thou more the mild twilight,  
Than meteors of the sky.  
And let not softness dim for thee  
The golden gush within—  
Bright is the mead of victory,  
Rush on, the prize to win!

### OUR CHILDHOOD LOVE.

BY THE SAME.

On! for the coronal whose light is kindled for thy brow,  
And wreath the sunny flowers of life upon thy spirit now;  
On! for the high and glorious mead that being holds for thee,  
Yet hallow for our childhood love one place in memory.  
Cherish the happy dream that came upon thy spirit then,  
We wove a golden hue with life, we may not weave again.  
Cherish the love that twines its truth around thy spirit yet,  
Too matchless in its constancy to cause thee one regret.  
For we have wandered hand in hand through childhood's joy-  
ous day,  
By valley stream and mountain height, and watched the rosy  
play  
Of sunset clouds, when eventide had shed upon the sky  
Hues that were like our own young hearts—pure, radiant, and  
high.  
We twined the heart-chain when its links were moulded first  
by heaven,  
And can its blessed union now, by aught of dust be riven?  
I fear it not—go, earth for thee is bright as heaven above,  
And be it yet our fate to part—but not our childhood love.



## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*Journal of a Second Expedition into the Interior of Africa, from the Bight of Benin to Socatoo.* By the late Commander Clapperton, of the Royal Navy, to which is added the Journal of Richard Lander, from Kano to the sea coast, partly by a more easterly Route. 8vo. Philadelphia republished, 1829. Carey, Lea and Carey.

## [SECOND NOTICE.]

A COPY of the London edition of this interesting and valuable work was placed in our hands immediately on its being received in this country, and we at that time entered into considerable latitude of remarks on the nature of its contents, and on the life and character of the lamented author.\* In looking over the very neat reprint which has just issued from the prolific press of the publishers above named, the interest which we experienced in the first perusal is strongly reawakened, and we once more cordially recommend the work to the patronage of the literary and scientific portion of the public.

We formerly stated that the mission, in the course of which Captain Clapperton fell a victim to the insalubrious influence of an African climate, was not attended with the important results that had been anticipated; and we there also made some comments on the prolixity of the writer, and the errors of style which disfigure the narrative. These, however, impair its interest but in a very trifling degree; and particularly to point out the faults of a Journal like the one before us, written under every possible disadvantage, and left, by the untimely decease of its author, in an unfinished state, would be exercising an asperity of criticism which would well entitle us to censure. We shall, therefore, in the present article, forbear to exercise our critical function, and open the work only in the capacity of caterer for the literary amusement of our readers. In our first notice of the Second Expedition of Captain Clapperton, our remarks and extracts were principally confined to trace the course of that gallant and enterprising officer, from the outset of his mission to the time of his death. We shall now make a few selections from the continuation of the Journal by his faithful and intelligent servant, Richard Lander.

In the following extract, the reader cannot fail to be amused with the simple credulity of the old chief spoken of. The circumstance took place at a village named Markee, at which Lander arrived on the morning of his departure from Kano to rejoin his master, of whose illness intelligence had been sent to him.

"The chief, a kind-hearted old man, upwards, I should suppose, of ninety years of age, and very feeble, was delighted to see me, and testified the pleasure he felt by shaking hands with me repeatedly, and by doing me many acts of kindness. He presented me with rice, corn and *tuah*. After a little conversation, he took me into an inner apartment, and bidding me to sit, took from a calabash which was suspended to a piece of wood attached to the roof, a small box made of skin, round which was wound, with the greatest care, upwards of five hundred yards of thread, which occupied him twenty minutes in taking off. In this box he showed me four bits of tin, about the size of swan, and common shot, which he told me were silver. The old chief gave me to understand, with much seriousness and earnestness of manner, that they had been given by an Arab fifteen years before, who told him they were possessed of life. The larger pieces, he continued, were males, and the smaller, females; and were to produce young at the end of every twelve years, before which time they were by no means to

be looked at. He had enveloped them in a quantity of cotton wool, in order to impart warmth to them; and the thread was tied round the box that the offspring might have no opportunity of escaping! 'But,' said the old man, with a disappointed air, 'though I kept them with the greatest care for twelve years, suffering no one to approach them, I found, to my sorrow, at the expiration of that time, they had made no increase; and I begin to fear they never will:' in saying which, the old man was so grievously affected that he burst into tears. I succeeded in subduing the great inclination I had to be merry; and told him with all the solemnity the occasion deserved, that the Arab was a rogue, and had deceived him; that the articles were bits of tin, and not of silver; that they were without life, and therefore could not produce young. I consoled the old gentleman on the hoax that had been played off upon him and sympathized with him in his sorrow." p. 310-12.

Simplicity and friendliness, somewhat akin with the above is exhibited by another chief, on the arrival of Lander at Koolefe, a walled town, a few days after. It is pleasant to read such instances of natural benevolence and urbanity.

"The chief, a very fine old man, never having seen a white man before, was in raptures when he learned of my being in the town; and running to the camel, took me from its back, and carried me in his arms into an apartment which had been hastily prepared for my reception. Placing me on a bed, he took a gora nut from his pocket, and holding it betwixt his finger and thumb, wished me to chew one end of it, that he might have the pleasure of eating with a Christian. I did it after some difficulty, when he immediately ate the remainder with much apparent satisfaction. His great men, who surrounded me, reproved him sharply for doing this. He quickly answered them, in a pleasant but firm tone, that he believed the 'little Christian' was as good a man as himself or any of them; which effectually silenced their remarks." p. 315.

The reader will be amused with our next extract.

"This day 500 camels laden with salt, obtained from the borders of the Great Desert, arrived in the town. They were preceded by a party of twenty Tuarick salt merchants, whose appearance was grand and imposing. They entered at full trot, riding on handsome camels, some of them red and white, and others black and white. All the party were dressed exactly alike. They wore black cotton robes and trousers, and white caps with black turbans, which hid every part of the face but the nose and eyes. In their right hand they held a long and highly polished spear, whilst the left was occupied in holding their shields, and retaining the reins of their camels. The shields were made of white leather, with a piece of silver in the centre. As they passed me, their spears glittering in the sun, and their whole bearing bold and warlike, they had a novel and singular effect, which delighted me. They stopped suddenly before the residence of the chief, and all of them exclaiming, 'Choir!' each of the camels dropped on its knees, as if by instinct, whilst their riders dismounted to pay their respects. They came in a body to see me just after, and notwithstanding their apparent respectability, felt not the least repugnance to beg money in a most importunate manner. One of them, in the hope of obtaining some, described himself as 'God's own slave.' I refused to accede to his request, observing, that God always loved his servants, and made them prosperous and happy, and could not believe what he had told me. Becoming at length very troublesome, I was under the necessity of turning him out: as he went away he muttered something I did not understand, and said, I was the first person ever refused to give him money. Like thousands of others, these

\* Vide page 325, Vol. I, of the Critic.

merchants were very inquisitive, and amongst other questions asked if any of my countrymen had tails like monkeys? I assured them none of them had that elegant appendage, but they would not believe me. After remaining an hour, they went to look after their wives and children, who were on the camels on the road, and not yet arrived." p. 319.

How death can be inflicted by the discharge of firearms has always been a subject of the greatest astonishment to the untutored mind. The inhabitants of Magaria, a village at which Lander rested for two or three days, offered an instance of this kind.

"Resided at a house belonging to Gadado, who supplied me with abundance of provisions. Received a message from him to come and see him, with my gun, in order to show the head men of the town the manner in which birds were shot in my country. I soon gratified their curiosity by firing at a small bird, at a distance of fifty yards. The whole of them testified the greatest astonishment on taking it up, and would not for a long time believe it was really dead." p. 321.

The reader will find, in the following extract, an interesting and affecting account of the death and burial of Captain Clapperton.

"About six o'clock in the morning of the 11th, on asking how he did, my master answered he was much better, and requested me to shave him. He had not sufficient strength to lift his head from the pillow; and after finishing one side of the face, I was obliged to turn his head in order to shave the other. As soon as it was done, he desired me to fetch him a looking glass which hung on the other side of the hut. On seeing himself in it, he observed that he looked quite as ill at Bornou, on his former journey; and as he had borne his disorder so long a time, he might yet recover. On the following day he fancied himself getting better. I began to flatter myself, also, that he was considerably improved. He eat a bit of hashed guinea-fowl in the day, which he had not done before since his illness, deriving his whole sustenance from a little fowl-soup, and milk and water. On the morning of the 13th, however, being awake, I was much alarmed by a peculiar rattling noise, proceeding from my master's throat, and his breathing was loud and difficult; at the same instant he called out 'Richard!' in a low and hurried tone. I was immediately at his side, and was astonished at seeing him sitting upright in his bed, and staring wildly around. I held him in my arms, and placing his head gently on my left shoulder, gazed a moment on his pale and altered features; some indistinct expressions quivered on his lips, he strove, but ineffectually, to give them utterance, and expired without a struggle or a sigh. When I found my poor master so very ill, I called out with all my strength, 'O God, my master is dying!' which brought Pascoe and Mudey into the apartment. Shortly after the breath had left his body, I desired Pascoe to fetch some water with which I washed the corpse. I then got Pascoe and Mudey to assist me in taking it outside of the hut, laid it on a clean mat, and wrapped it in a sheet and blanket. Leaving it in this state two hours, I put a large clean mat over the whole, and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him of the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about 12 o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello, to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing a union-jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we

halted at Jungavie, a small village, built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Soccatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a most indecent noise the whole of the time it lasted. This being done, the union-jack was taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master. The pit was speedily filled, and I returned to the village about thirty yards to the east of the grave, and giving the most respectable inhabitants, both male and female, a few trifling presents, entreated them to let no one disturb its sacred contents. I also gave them two thousand cowries to build a house four feet high, over the spot, which they promised to do. I then returned, disconsolate, and oppressed, to my solitary habitation, and leaning my head on my hand, could not help being deeply affected with my lonesome and dangerous situation; a hundred and fifteen days' journey from the sea-coast, surrounded by a selfish and cruel race of strangers, my only friend and protector mouldering in his grave, and myself suffering dreadfully from fever. I felt, indeed, as if I stood alone in the world, and earnestly wishing I had been laid by the side of my dear master: all the trying evils I had endured never affected me half so much as the bitter reflections of that distressing period. After a sleepless night, I went alone to the grave, and found that nothing had been done, nor did there seem the least inclination on the part of the inhabitants of the village to perform their agreement. Knowing it would be useless to remonstrate with them, I hired two slaves at Soccatoo the next day, who went immediately to work, and the house over the grave was finished on the 15th.

"One instance, out of many, of the kindness and affection with which my departed master uniformly treated me, occurred at Jenna, on our journey into the interior. I was dangerously ill with fever in that place, when he generously gave up his own bed to me, and slept himself on my mat, watched over me with parental assiduity and tenderness, and ministered to all my wants. No one can express the joy he felt on my recovery; and who, possessing a spark of gratitude, could help returning it by the most inviolable attachment and devoted zeal? It was his sympathy for me in all my sufferings that had so powerful a claim on my feelings and affections, and taught me to be grateful to him in hours of darkness and distress, when pecuniary recompense was entirely out of the question." p. 331-33.

We make one more extract. The writer had joined, a few miles east of Magaria, a caravan of about four thousand people, consisting of Tuarick salt-merchants returning to Kilgris, pilgrims on their way to Mecca, Goora merchants returning to Kano and Nyffer, &c. all travelling in company, for mutual protection, with an immense number of camels, horses, and bullocks.

"At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 4th of May, a signal to prepare to depart was made with the horns and drums of the party, which made a loud and most discordant noise; and, about an hour after, the whole body was in motion. We travelled in great haste till three o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, when Boussa Jack, the horse on which I rode, and which was made a present of by the king of Boussa to my late master, became much fatigued, and began to lag. The weather was at this time intolerably hot, and the dust was rolling in thick clouds in every di-



rection, entering my eyes and nostrils, and penetrating into the very pores of the skin. I felt nearly suffocated, and was faint and exhausted. Finding I was unable to proceed, I ordered Pascoe to overtake the camels, his horse being fresh and vigorous, and bring me some water. I then dismounted, and sat under a tree by the road side, whose branches afforded but an indifferent shelter against the scorching rays of an African sun, and holding the bridle of my poor horse in my hand, I implored the hundreds of Fellatahs and Tuaricks who were passing to sell me a drop of water; but the cold-hearted wretches refused my earnest request, observing one to another, 'He is a Kafir; let him die.' At length a young Fellatah, from Footatoora, accidentally seeing me, came to the spot, exclaiming, 'Nasarah, Nasarah, triffi manora!' (Christian, Christian, go on!) I answered, 'I am faint and sick for want of water; no one will give me any; and I am so weary that I cannot proceed.' On hearing which the young man kindly gave me a small calabash full; part of which I drank, and with the remainder washed the nostrils of Boussa Jack, and sprinkled a little into his mouth. The people, who observed the Fellatah performing this generous action, upbraided him in strong language for giving water to the Christian; but he, showing them a double-barrelled gun, remarked that he had obtained it of my countrymen, who were all good men and would do no harm. This somewhat appeased them. On examining the gun shortly afterwards, I found it to be of English manufacture, with 'Arnold, maker, London,' on its lock. I, as well as the horse, was greatly refreshed with the small quantity of water I had taken; but soon becoming again weak and dispirited, I was almost in as bad a state as on the former occasion; my legs were swollen prodigiously, and I felt the most acute pains in every part of my body. At length I perceived Pascoe, whom I had sent for water three or four hours previously, comfortably seated under a tree, and seemed to be enjoying himself much with Mudéy,—the camels feeding at a short distance. I had half an inclination to shoot the heartless old scoundrel, knowing, as he did, how keen my sufferings must have been. Reflecting, however, that the safety of my papers, and even my own life, was placed, in some measure, in his hands, I restrained myself, and merely asked why he did not return with the water; on which he answered, very composedly, 'I was tired.'

"The young Fellatah who had so generously saved my life came to me on the 7th. and informed me that the whole of the slaves of the king of Jacoba being missing, a party of horsemen had been sent in quest of them, and had just returned with the dreadful account of having seen thirty-five of their dead bodies exposed on the road; the remaining fifteen could not be found, but were strongly suspected of having met a similar fate. These unfortunate creatures had to carry heavy burdens on their heads the day before; and being unable to keep up with the rapid pace of the camels, were necessarily obliged to be left behind, and thus miserably perished of thirst. I congratulated myself on my good fortune in having so narrowly escaped so horrid a death; and thanked the Almighty for having so providentially rescued me." p. 337-39.

We must now close this interesting volume. Of the arrival of Lander at Badagry; of the conduct of the Portuguese slave-merchants, who caused him to be suspected as a spy; of his firmness in meeting the charge and undergoing the ordeal; of his departure from Badagry for the Cape-coast, and thence in the sloop-of-war *Esk* for his native country, we spoke in our former review. The work, altogether, is one of great interest, and we recommend it to the perusal of our readers. We believe we said before that the typographical execution does credit to the publishers.

*Letters from the West; Containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners, and Customs; and Anecdotes connected with the first Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States.* By the Hon. Judge Hall. Svo. London, 1829. Henry Colburn.

WITHOUT possessing any great depth of remark, or any very novel speculations, this work of our countryman will very considerably enhance his literary reputation. The letters are written in an agreeable style, and contain animated and vivid pictures of the manners, sentiments, occupations and amusements, of our brethren of the western woods. In a brief and very modest preface, the writer states that his object has neither been to compose a history nor a book of travels, but that a mere collection of sketches has been attempted, with but little choice of subjects, and still less attention to the order of arrangement. To afford amusement has been his principal design, and in this we have no hesitation in saying that he has fully succeeded.

Some portions of the work were originally published in the Portfolio, as far back as 1820; and we are not sure that the very anecdotes which we select as specimens of the author's manner, and of the kind of entertainment which is to be derived from his volume, have not already been perused by our readers.

The first extract which we make is a romantic story, and is well related.

"Among the adventurers whom Boon described as having reinforced his little colony, was a young gentleman named Smith, who had been a major in the militia of Virginia, and possessed a full share of the gallantry and noble spirit of his native state. In the absence of Boon, he was chosen, on account of his military rank and talents, to command the rude citadel, which contained all the wealth of this patriarchal band—their wives, their children, and their herds. It held also an object particularly dear to this young soldier—a lady, the daughter of one of the settlers, to whom he had pledged his affections. It came to pass upon a certain day, when the siege was over, tranquility restored, and the employments of husbandry resumed, that this young lady, with a female companion strolled out, as young ladies in love are very apt to do, along the banks of the Kentucky river. Having rambled about for some time, they espied a canoe lying by the shore, and in a frolic stepped into it, with the determination of visiting a neighbor on the opposite bank. It seems that they were not so well skilled in navigation as the *Lady of the Lake*, who paddled her own canoe very dexterously; for instead of gliding to the point of destination, they were whirled about by the stream, and at length thrown on a sand-bar, from which they were obliged to wade to the shore. Full of mirth excited by their wild adventure, they hastily arranged their dresses, and were proceeding to climb the banks when three Indians, rushing from a neighboring covert, seized the fair wanderers, and forced them away. Their savage captors, evincing no sympathy for their distress, nor allowing them time for rest or reflection, hurried them along during the whole day by rugged and thorny paths. Their shoes were worn off by the rocks, their clothes torn, and their feet and limbs lacerated, and stained with blood. To heighten their misery, one of the savages began to make love to Miss —, (the intended of Major Smith) and while goading her along with a pointed stick, promised in recompense for their sufferings, to make her his *squaw*. This at once roused all the energies of her mind, and called its powers into action. In the hope that her friends would soon pursue them, she broke the twigs as she passed along, and delayed the party as much as possible by tardy and blundering steps. But why dwell on the heartless and unmanly cruelty of these savages?

The day and the night passed, and another day of agony had nearly rolled over the heads of these afflicted females, when their conductors halted to cook a wild repast of buffalo meat.

"The ladies were soon missed from the garrison. The natural courage and sagacity of Smith, now heightened by love, gave him the wings of the wind and the fierceness of the tiger. The light traces of female feet led him to the place of embarkation,—the canoe was traced to the opposite shore—the deep print of the moccasin in the sand told the rest; and the agonized Smith, accompanied by a few of his best woodsmen, pursued 'the spoil-encumbered foe.' The track, once discovered, they kept it with that unerring sagacity so peculiar to our hunters. The bended grass, the disentangled briars, and the compressed shrub, afforded the only, but to them the certain, indications of the route of the enemy. When they had sufficiently ascertained the general course of the retreat of the Indians, Smith quitted the trace, assuring his companions that they would fall in with them at the pass of a certain stream ahead, for which he now struck a direct course, thus gaining on the foe, who had taken the most difficult paths. Arrived at the stream, they traced its course until they discovered the water newly thrown upon the rocks. Smith, leaving his party, now crept forward upon his hands and feet, until he discovered one of the savages seated by a fire, and with a deliberate aim shot him through the heart. The women rushed towards their deliverer, and recognizing Smith, clung to him in the transports of newly awakened joy and gratitude, while a second Indian sprang towards him with his tomahawk. Smith disengaging himself from the ladies, aimed a blow at his antagonist with his rifle, which the savage avoided by springing aside, but at the same moment the latter received a mortal wound from another hand. The other and only remaining Indian fell, in attempting to escape. Smith, with his interesting charge, returned in triumph to the fort, where his gallantry, no doubt, was repaid by the sweetest of all rewards." p. 260-64.

The story of the Harpes, which we also copy, possesses a considerable degree of romantic interest, much enhanced by its being literally true. With this we terminate our extracts.

#### "The Harpes.

"Many years ago, two men, named Harpe, appeared in Kentucky, spreading death and terror wherever they went. Little else was known of them but that they passed for brothers, and came from the borders of Virginia. They had three women with them, who were treated as their wives, and several children, with whom they traversed the mountainous and thinly settled parts of Virginia into Kentucky, marking their course with blood. Their history is wonderful, as well from the number and variety, as the incredible atrocity of their adventures; and as it has never yet appeared in print, I shall compress within this letter a few of its prominent facts.

"In the autumn of the year 1799, a young gentleman, named Langford, of a respectable family in Virginia, set out from this state for Kentucky, with the intention of passing through the *Wilderness*, as it was then called, by the route generally known as *Boon's Trace*. On reaching the vicinity of the wilderness, a mountainous and uninhabited tract, which at that time separated the settled parts of Kentucky from those of Virginia, he stopped to breakfast at a public house near Big Rock-Castle River. Travellers of this description—any other indeed than hardy woodsmen—were unwilling to pass singly through this lonely region; and they generally waited on its confines for others, and travelled through in parties. Mr. Langford, either not dreading danger, or not

choosing to delay, determined to proceed alone. While breakfast was preparing, the Harpes and their women came up. Their appearance denoted poverty, with but little regard to cleanliness; two very indifferent horses, with some bags swung across them, and a rifle gun or two, composed nearly their whole equipage. Squalid and miserable, they seemed objects of pity rather than of fear, and their ferocious glances were attributed more to hunger than to guilty passion. They were entire strangers in that neighborhood, and, like Mr. Langford, were about to cross the Wilderness. When breakfast was served up, the landlord, as was customary at such places, in those times, invited all persons who were assembled in the common, perhaps the only room of his little inn, to sit down; but the Harpes declined, alleging their want of money as the reason. Langford who was of a lively, generous disposition, on hearing this, invited them to partake of the meal at his expense; they accepted of the invitation, and ate voraciously. When they had thus refreshed themselves, and were about to renew their journey, Mr. Langford called for the bill, and in the act of discharging it imprudently displayed a handful of silver. They then set out together.

"A few days after, some men who were conducting a drove of cattle to Virginia, by the same road which had been travelled by Mr. Langford and the Harpes, had arrived within a few miles of the Big Rock-castle River, when their cattle took fright, and, quitting the road, rushed down a hill into the woods. In collecting them, the drovers discovered the dead body of a man concealed behind a log, and covered with brush and leaves. It was now evident that the cattle had been alarmed by the smell of blood in the road, and as the body exhibited marks of violence, it was at once suspected that a murder had been perpetrated but recently. The corpse was taken to the same house where the Harpes had breakfasted, and recognized to be that of Mr. Langford, whose name was marked upon several parts of his dress. Suspicion fell upon the Harpes, who were pursued and apprehended near the *Crab Orchard*. They were taken to Stanford, the seat of justice for Lincoln county, where they were examined and committed by an inquiring court, sent to Danville for safe-keeping, and probably for trial, as the system of *district* courts was then in operation in Kentucky. Previous to the time of trial, they made their escape, and proceeded to Henderson county, which at that time was just beginning to be settled.

"Here they soon acquired a dreadful celebrity. Neither avarice, want, nor any of the usual inducements to the commission of crime, seemed to govern their conduct. A savage thirst for blood—a deep rooted malignity against human nature, could alone be discovered in their actions. They murdered every defenceless being who fell in their way without distinction of age, sex, or color. In the night they stole secretly to the cabin, slaughtered its inhabitants, and burned their dwelling—while the farmer who left his house by day returned to witness the dying agonies of his wife and children, and the conflagration of his possessions. Plunder was not their object: travellers they robbed and murdered, but from the inhabitants they took only what would have been freely given to them, and no more than was immediately necessary to supply the wants of nature; they destroyed without having suffered injury, and without the prospect of gain. A negro boy, riding to a mill, with a bag of corn, was seized by them, and his brains dashed out against a tree; but the horse which he rode and the grain were left unmolested. Females, children, and servants, no longer dared to stir abroad; unarmed men feared to encounter a Harpe; and the solitary hunter, as he trod the forest, looked around



him with a watchful eye, and when he saw a stranger, picked his flint and stood on the defensive.

"It seems incredible that such atrocities could have been often repeated in a country famed for the hardihood and gallantry of its people; in Kentucky, the cradle of courage, and the nurse of warriors. But that part of Kentucky which was the scene of these barbarities was then almost a wilderness, and the vigilance of the Harpes for a time insured impunity. The spoils of their dreadful warfare furnished them with the means of violence and of escape. Mounted on fine horses, they plunged into the forest, eluded pursuit by frequently changing their course, and appeared, unexpectedly, to perpetrate new enormities, at points distant from those where they were supposed to lurk. On these occasions, they often left their wives and children behind them; and it is a fact, honorable to the community, that vengeance for these bloody deeds was not wreaked on the helpless, but in some degree guilty, companions of the perpetrators. Justice, however, was not long delayed.

"A frontier is often the retreat of loose individuals, who, if not familiar with crime, have very blunt perceptions of virtue. The genuine woodsmen, the real pioneers, are independent, brave and upright; but as the jackal pursues the lion to devour his leavings, the footsteps of the sturdy hunter are closely pursued by miscreants destitute of his noble qualities. These are the poorest and the idlest of the human race—averse to labor, and impatient of the restraints of law, and the courtesies of civilized society. Without the ardor, the activity, the love of sport, and patience of fatigue, which distinguish the bold backwoodsman, these are doomed to the forest by sheer laziness, and hunt for a bare subsistence; they are the 'cankers of a calm world and a long peace,' the helpless *nobodies*, who, in a country where none starve and few beg, sleep until hunger pinches, then stroll into the woods for a meal, and return to their slumber. They are sometimes mere wax in the hands of the designing, and become the accessories of that guilt which they have not the courage or the industry to perpetrate. With such men the Harpes are supposed to have sometimes lurked. None are known to have participated in their deeds of blood, nor suspected of sharing their counsels; but they sometimes crept to the miserable cabins of those who feared or were not inclined to betray them.

"Two travellers came one night to the house of a man named Stegal, and, for want of better lodgings, claimed under his little roof that hospitality which in a new country is found at every habitation. Shortly after, the Harpes arrived. It was not, it seems, their first visit; for Mrs. Stegal had received instructions from them which she dared not disobey, never to address them by their real names in the presence of third persons. On this occasion they contrived to inform her that they intended to personate *methodist preachers*, and ordered her to arrange matters so that one of them should sleep with each of the strangers, whom they intended to murder. Stegal was absent, and the woman was obliged to obey. The strangers were completely deceived as to the character of the newly arrived guests; and when it was announced that the house contained but two beds, they cheerfully assented to the proposed arrangement: one crept into a bed on the lower floor with one ruffian, while the other retired to the loft with another. Both the strangers became their victims; but these bloody ruffians, who seemed neither to feel shame, nor dread punishment, determined to leave behind them no evidence of their crime, and consummated the foul tragedy by murdering their hostess and setting fire to the dwelling.

"From this scene of arson, robbery and murder, the perpetrators fled precipitately, favored by a hea-

vy fall of rain, which, as they believed effaced their footsteps. They did not cease their flight until late the ensuing day, when they halted at a spot which they supposed to be far from any human habitation. Here they kindled a fire, and were drying their clothes, when an emigrant, who had pitched his tent hard by, strolled towards their camp. He was in search of his horses, which had strayed, and civilly asked if they had seen them. This unsuspecting woodsman they slew, and continued their retreat.

"In the meanwhile, the outrages of these murderers had not escaped notice, nor were they tamely submitted to. The Governor of Kentucky had offered a reward for their heads, and parties of volunteers had pursued them; they had been so fortunate as to escape punishment by their cunning, but had not the prudence to desist, or to fly the country.

"A man, named Leiper, in revenge for the murder of Mrs. Stegal, raised a party, pursued, and discovered the assassins, on the day succeeding that atrocious deed. They came so suddenly upon the Harpes that they had only time to fly in different directions. Accident aided the pursuers. One of the Harpes was a large, and the other a small man; the first usually rode a strong, powerful horse, the other a fleet but much smaller animal, and in the hurry of flight they had exchanged horses. The chase was long and hot; the smaller Harpe escaped unnoticed; but the other, who was kept in view, spurred on the noble animal which he rode, and which, already jaded, began to fail at the end of five or six miles. Still the miscreant pressed forward; for, although none of his pursuers were near but Leiper, who had outridden his companions, he was not willing to risk a combat with a man as strong, and perhaps bolder than himself, who was animated with a noble spirit of indignation against a shocking and unmanly outrage. Leiper was mounted on a horse of celebrated powers, which he had borrowed from a neighbor for this occasion. At the beginning of the chase he had pressed his charger to the height of his speed, carefully keeping on the track of Harpe, of whom he sometimes caught a glimpse as he ascended the hills, and again lost sight in the valleys and the brush. But as he gained on the foe, and became sure of his victim, he slackened his pace, cocked his rifle, and deliberately pursued, sometimes calling upon the outlaw to surrender. At length, in leaping a ravine, Harpe's horse strained a limb, and Leiper overtook him. Both were armed with rifles. Leiper fired and wounded Harpe through the body; the latter turning in his seat, levelled his piece, which missed fire, and he dashed it to the ground, swearing it was the first time it had ever deceived him. He then drew a tomahawk, and waited the approach of Leiper, who, nothing daunted, unsheathed his long hunting knife and rushed upon his desperate foe, grappled with him, hurled him to the ground, and wrested his only remaining weapon from his grasp. The prostrate wretch—exhausted with the loss of blood, conquered, but unsubdued in spirit—now lay passive at the feet of his adversary. Expecting every moment the arrival of the rest of his pursuers, he inquired if Stegal was of the party, and being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, 'Then I am a dead man.'

"'That would make no difference,' replied Leiper, calmly; 'you must die at any rate. I do not wish to kill you myself, but if nobody else will do it, I must.' Leiper was a humane man, easy, slow-spoken, and not quickly excited, but a thorough soldier when roused. Without insulting the expiring criminal, he questioned him as to the motives of his late atrocities. The murderer attempted not to palliate or deny them, and confessed that he had been actuated by no inducement but a settled hatred of his species, whom he had sworn to destroy without distinction, in retaliation for

some fancied injury. He expressed no regret for any of his bloody deeds, except that which he confessed he had perpetrated upon *one of his own children*. 'It cried,' said he, 'and I killed it: I had always told the women, I would have no crying about me.' He acknowledged that he had amassed large sums of money, and described the places of concealment; but as none was ever discovered it is presumed he did not declare the truth. Leiper had fired several times at Harpe during the chase, and wounded him; and when the latter was asked why, when he found Leiper pursuing him alone, he did not dismount and *take to a tree*, from behind which he could inevitably have shot him as he approached, he replied that he had supposed there was not a horse in the country equal to the one which he rode, and that he was confident of making his escape. He thought, also, the pursuit would be less eager, so long as he abstained from shedding the blood of any of his pursuers. On the arrival of the rest of the party, the wretch was dispatched, and he died as he had lived, in remorseless guilt."

"The other Harpe made his way to the neighborhood of Natchez, where he joined a gang of robbers, headed by a man named Meason, whose villainies were so notorious that a reward was offered for his head. At that period, vast regions along the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi were still unsettled, through which boats navigating those rivers must necessarily pass; and the traders who, after selling their cargoes at New-Orleans, attempted to return by land, had to cross immense wildernesses, totally destitute of inhabitants. Meason, who was a man rather above the ordinary stamp, infested these deserts, seldom committing murder, but robbing all who fell in his way. Sometimes he plundered the descending boats; but more frequently he allowed these to pass, preferring to rob the owners of their money as they returned, pleasantly observing, that 'those people were taking produce to market for him.' Harpe took an opportunity, when the rest of his companions were absent, to slay Meason, and putting his head in a bag, carried it to Natchez, and claimed the reward. The claim was admitted; the head of Meason was recognized; but so also was the face of Harpe, who was arrested, condemned, and executed." p. 265-79.

The two selections we have made will serve to convey a very adequate idea of the general character of the volume. It does not possess any great degree of merit, but may justly be called an agreeable work. Its faults are not such as entitle a writer to severe censure, and its merits do not deserve very lavish praise.

*A Defence of the Acted Drama.* By F. B. Colvert, formerly of St. Edmond's College. 8vo. Hull, (England) 1828.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet which has for some time been lying on our table, and which we intended to notice before. It is written with considerable elegance of style and cogency of reasoning, and is addressed in the form of a letter to the Rev. Thomas Best, M. A. who, it seems, has published a flaming phillipic against the stage.

It is somewhat singular that no department of literature should have been the subject of so much angry discussion as the drama. Not only theatres and players, but even the dramatic compositions themselves, are denounced, by the one side, as injurious to morals and destructive of good order in society; while, on the other hand, champions have not been wanting, equally vehement, who have ascribed to the theatre the praise of polishing the manners, refining the taste, and improving the moral condition of man. Both parties go to too great a length. The drama is a consequence of the state of society, and not a cause of it. Men visit a theatre, as they visit any other place

of public amusement, neither to learn, nor to have obliterated from their minds, the precepts of morality and the principles of taste; but for the purpose of having their thoughts employed and their senses gratified, by exhibitions in which the genius of the poet is aided by the graces of elocution, and all the counterfeited circumstance of scenic illusion. If the abolition of theatres would prevent men from congregating together for the prosecution of some other mode of amusement, then, indeed, it might be attended with good effects; but in general, those who visit places of dramatic amusement, would, if there were no theatre, be found frequenters of whatever public recreations remained—and who shall say that these would prove equally harmless? Men go to a theatre to be amused—and what constitutes their amusement? The noblest effusions of bards, "whose words were sparks of immortality;" effusions stamped by the sacred impress of genius on every page; filled with breathing thoughts and words that burn; and which, besides numerous sentiments and precepts that a forcible enunciation must fasten in the memory of the hearer, generally convey some great and important moral lesson. This lesson is enforced with all the adventurous aids that acting, painting, and music can lend. From such an exhibition is it likely evil will flow?

The defence of which we speak is evidently the production of a scholar, and, being himself a member of the histrionic profession, he speaks with an engaging warmth on the subject. It would afford us pleasure to extract a part of its contents into our columns, were it not that in looking over its pages we find no passage that can well be severed from the rest, without we make the extract longer than our limits will permit. We should suppose a reprint of the work would meet with ready patronage.

*Travels in the North of Germany, in the Years 1826 and 1827.* By Henry E. Dwight, A. M. 8vo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THIS excellent work we open again for the purpose of amusing our readers with a few more extracts from its pages, as well as to express, at greater length than we had time to do in our former article, our opinion of its merits. We commence our article by copying the passages which we have marked for selection, and close it with a few desultory comments.

The first passage which we give is in further illustration of the dissipated habits of the *Burschen* of the German universities.

"Beer is the universal drink of the lower classes of society, and a very favorite beverage with those that are above them. When well made, it is much superior to English ale or porter, but is equally expensive. That usually drank by the peasantry and common people of the cities, is much inferior to the ale of our country, and much less nutritious than that of England. Every peasant, in this part of Prussia, carries it with him into the fields, and considers it as necessary as bread. In every village there one or more breweries, where the inhabitants procure their supply. It is always examined to see if it has the necessary strength, when the price is fixed from week to week, in proportion to that of grain. As that is very low at the present time, beer costs but a Spanish dollar for twelve or fourteen gallons. With a reasonable thirst, even the Prussian peasants could afford to indulge themselves with it; but they, as well as some of the classes above them, drink an amount which no stomach but a German's could contain, and which no one could believe who has not travelled in Germany. I know of no feats, in beer drinking, to compare with those of the Heidelberg students. These knights of the tankard, or rather of the beer jug, for the former



article is confined I believe to England and our own country, have acquired a reputation for drinking which excites the admiration of the *Burschen* in the other universities. It is currently reported that they place themselves at their drinking contests in two rows, with nine of these jugs in front of each student. These he must empty, or lose his reputation as a genuine *Saufer*. As they hold from one to two quarts, he is under the necessity of resorting to his pipe, which creates a thirst every five minutes; and by this means, during a few hours sitting, he is able to exhaust them all. If you will imagine twenty students placed on opposite benches, with eighteen rows of jugs between them; an atmosphere gradually thickening with smoke, until they become almost invisible to each other; the lamps appearing through the smoke like so many lights barely gleaming through a fog; while from the stentorian lungs of some one of them a song in honor of beer is belched out, in the chorus of which they all unite with a shout of thunder,—you will form an idea of one of the Heidelberg drinking contests, as they are described by those who have often been conspicuous on such occasions. A *Bursch*, who belonged to the university of Heidelberg a few years since, has acquired an immortality of renown among all succeeding beer drinkers, by a feat which they deem equal to anything recorded of Hercules. It is related of him, that at one sitting (probably from six, P. M. till midnight,) he drank fifty-six tumblers of beer, without experiencing any inconvenience."

We now turn to a passage in which the German character appears in a more favorable light, than it has hitherto been placed in by our extracts from Mr. Dwight's account of the duels and intemperance of the students of the universities. The taste and skill of the Germans in musical composition and performance is the subject of our next extract.

"No one who is a stranger to Berlin, or who has not listened to the Austrian bands, can form an idea of the perfection which instrumental music has attained in this country. The Germans are inferior to the Italians in singing, as the humid winters of the north produce too many colds to admit of that perfection of voice, which you so often hear with delight, south of the Alps. But, though inferior to the Italians, they very much surpass the French, and, I believe, all northern nations, in vocal music. They have a greater passion for music than any nation of Europe, not even excepting the Italians. It is made not merely an accomplishment, but a study; indeed, a part of their existence. To be able to play on some instrument, is almost as necessary, in the opinion of many of the students, as to understand Homer or Euripides, and not a small number of them are able performers on the flute, the guitar, and the piano-forte. Many of the gentlemen whom I have seen, can play with great taste and feeling, and some of them so well, that were they to lose their fortunes, their musical talents would insure them a competence. They usually commence the study of music at a very early period, often at six, eight, or ten years of age, and, by continual practice, arrive at an excellence of which we know nothing in the United States. Even the peasants, in some parts of Germany, particularly in south-eastern Saxony, and in several districts of Bohemia, pass many a leisure hour with the guitar or piano for their companions. Music thus becomes a prominent topic of conversation, and the different style of the composition is as well understood as that of their authors or artists. Every large city supports many bands of musicians for its concerts, theatres, balls, &c. and the smaller towns have one or more. In most of the towns there are a number of singing boys, wholly or partially maintained by the citizens, who sing at funerals and at public worship; and, although their

sacred music is inferior to the *Miserere* of Allegri, a native of Rome would often listen to them with the greatest pleasure. This subject occupies as much of the conversation, and is as interesting to the Germans, as political discussions are to our countrymen. The scientific manner in which they discourse upon it, is as surprising to an American, as the bold expression of our political sentiments would be to a German. This land has thus become, above all others, the land of melody.

"Music is a subject of consequence, not merely to the common people, but to every government and monarch of Germany. To have the finest opera in his capital, is a source of almost as much pleasure to the sovereign, as the possession of the best *garde du corps* of Europe. The number of strangers who winter in the metropolis, and still more that of foreigners, depends not a little on the character of the opera. You frequently hear travellers in this country remarking, 'I shall pass the winter in such a place, as the opera is very fine there.' To give the greatest reputation to their operas, the monarchs often invite the most distinguished musical composers to their capitals, and pension them. This department is placed entirely under their direction, and by them the preparations for a new opera are made. Painters, tailors, mantuamakers, the orchestra, are all set in motion, and after expending from twenty to thirty thousand rix dollars, it is presented to the public. Should it succeed, and have a run of twenty or thirty nights, it will principally repay the expense of getting it up; if not, the government or the monarch makes up the deficiency. In addition to the opera, there are numerous concerts which are patronised by the court, the nobility, the royal family, and at the religious festivals the most celebrated pieces of Handel, Haydn, and others are performed. Composers who arrive at eminence, become not unfrequently the favorites of monarchs, are elevated by them to the rank of noblemen, and receive from them much more substantial favors. In the eyes of the majority of the nation, they are persons of more importance than any who fill the professional departments, or the chairs of the university. When their pieces are performed, they are often called upon the stage by the applauding assembly, from whom they receive the strongest marks of approbation. As music is thus encouraged, men of the first talents embark in this profession, and to arrive at eminence is the summit of all their wishes. They are admitted into almost every society, and even the singers when they rise to the first class, are often met in the most fashionable circles. Most of the musicians who have visited our country from the continent, are the fifth and sixth rate performers here, and who, unable to procure subsistence at home, cross the Atlantic in quest of their bread."

"The Germans admire their national music much more than that of any other country, and assert that the operas of Mozart, Gluck, and Weber, make far more powerful impressions on the heart, than those of Italy. They complain of the Italian operas as destitute of deep feeling, as agitating only the surface of the heart, while those of their own country awaken every passion. They compare the former in their effects to the tragedies of Corneille and Racine; and their own to those of Shakspeare. This I believe is true, when you speak of the operas of Mozart, whose *Don Juan*, and *Magic Flute*, exhibit much of the deep passions and creative power of Hamlet, and the Midsummer's Night Dream. There are however in the best operas of Italy, *il Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarossa, and *Nina, ossia la pazza per amore* of Paisiello for example, a melody and a depth of passion, which to my feelings are overpowering. If to the music of that country 'plants and flowers do not ever spring' as to that of Orpheus, there is an animation, a spright-

liness, a melodious voluptuousness, which remind you, to say the least, of the mighty power of the fabled musician. The Germans, *me judice*, are more distinguished for their military music, their waltzes, and their airs, than for their operas, those of Mozart excepted. Of these there is a great variety, many of which are so inspiring, that no one who has once listened to them, can derive much enjoyment from those we are accustomed to hear in the United States, or even from those played by the royal bands of Paris. In Germany, their military music is performed with such taste and perfection of time, than when fifty or eighty musicians are playing, you could believe that you are listening to a single instrument of a mighty power, embracing every variety of sound. The Austrian bands which I have often heard in the Tyrol, in Lombardy, Tuscany and Naples, commanded universal admiration, and the Romans who pride themselves on being the first instrumental performers of Italy, acknowledged their own inferiority. I have seen in Florence between two and three thousand persons of every class of society, when listening to an Austrian band, kept in breathless silence for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then breaking forth into one burst of applause, that filled the Pergola with thunder. This was repeated again and again, during the concert, until the assembly was almost as much fatigued with their muscular and oral exercise, as the musicians with their performance. 'The Austrian band has arrived,' seemed to the Florentines the most important event in their horizon; and, although they hated that nation, and called them asses, they acknowledged that their music was heavenly, and almost divine. The instrumental music of the Prussian army is equal to that of the Austrians, and the bands of the royal guard are superior to any I have yet heard in Europe. To hear them perform, it is worth a traveller coming much out of his way, for he will find that they have attained the same perfection in music, as the artists who formed the Venus and the Apollo had in sculpture. The best performers from these bands were selected to play at the ball at which Wellington was present. I felt then, as has often been the case since my arrival here, that the beau ideal of music had become a reality in this country; I seemed to be living in a world of melody."

After this excellent passage on the music of the Germans, we make room for the following fragments of a letter from Dresden, on the kindred subject of painting.

"There are few objects which so strongly convince an American, rambling in Europe, that he is in another country, as the galleries of paintings which he beholds in most of the capitals on the continent. This subject has been rarely introduced in my letters; not because I felt uninterested in it, but from the difficulty of giving you an accurate idea of the pictures themselves, since probably not half a dozen even of the second rate efforts of the great artists of Europe exist in the United States, to which I can refer you as a means of comparison. Of the eloquence of this art, no one who has studied these galleries can doubt; and if he examined those of Rome, Florence, Venice or Dresden, he will discover bodied forth, a grandeur of design, a loveliness of form, and a beauty of colouring, which on our side of the Atlantic are found only in the ideal world. The narratives which the sacred historians have so beautifully related; the great events which have agitated the ancient or modern world, the fables of Grecian mythology, and the visions of modern poesy, are represented with a talent and beauty which astonish the beholder. In roaming through these galleries, you see Patriarchs in all the dignity of their characters as fathers of their patriarchal families, Angels embodied in a beauty which seem superior to decay, Prophets whose faces

are glowing with inspiration; and in the Transfiguration, and the Madonna di San Sisto, of Raphael, and the Assumption of the Virgin, of Titian, (the three greatest efforts of the pencil on canvass,) the countenances and attitude of Christ and of his mother, are almost equal to any pictures which the imagination has formed, after perusing their histories in the New Testament. In beholding the monuments of genius which these galleries contain, you are transported far beyond the dull state of present existence, converse with those who have taught us how to live and how to die; and feel at least for a time, as if you would follow them in their bright career to a better world. I know of no uninspired poetry, or narrative, that speaks in more eloquent language, than the pencils of some of these artists; and in the brightest views that I can form of the appearance of our Saviour, or of the Virgin, I rarely if ever conceive of more ravishing loveliness of expression, of more heavenly beauty, of a brighter beaming of an immortal countenance, or of forms and attitudes more exquisite, than in the wonderful compositions which have been specified. Here is the genuine triumph of the pencil; and you can almost believe for the moment, that the mantle of Inspiration has fallen upon the artist, and that he has caught a faint vision of the glory of a brighter world. Many who have never seen the full power of historic painting, and whose observation has been confined to the galleries of the United States, may consider these remarks as wild enthusiasm; but no one who is familiarly acquainted with the excellence of Italian art, can fail to acknowledge that the pencil has a power, of which he had never before formed a conception. When examining works of this character, or those where the actions of illustrious benefactors of the human race are delineated, the sentiment is readily admitted that this art might accomplish much for the benefit of mankind."

"The gallery of Dresden is among the most celebrated of Europe; indeed, it has no equals except those of Florence and the Louvre; and the latter of these, since it has been deprived of much of its stolen glory, is considered by many as inferior to that of this city. Among its fourteen hundred paintings, you discover the names of the most distinguished artists of every school and age, since the revival of painting in Italy. In the paintings of that country it is surprisingly rich, as it contains nearly four hundred of the works of her great artists. A painter from that country could hardly fail expressing his astonishment, while examining this gallery in the centre of Europe, to discover so much to remind him of his native land, and of the great names in which his countrymen glory. To Augustus III, who purchased the celebrated collection of the Duke of Modena in 1745, as well as very many admirable pictures in the larger cities of Italy and in other countries, the inhabitants of Dresden are principally indebted for this bright ornament of the metropolis. The *chef d'oeuvres* of this collection escaped the fate which attended those of the other galleries of Europe, during the revolutionary struggle; as the King, apprized of their fate should they remain, had them removed to his celebrated fortress Konigstein, which the French could never conquer.

"To see Corregio's genius you must not go to Parma, for his frescoes there are almost entirely destroyed; and the few productions of his pencil now in the gallery of Maria Louisa, are second and third rate pieces, in comparison with those which you behold here. His 'Night' has been universally considered the greatest effort of his pencil, even before the colors of the dome of Parma's cathedral had faded. *Die heilige Nacht*, 'the Holy Night,' as your guide calls this picture, has attracted many artists to Dresden; and its reputation is so universal in Germany,



that by not a small number of persons, it is always associated with the name of the Saxon metropolis. The infant Jesus is lying in a crib, or something similar to it, while the Virgin with her arms supporting him, is looking down upon him with the strongest expression of maternal love, and a feeling of devotion, which such a mother would be supposed to exhibit, when looking at such a son. From the body of the infant proceeds a flood of glory illuminating every object, and giving a most beautiful relief to the prominent forms of the canvass. The light, which he sheds upon her countenance and upon the surrounding objects, is more exquisite, and the *chiaro oscuro* more beautifully distinct, than in any other effort of the pencil. The shepherds in the back ground, who regard the infant Saviour, do not evince that admiration and wonder, which one would have anticipated, but their faces have more of the glare of stupidity, than it is easy to believe any countenance could exhibit, in beholding such a scene. Here are also several other paintings of Corregio, which exhibit his fine coloring in the happiest manner. Among all his females, both here and in the gallery of Parma, you discover but one expression, but one form of countenance. There is a want of intellectual beauty in all his Madonnas, and in all his female faces that I have seen, except his Diana, in the convent of the monks of San Paolo at Parma. As this goddess was, at least until she saw Endymion, an emblem of chastity, it is not surprising that the monks should have adorned their walls with the picture of one, whose example they so universally imitate. Her face in this fresco is totally superior to any effort of his pencil I have met with. It is lighted up with all that loveliness, in which she appeared to the eye of the Grecian poet, when he delineated the beauty of an immortal.

"Raphael's celebrated picture of the *Madonna di San Sisto*, has been universally regarded as the greatest ornament of this gallery, since the year 1754, when Augustus III. purchased it of the monks of one of the convents of Piacenza. It has been so often described, that I will not trouble you with a perusal of its thousandth delineation. After the Transfiguration, this is the greatest effort of his genius. The face of the Virgin is one of the loveliest conceptions of the minds, and is not surpassed in beauty by the Eve of Milton. The face of the infant Jesus has the intellect of an immortal, beaming through the features of childhood. It is only surpassed by that of the two young cherubs below, whose eyes are brighter and more glowing with intelligence, than any which are the work of even Raphael's pencil. Most of the Italian painters, as well as those of the north of Europe, represent their angels and cherubs as infants. Rarely do they seem to be more than two years of age, though in a few instances, as in Titian's Assumption, you discover one or more of them in the form of a young boy, who is just entering his teens. Sometimes you see wreaths of them surrounding the Madonna, or a saint in glory, or some fifty heads just rising above a cloud, and looking down like so many babies, on a pope, or cardinal, or monk, who is performing a miracle, to demonstrate the truth of his religion. These infantine faces are drawn, I suppose, to convey the idea of immortal youth, but the impression is usually that of childhood, instead of an intellect which has been expanding through ages. When I turn my eyes to Guido's great picture of Michael chaining Satan in the church of the Capuchins at Rome, and see the ethereal immortality of the Archangel, in his form that strength which seems a stranger to disease, and which is superior to decay, united with a grace and beauty which make criticism speechless, I cannot but feel that the distance is vast between so illustrious a being, and young angels or cherubs, who invariably remind the spectator more of so many young cu-

pids, than of immortal spirits bowing before the throne of God."

The extracts we have now made from this volume of travels are of a kind, and sufficiently copious, to afford a very correct idea of the author's general manner. His work is written in an easy and familiar style, and being in the form of letters which were substantially composed during his residence in Germany, they possess a minuteness and graphic accuracy of description, which, had the author written from recollection, they must necessarily have lacked. The country, of which, in the four hundred and fifty closely printed octavo pages of this volume, much and very interesting information is given, had been previously less known to the American reader than almost any other portion of the Continent of Europe; and the work of Mr. Dwight possesses, therefore, in addition to the graces of his style, and the careful accuracy with which he has investigated every subject that struck him as particularly worthy of note, the still more attractive charm of almost entire novelty. The selections which we have made are certainly well written and interesting; but there is not a single letter of the four and twenty into which the work is divided, that might have not furnished equally eligible extracts. The author's reflections on every subject connected with religion, morals, literature, and the influence of different political institutions, evince a mind of at once strong original powers, and stored with an abundant fund of acquired knowledge. There are a thousand interesting anecdotes of men and places, interspersed throughout these letters, so interesting and so brief, that in perusing the work we involuntarily marked them for selection; but we have already occupied a sufficient space with quotations to illustrate the value and entertaining character of this book of travels, and to do more than this, though it might gratify our readers, would be trespassing on the right of the author and publisher. To those who wish to peruse a volume of travels, minute without tediousness, learned without ostentation, and replete with anecdotes without descending, in a single instance, to frivolity, we recommend this production of Mr. Dwight.

#### DRAMA.

##### EDWIN FORREST.

It has been our intention, for a long time past, to devote, on a fitting opportunity, a page or two of our paper to a consideration of the general merits and style of acting of this extraordinary young tragedian. We select the present number for the execution of the design, and trust that the subject will prove acceptable to our readers, during the existing and utter dearth of first-rate tragic talent in this city.

Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, on the ninth of March, 1806. He is the youngest but one of eight children, five of whom were boys. Owing to the indigence of his parents, he received no other advantages of education than such as were afforded, prior to his attaining his thirteenth year, in a common rudimental seminary. He was then taken from school, and placed, as an errand boy, in the store of an extensive dealer in ship-chandlery. Previous to this time, he had manifested a decided taste for declamation, and often amused his parents with his imitations of the different preachers whom he had heard. He was but a few months turned of thirteen when he made his first appearance on the stage, in the Olympic Theatre in Walnut Street, in the character of Young Norval. The attempt was so successful, that he was called on to repeat the character, to which his mother was at last induced to consent, at the urgent solicitation of the manager, who stated that the box-office had been literally run down with applications to have young Forrest make a second effort. He accord-

ingly, in the course of the same week, sustained the part again, and was rewarded throughout with rapturous applause. The second character in which he appeared was *Frederic*, in "Lover's Vows;" and for his benefit he chose *Octavian*. During the whole of the day preceding this event, a violent snow-storm had raged, which, towards night, turned to rain, rendering the streets almost impassable. In addition to this unfavorable circumstance, the same bills which contained the announcement of the boy-tragedian's benefit, exhibited, in staring capitals, the name of Kean, who had, at that time, never appeared before a Philadelphia audience, and whose engagement was to commence on the night but one after Forrest's benefit. Notwithstanding these unpropitious circumstances, however, a tolerably numerous audience assembled on the occasion, and the juvenile actor was loudly applauded.

For several months after this occurrence, which gave the color to his future life, he remained at home with his mother, devoting himself to dramatic reading, and more particularly to the pages of Shakspeare, for whose productions, even at that early age, he manifested the utmost fondness. Before he completed his fourteenth year, he made another attempt on the stage, in a manner, and under circumstances, which at once serve to show the native boldness and resolution of his character, and the deep and unconquerable love which he had imbibed for the histrionic profession. Alone, and entirely unaided by advice or assistance of any kind, he presented himself before the proprietors of the Prune Street Theatre, (a minor establishment,) and made them an offer to hire it on his own account for a single night. The singularity of the proposition excited their surprise, and pleased with the intrepidity of the boy, they acceded to his offer. He immediately, through the instrumentality of his brother, who had served an apprenticeship to the printing business, procured bills to be printed, announcing himself in the character of Richard III, which part, as we have been informed by some individuals who were present on the occasion, he sustained with a degree of ability rarely met with in one of so unripened an age.

Young Forrest after two or three successful efforts, began to look upon himself as an actor by profession; and one of the managers of the theatres in the western cities arriving in Philadelphia shortly after this last attempt, he received proposals of an engagement, which were eagerly embraced, and the tragedy tyro set off with his employer for Pittsburgh. Of the various vicissitudes and adventures which marked his histrionic career from that time until his arrival in New-York and first appearance here, we can enter into no account at the present time. It is our intention, at some future day, to give to our readers a biographical memoir of this remarkable young man, and we reserve the many interesting anecdotes concerning him, with which we have been furnished, for that occasion. We shall therefore briefly remark, that after playing with different strolling companies, and with various degrees of success, in all the principal cities and towns of the west, he at length, in the course of his itineracy, reached New-Orleans, where he made an engagement for the season, as a regular stock actor, at a weekly salary of twenty-five dollars. From New-Orleans he proceeded to Richmond and Petersburg, in Virginia, from whence, at the expiration of the season, he again returned to the former place. His acting, which by this time had become greatly improved by much practice and study, was generally rewarded with warm approbation, and he was rapidly growing into great favor, when a misunderstanding arose between himself and the manager, which induced him to throw up his engagement and leave that part of the country. He took passage for Baltimore in a small schooner, on reaching which place, he immediately

set out to visit his mother and sisters in Philadelphia, whom he had not seen in several years. From Philadelphia, he proceeded to Albany, where he was allowed to give "a taste of his quality," in the character of Jaffier. The effect which his masterly personation produced upon the audience was electric, and an engagement, on much more liberal terms than he had expected, was the consequence of his success.

At this period, the Bowery Theatre was in process of being erected; and Mr. Gilfert, to whom the management was to be intrusted, with happy perspicacity, perceiving that Mr. Forrest possessed a much higher degree of talent than had yet been elicited, and which it only required favorable circumstances to draw forth, lost no time in securing him as a member of the company which he was collecting together for that beautiful edifice. With the rapid rise of this great actor after the period to which we have now brought our sketch, all our readers are acquainted. We do not know that we can even properly say the *rapid rise*; for he burst at once upon us, a star of the first magnitude—full-grown and perfect, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. His first appearance in this city was for the benefit of Mr. Woodhull. A Mr. Forrest was announced as having volunteered his services in the part of Othello; but who this Mr. Forrest was, very few knew. For our own part, we expected to see one of the stammering, stuttering "young gentlemen," who so often figure on occasion of benefits; but what was our surprise, and what was the surprise of the audience at large, at finding in the unheralded and unknown youth, an actor superior in some respects, and but little inferior in any, to the very best performers that we had ever seen! Such was literally the fact. Like the enchanted edifices of oriental story, this wonderful young man seems to have sprung into a beautiful existence without the aid of time; and while we were complaining that our stage was lighted only by the borrowed luminaries of Europe, a star had arisen in our own hemisphere, which is already hailed as the cynosure of the dramatic horizon.

The person of Mr. Forrest is well formed and commanding; his leg, arm, and hand, in particular, are moulded with the most perfect symmetry. His face is handsome and expressive, and flexible to a degree which is seldom surpassed. His eyes are black, and capable of exhibiting, with equal truth, every gradation of feeling, from the quiet expression of mild emotions, to the lightning glances of revenge. His voice is sonorous and sweet, except when exerted for a long time in giving vent to some demoniac passion; it then becomes somewhat harsh and dissonant, though still powerfully expressive. His attitudes are, in general, easy and graceful; and they invariably seem the result of the impulse of the moment, or of the circumstances of the scene, as they arise. We never see, in him, what so often disgusts in others, a visible preparation for some particular attitude or start, which is to be ostensibly occasioned by a yet unuttered or unacted part of the drama.

To enter into a minute analysis of the different characters he has performed, would require us to extend this article to a very unreasonable length. We cannot forbear, however, making a few desultory remarks on some of his most prominent personations. As it was in *Othello* we first saw this great actor, so *Othello* shall have the first place in our consideration; and indeed we are not sure, take it all in all, that it is not his best and most finished effort.

It is generally allowed by critics, that of all Shakspeare's productions, there is none in which that great magician of the soul, has evinced a more thorough and minute knowledge of human nature, than in the various characters of *Othello*, from the magnanimous and open-hearted hero of the play, down to the cheated and credulous Roderigo. Iago, with all his sub-



tlety and complicated plans for gratifying at once his hate, his ambition, his jealousy of the Moor, his envy of Cassio, and his sinister designs on Roderigo, acts, from the first scene to the last, in strict accordance with nature; and the very antipathy and loathing which his character inspires, in every reader, and in every beholder, furnish a strong evidence of the artfully natural manner in which it is drawn. Othello himself, brave, generous, and noble, loving his wife with the utmost warmth and confidence, yet induced to suspect her fidelity by the sly suggestion of "trifles light as air," when an open accusation would have been either spurned at with contempt and incredulity, or its truth openly investigated, affords a picture of the human heart that at once excites admiration and pity. Every one who has examined the artful fabrication of circumstances by which the demi-devil, Iago, managed to ensnare the soul of Othello, aided as his machinations were by the accidental assistance of Desdemona's importunity for the restoration of Cassio, and by the loss of her handkerchief, cannot but consider the Moor, in his own words,

"As one not easily jealous."

But a small proportion of the performers who assume this arduous character are aware of the delicate minuteness of its traits; and many of those subtle beauties, which are seen everywhere to abound in this master effort of Shakspeare's genius, by one who views it with a spirit at all analogous to that which animated the immortal bard, are usually marred in the representation. In speaking of Mr. Forrest in this arduous part, we are of course not influenced by that turbulent feeling of admiration which recent energetic histrionic efforts always occasion, and which does not immediately subside. Sufficient time has elapsed since we last saw him, for the pauser judgment to have regained full authority; and perhaps, indeed, our feelings may have so completely cooled, that we shall rather incur the charge of hypercritical censoriousness. We shall endeavor, however, to express ourself with strict impartiality, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

In point of conception, we have no fault to find with Mr. Forrest's personation of Othello: his faults consist in erroneous readings and improper enunciation of particular parts. His speech in the council-chamber, accounting for his marriage with Desdemona, is one of the most perfect pieces of narrative declamation that we ever heard, with the exception of one blemish—too much gesture. In the speech,

"The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice driven bed of down," &c.

we have usually noticed that there is exhibited too much seriousness and impressiveness in the manner of Mr. Forrest's enouncing it. It is intended as a playful and hyperbolical answer, and, to our apprehension, should be spoken with a smile and fluently, as one generally utters a sentiment, the meaning of which is true, but the language extravagant. Othello, at the moment, feels very happy. Desdemona's decision in his favor, she having preferred the Moor to her father, had caused such a pervading sensation of joy in his bosom, that his delight could not but vent itself in hyperbole. If the speech be spoken seriously, it has the air of boasting, which is contrary to Othello's character; if playfully, it would be in perfect accordance with the pleasurable feelings which we may suppose had been created in his breast, and by helping to exhibit him in an amiable light at first, renders the effect deeper of the succeeding scenes of passion, jealousy and revenge.

The same remark will apply to his speech on meeting with Desdemona at Cyprus. The language is the language of hyperbole, and the manner should be

that of a warm and delighted lover giving utterance to his feelings in big expressions. He should gaze in the eyes of his wife while he speaks, with smiling fondness; not act the passage, as if he heard the winds blow, and saw "the laboring bark climb hills of seas, then duck again as low as hell's from heaven." Othello's soul is all joy; and so should be his manner—the rapture of a lover on meeting his mistress after an absence.

"I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy."

These are his words—his actions and looks, of course, should correspond; for in him there is no duplicity.

In two or three of the scenes, before the plots of Iago have matured, Mr. Forrest is in the habit of placing too much stress on the word *honesty*, when speaking of his Ancient. The blunt, unpolished bearing of Iago, had deceived the Moor into a belief that he possessed honesty of character; and, as no one appears to have contravened the opinion, in mentioning his persuasion to that effect, he is not required to say it with particular emphasis, as if he did not fully believe what he was asserting. When Othello gives the charge to Cassio, "look you to the guard to-night," and Cassio, in reply informs him that "Iago has direction what to do," the answer of the general is simply one of approval:

"Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night;"

and not to be spoken as if he were deliberating whether or not the ancient were trust-worthy. It is tantamount to saying, in common phrase, "Iago is a very proper person: I approve your choice. Good night."

In the next scene, in which the brawlers are separated by Othello, and Cassio is cashiered, Mr. Forrest usually exhibits excellence beyond criticism. In the first scene of the third act,—and indeed through the whole of that arduous and most difficult portion of the play—the wonderful performer of whom we speak, always elicits continual admiration, by the force, beauty and discrimination of his conception and execution; and in this part of the play, in particular, it is very seldom that he affords an opportunity for even the most rigid criticism to "exercise its function." But it may be as well, while on this subject, to point out the few errors that we have at different times observed; though it is by no means true, that they who are readiest at discovering faults, have the keenest perception of beauties, and are most remarkable for accuracy and profundity of judgment. A tasteless, soulless clown, can point out the specks and flaws in the

"Bending statue that enchants the world;"

but the symmetry of its proportions, the grace of its attitude, the beauty of its features, and the almost-animated witchery of their expression, can only be properly appreciated by one who has some portion of the genius of Praxiteles. To reprehend is not to criticise;

"His voice in censure any fool may raise;  
But few can tell where properly to praise."

One of Mr. Forrest's blemishes in the third act is his manner of uttering the exclamation—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again."

At this time no single sentiment of jealousy, or "doubt of her revolt," had been aroused against Desdemona; and Othello's feelings towards her were those of entire confidence, and of love so ardent, "that the sense ached at her." There is not implied, as has been thought by some, in the expression, *excellent wretch*, a struggle of emotions in the Moor's

mind, between love and rising suspicion; the one part of the phrase being expressive of fondness, and the other of doubt; for nothing has yet occurred to excite the slightest degree of jealousy. The meaning of the word *wretch*, Johnson says, is not generally understood. "It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. Othello, considering Desdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, soft and timorous by her sex, and by her situation absolutely in his power, calls her *excellent wretch*, which may be expressed in other words, *dear, helpless, harmless excellence*." This being the case, the speech should be uttered throughout in a tone and manner of the most unlimited confidence and love, with a smile at the words, "and when I love thee not," expressive of utter incredulity that such a time would ever come; and not with that look of seriousness, and that sepulchral voice, when he says, *chaos is come again*, which we notice in Forrest, as if that period of alienation had already arrived, and Love had yielded up "his firm and hearted throne."

At the speech of Iago, "Beware my lord, of *jealousy*," we consider that this actor always betrays more emotion than comports with the consistency of Othello's character. Jealousy is just beginning to be stirred up in his bosom; and although the word, uttered invidiously, and with a design to torture him, by Iago, would necessarily cause much agony, laying bare to his own mind the exact nature and name of the undefinable and new sensations, of the existence of which he had just become conscious; yet we cannot but think the look of petrification and horror that he assumes is strained and unnatural. This opinion is corroborated by the speech that immediately follows—

"Why? why is this?" &c.

With the residue of the scene it is not possible to find a single fault. With one single additional remark, we shall dismiss this character, and proceed to the consideration of some other. The fault which we are now about to find is on account of the perversion of the text. We know of no authority for Mr. Forrest's saying,

"I swear 'tis better to be much abused,  
Than but to know too little."

The language of Shakspeare is,

"Than but too know't a little;"

and the sense of the passage evidently shows that this is correct. The other reading is nonsense. But we are unintentionally extending our remarks to too great a length on this single character, and perhaps entering into too great minuteness of censure. We now turn to a consideration of Forrest's Hamlet.

A great variety of incidents, the most striking opposition of characters, and a strange complication, in the principal person of the drama, of physical courage and moral imbecility, of philosophical speculation, affected insanity, and real madness, are the traits by which Shakspeare's play of *Hamlet* is peculiarly marked. Of all the images of life with which the pen of the immortal bard has peopled the stage, none appear to act so entirely uncontrolled by settled principles of conduct, and none present to the actor such difficulties in the closet, nor, when exhibited before an audience, require more arduous and unceasing exertions.

With the strongest inducements to the perpetration of revenge on the incestuous Dane who had murdered his parent and usurped the throne—"a motive and a cue to passion" of the most aggravated and maddening kind; we yet find *Hamlet* weak, irresolute and in-

active; and notwithstanding the additional obligation of a solemn vow, which he had offered to appease the perturbed spirit of his father, he procrastinates, from time to time, on the most frivolous pretences, the execution of his design, until the spirit makes a second visitation, to renew his almost blunted purpose. Besides these, his jocular and obscene mirth, at a period when his mind was weighed upon by the heaviest melancholy; his rudeness and unfeeling treatment to her, whom he professed to have loved with a pure and ardent attachment, and against whom not the slightest fault is alleged, or intimated; and lastly, his conduct at the grave of Ophelia, all mark him as one of the most wayward and contradictory beings that ever had existence, even in the poet's world of imaginings.

To reconcile the incongruities of this ambiguous and vacillating character has been frequently attempted by able critics; but after all that has been written on the subject, much remains that cannot be attributed to any of the causes usually assigned for his inconsistencies; and in some particular passages, we are reduced to the dilemma, that either *Hamlet's* mind was partially deranged, or his heart totally unsusceptible of that delicacy of sentiment and gentleness of behaviour, which are generally considered as prominent ingredients of his nature.

Immediately after his interview with the ghost, the unhappy young prince begins to show an incipient derangement of his faculties; and his taking out his tables to note down,

"That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,"

is anything but an act of sanity. His barbarous treatment of Ophelia cannot be accounted for on the ground of affected madness, without depriving the character of *Hamlet* of every noble and amiable attribute; and the remark of Dr. Johnson, that his feigned insanity appears to be without adequate cause, as he does nothing that might not have been as well done with the reputation of sanity, furnishes in itself, a reason to believe that his mind was somewhat impaired. Those who have been conversant with the modes in which mental alienation is displayed, will not look upon *Hamlet's* intimation, that at some future period he might

"——— think meet

To put an antic disposition on,"

as an unanswerable argument of his lunacy being assumed; for nothing is more common than to hear madmen talk of a former period when they were insane, or speak of motives that might induce them to counterfeit the horrible disease, under which they are actually suffering. The soliloquy in the third act where *Hamlet* discovers the king at prayer, we cannot but look upon as another evidence of disordered intellect. It will be sufficient to quote the opening sentence.

"Now I might do it pat, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do't;—And so he goes to heaven:  
And so am I revenged? That would be scanned:  
A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven."

In the same speech, *Hamlet* shows himself grossly oblivious of what had been told him by his father's spirit, when he says,

"And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?"

for had not his father's spirit revealed to him that he was doomed

"——— for a certain time to walk the night;  
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,  
Were burnt and purged away?"

Another similar inconsistency is found in the passage,



"The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

The awful visitation that had been made to *Hamlet*, which could not be looked upon as a delusion of the sensés, as it had been seen by others, both before and at the same time, renders the words which are marked in *italics* peculiarly inappropriate for him to utter; and this helps to thicken other proofs of his being really demented at intervals.

The conception of this difficult and embarrassing part, as shown in Mr. Forrest's delineation of the character, is, according to our notion of it, peculiarly beautiful and correct. By his delineation of the unhappy prince, he seems one, the basis of whose character is great mental delicacy and sensitiveness, liable to be strongly impressed by the circumstances around him, and his feelings wrought up to an undue and unsalutary degree of excitement by his situation. Virtuous and sensitive by nature, the posthumous appearance of his father, and the awful injunction imposed upon him, make him resolve to act with unworthy duplicity; the secret monitions of nature at the same time justifying his vow of bloody revenge. His circumstances were of that peculiarly aggravated cast, that they could scarcely have failed to injure a mind of much rougher texture than his: one parent "sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head;" the other living in incestuous intercourse with the murderer, and that murderer his uncle!—an involution and complication of horrors that thrill the imagination. Against the accidents of fortune he might have borne stiffly up; in poverty or in exile, all the natural excellences of his character might have been displayed; but placed by fate, in a situation where remorse would equally goad him whether he were active or indolent, whether he revenged the assassination of his father, or suffered it to pass unrevenge, it cannot be wondered at that he became affected with the deepest melancholy, displaying itself, at one moment, in a speculation on suicide, and, at another, in temporary derangement.

But even those who do not concur in the propriety of this conception, must award to Mr. Forrest great praise for his masterly execution. According to his delineation of the character, it is full, to a degree but seldom equalled, of force and pathos. His passion is the unaffected outpourings of excited feeling; not the cold and measured declamation that too often usurps the place of nature on the stage. His action is unrestrained and graceful; his attitudes easy and classical. The terror and trepidation evinced at sight of the ghost are such as the awful circumstances of the situation might naturally be supposed to produce; and the intonations of his voice, throughout, are controlled with masterly skill, at one time expressing the thrilling dissonance of anger, and at another, the melting harmony of a broken spirit. His faults are trivial and such as may easily be corrected; his beauties numerous, and of a kind and degree that but few can hope successfully to imitate.

Among the errors which Mr. Forrest commits in this part, there is one slight departure from the text of Shakspeare which very materially mars the sense of the passage. It is in the speech of *Hamlet*, in the play scene, where he makes reply to Ophelia's observation, "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord." He answers, "so long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, ere I'll have a suit of sables." This substitution of the word *ere*, instead of the particle *for*, which is Shakspeare's text, gives an entirely different meaning to the sentence from that which is intended, and can, without much difficulty, be shown to be wrong. The word *sables*, as used by Shakspeare, is a noun, of the plural number, from the latin word *zibella*, and means

furs. The note of Dr. Johnson to this passage clearly explains it; and Mr. Forrest would do well to pay entire deference to the authority of this great critic, entitled to serious attention on whatever subject he commented, but more especially on language. If the sentence had been intended by Shakspeare in the sense in which the tragedian uses it, *sables* would have been written without the final *s*; for it is an adjective in that connexion, and number does not belong to English adjectives. The obvious signification of the line is, let the devil wear black—I'll have a gay dress, trimmed with the gayest and costliest kind of fur;—let who will mourn—I'll be merry. The word *sable*, having the import which we here ascribe to it, is to be found in different writers. In an old heraldic work, entitled *Peachment on Blazoning*, the following sentence is met with: "Sable is worn of great personages, and brought out of Russia, being the fur of a little beast of that name." Among the illustrations of the meaning of this term, the following is quoted in Johnson's quarto Dictionary, from the writings of *Knolles*: "Furiously running in upon him, with tumultuous speech, he violently raught from his head his rich cap of *sables*." But is useless to occupy space with illustrations of the correctness of the speech, as it stands in the text of Shakspeare. It is a point generally understood, and we hope, when we shall again have the pleasure to see the excellent tragedian of whom we speak, that his personation of *Hamlet* will not be blemished by such an uncalled for alteration of the language of the immortal bard.

In amends for this erroneous reading, we may notice a correction that Mr. Forrest makes in another passage, which, by the simple alteration of a letter, gives much greater beauty to the speech, and at once strikes the mind as being what the author must have intended. Instead of *bitter day*, as it stands in the text, he reads the passage as we quote it:

"Tis now the very witching time of night;  
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such business as the better day  
Would quake to look on.—"

The propriety of this reading is so obvious that we need not seek to enforce it by a single remark. His performance of *Hamlet* throughout is marked with many beauties which reflect the greatest credit on his genius, and which evince that he looks into the meaning of the author with thinking eyes.

Of his personation of *Sir Giles Overreach*, which we now come to consider, we cannot speak in terms of as warm praise as many others of his efforts deserve; though he has certainly, in the very difficult and disgusting character, entitled himself to much admiration. There is not among all the varieties of fictitious beings who have been called into existence by the Prospero-wand of the dramatic poet, a single one so utterly repulsive to the best feelings of our nature, as *Sir Giles Overreach*. Cold-hearted, calculating, and selfish, he utters not a single sentiment that finds an echo in the breasts of his hearers, and exhibits, in no exigence, that he is possessed of the slightest virtue—unless his personal bravery may deserve that name. His daughter, the only being who is attached to him by those mysterious ties of affinity which we usually find to hold in bondage even the hardest and most wicked hearts, is not regarded by this unnatural father, except inasmuch as she may assist in the aggrandizement of his family; and her honor and happiness we see him perfectly willing to jeopard, in order that he may be the more sure to add a worthless distinction to her name. The crimes with which he has stained his soul in augmenting his fortune by base and stealthy measures, leaving no print for the most curious search to trace his footsteps; the ingratitude and miserly spirit which he manifests towards him who has been his counsellor

and prime agent in all his villainies; and the hardihood and unblushing effrontery with which he proclaims his deeds of darkness, pleading in their extenuation no motive that can meet with sympathy from any auditor, all mark him as one of the most loathsome characters ever exhibited on the stage.

The atrocious cruelties of Gloster were perpetrated at the instigation of a strong incitement; the golden round and top of power shed its baleful gleam before him, dazzling his moral vision, and luring him on by an irresistible attraction; and when that object of his ambition was attained, the frequent attempts he made to sooth the rebel conscience, and the agony and remorse his dreams evince, by showing him possessed of some touch of nature, enable him to command a degree of sympathy from an audience. The blackest villain of Shakspeare's creation, Iago, against whom every auditor feels a loathing antipathy—even he pleads to himself, as an excuse for his dark intrigues—for his sinuous and diabolical counsels—a motive, the validity of which every heart is willing to acknowledge. His suspicion that Othello had violated the honor of his wife, like a poisonous mineral, gnaws him inward; and there are few who will not agree that a mere suspicion of such a kind will go far in extenuation of his revenge, if viewed in reference to its extent, and not to the fiend-like mode in which he chose to execute it.

But, unlike these, and unlike human nature, Sir Giles Overreach neither has, nor feigns, to himself, nor to others, anything that can be viewed for a single instant as a propelling inducement to the injustice and cruel wrongs with which his whole life is blackened. He boasts of his iniquity, and pleads nothing in mitigation, but the poor and contemptible desire of wedding his daughter to a lord—this desire itself being the offspring of circumstances that occurred long after he had been steeped in infamy to the very lips. When Lord Lovell objects to the practices by which Sir Giles proposes to enlarge his fortune, he tells him,

"You run, my lord, no hazard:  
Your reputation shall still stand as fair  
In all good men's opinions as now:  
For though I do condemn report myself,  
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender  
Of what concerns you, in all points of honor,  
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame  
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.  
*All my ambition is to have my daughter*  
*Right honorable*, which you, my lord, can make her;  
And might I live to dance upon my knee  
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,  
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes."

In answer to the question of Lord Lovell, if Sir Giles were not moved by the curses and imprecations of whole families, made wretched by his sinister practices, he observes,

"Yes, as rocks are,  
When foamy billows split themselves against  
Their flinty ribs; or, as the moon's moved,  
When wolves with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.  
I'm of a solid temper—  
When my ears are pierced with widow's cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,  
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
*Right honorable*; and 'tis a powerful charm  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience."

We make these two extracts, because they show, at a single glance, the whole character of Sir Giles Overreach—a character calculated to excite no emotion but hatred or disgust. The language of the play, however, is well written; the plot artful, and sufficiently complicated to keep attention awake; the incidents are naturally brought about,—if we can once be persuaded that such a creature as Sir Giles ever had existence—and the other persons of the drama are drawn in strict accordance with general nature.

But in such a part as Sir Giles Overreach none but an actor of great abilities, both physical and mental, can meet with any thing like positive success. Kean's efforts in it, before his energy was impaired by the fatal excesses in which he indulged to a ruinous extent during his last visit to this country, were tremendously triumphant. Before him, Cooke won great applause in the same part; and, in some respects, was doubtless better qualified than the latter, to exhibit a portraiture of the calculating, overreaching, cold-blooded villain. At the present time, Booth is undoubtedly pre-eminent in his exhibition of this contradictory and unnatural character; and next to him, Mr. Forrest deserves to be ranked.

The Sir Giles Overreach of this actor is marked with physical defects—for like a true critic, we must enumerate defects first—of a kind that are obvious to every eye, and yet which no observer can wish removed. His port is too commanding and stately, his form too symmetrically moulded, his brow too open and expansive—and there is too much candor, too much nobleness in his whole bearing, to consist exactly with the idea which every reader of Massinger's play must form of its hero, whose body, and whose air, are expected to comport with the contractedness and sinuosity of his mind. With Mr. Forrest's conception of this, as with the rest of his parts, but little fault can be found. His errors consist in execution, and seem to result principally from his not being able to enter into the feeling of the character. This is exhibited by a drawing, studied, artificial manner, in some of the scenes, and by outrageous declamation, instead of natural passion, in others. In the fifth act, he exhibits much fine—much very fine—acting; but in no part of this character does he by any means reach the degree of excellence which we have seen him display in many others. Some particular situations and passages in the closing scene, however, are given by Mr. Forrest with a thrilling energy of passion unsurpassed by the efforts of any actor. His attitude, expression, manner, tone and emphasis, when the blank parchment—all "its curious engrossments" obliterated by the cunning stratagem of Marfall, and "the wax turned into dust"—meet, like a basilisk, his astonished eye, are forcible and appropriate in an uncommon degree. The burst of anger that falls on his varlet when he finds that he is in the plot against him, is a masterly effort. The challenge to Lord Lovell, too, and the concluding paroxysm of exasperated, foiled, and reckless courage, and blind distraction, he always utters with an electrical effect—it is an astounding and triumphant exhibition of physical and intellectual energy, which may have been equalled, but has never been excelled by any actor, in any similar passage. The last time that we witnessed Mr. Forrest in this part, the whole of the last speech was so pronounced as to yield great additional lustre to his fame. For several minutes after Sir Giles was removed from the stage, the applause was maintained, with unanimous accord, and with deafening loudness, thus evincing the general and deep impression which this wonderful actor's genius and energy never fail, properly excited, to create.

But our article has already grown into too great length, and we must defer further comments on his acting to another time. By his masterly conception and delineation of the different principal characters of the tragic drama, Mr. Forrest "has won golden opinions from all sorts of people." Some few obstinately pretend to think, against the conviction of their senses, that, because he is young, he cannot be great; but to borrow the complimentary language of a great English statesman on a similar occasion, that man cannot be considered very censurable, against whom the most grievous charge that can be preferred is a want of age. This wonderful young man is advancing



with rapid strides to the perfection of his profession. Other men ascend the steep by toilsome gradations; but he moves with the vigor of a Hercules, the grace of Apollo, and the celerity of Atalanta. Let him not, like the latter, be tempted to turn aside from his career, nor to rest from his progress, till the extreme summit shall be attained. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The golden apples which the Arcadian maid turned aside to gather, gave the victory to her competitor. He has now no equal in this country; we wish to see him have none in the world.

It would not require much sagacity to point out numerous defects in the acting of this modern Roscius; yet many as they are, who else exhibits so few? Perfection does not belong to humanity; and where beauties so far transcend blemishes, an unmingled meed of approbation should be awarded. In the language of Dryden,

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
He that would search for pearls must dive below."

The earth is round, notwithstanding its mountains and valleys; the sky blue and lovely, notwithstanding that here and there a little cloud interrupts its lustre; and so the acting of our own Forrest is in the main grand and admirable, though now and then an intonation may be harsh, or a gesture inappropriate. We may justly compare him to the monarch stream of our country, the surface of which, though smooth and beautiful, is occasionally diversified by rapids, and its current interrupted by rocks. The hand of art will ere long perfect the navigation of the one; and so we trust that study and perseverance will soon remove every blemish from the other. The time is rapidly approaching when we hope to see him again amongst us, and he may rest assured that his return will be hailed with "a peal of hands with hearts in them."

#### POETRY.

THE following tender and beautiful lines do credit to the genius of their accomplished writer. We are always happy to afford her affusions a place in our columns.

##### STANZAS.

BY IANTHE.

"How have you thought of me?"

How have I thought of thee?—as flies  
The dove to seek her mate,  
Trembling lest some rude hand has made  
Her sweet home desolate;  
Thus doth my bosom seek in thine  
The only heart that throbs with mine.

How have I thought of thee?—as turns  
The flower to meet the sun,  
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,  
It be not shone upon;  
Thus, dear one, in thine eye I see  
The only light that beams for me.

How have I thought of thee?—as thinks  
The mariner of home,  
When doomed through many a dreary waste  
Of waters yet to roam,  
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,  
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

How have I thought of thee?—as bends  
The Persian at the shrine  
Of his resplendent god, to watch  
His earliest glories shine.  
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,  
My heart's own radiant Deity.

#### MONONECO.

BY P. M. WETMORE.

"He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of those he loved. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage.—'The pale face may like it, but an Indian cannot die here in peace.' So saying, he broke his bowstring, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed forever!"

He stood upon that soil,  
His birth-place, and his home of many years;  
His look was calm—his eyes undimmed by tears,  
Were worn by time and toil.

In days of youthful pride,  
'Twas his to lead the warriors in the strife,  
To hurl the tomahawk, or sheath the knife  
In vaunting foeman's side.

The mountain-passes rude,  
And untrod wilderness, to him were home;  
And his free bounding spirit loved to roam  
The forest solitude.

Yet was there one loved spot,  
To which the unerring laws of nature led;  
For there domestic bliss rich treasures spread,  
To crown his happy lot.

But reckless time had sped—  
Beneath the turf, remembered though unwept,  
His loved ones, all of kindred currents slept;  
His soul was with the dead!

A stranger race had sprung,  
Like phantoms on his sight! the white men came,  
His lands were gone! he quaffed the liquid flame,  
Till madness round him clung.

The fleeting years rolled on—  
His tribe was scattered to the winds of heaven!  
With broken energies, and spirit riven,  
The hopeless chief was gone!

And he had wandered long,  
Through western wilds, and o'er the prairies vast,  
Where never footstep of the white man passed,  
Or echoed hunter's horn.

Yet ever in his breast,  
A lingering feeling dwelt; the days gone by  
Come fresh upon his soul, and the deep sigh  
Told that he knew not rest.

Again he wandered forth,  
To look upon the well-remembered land;  
Once more upon his native soil to stand,  
Ere he went down to earth.

And there he stood, alone;  
Like the last pine upon a blackened waste,  
When the fierce desolating flame hath passed  
With its low crackling moan.

And like that scar'd tree—  
Of scion, branch, and foliage, all bereft—  
This last of a proud lineage was left  
To tearless misery!

He threw a glance around—  
There once his dwelling stood beneath the shade  
Of a tall oak; and there his children played  
Their gambols on the ground.

There flows the rippling stream,  
That bore so oft his glancing light canoe,  
And sped the hunter as the twilight threw  
Its dim and shadowy beam.

And yonder rise the hills,  
Upon whose craggy sides full oft his bow  
Hath stayed the deer, or brought the wild bird low—  
That thought his bosom thrills!

Beneath yon lonely mound,  
Whose weed-grown sods a saddening story tell,  
His gathered race in one dark chamber dwell;  
'Tis consecrated ground!

Ay, lone one! look thy last;  
Thou standest upon the soil that gave thee birth,  
But not to thee belongs thy native earth;  
Thy name and power are past!

There let thy arrows fall  
Upon that hallowed spot; the morrow's sun  
May see it levelled, and the plough-share run  
Its riot course o'er all.

Where is thy favorite tree,  
In youth and age, thy fondly cherished oak?  
Its pride hath bowed beneath the woodman's stroke!  
This is no place for thee!

The twilight found him there,  
The moon went down upon the desolate one,  
And morning came—the wandering chief was gone,  
To die in his despair!

#### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Persecuted Family; a Narrative of the Sufferings of the Presbyterians in the Reign of Charles II.* By Robert Pollok, A. M. Author of "The Course of Time, A Poem." With a Biographical Memoir of the Author, 18mo. Boston 1829, Crocker and Brewster; New-York, Jonathan Leavitt.

FROM the little work which has now fallen under our observation, we gather some very interesting particulars in relation to the life of Robert Pollok, on whose great work, "The Course of Time," we lately commented. From the Memoir which accompanies the volume, we extract the following passage.

"Mr. Pollok was born at Eaglesham, Ayresshire, in the year 1799. He had the happiness to have parents who, while engaged in agricultural occupations, adorn their profession by their worth and respectability. In the romantic scenes of his native district, which he himself so beautifully describes in his splendid poem, he first caught the inspiration of the muse. Beholding nature with the eye of an enthusiast from his earliest years, the associations of time and place arose before him, and his brilliant imagination enabled him to observe and to impress on his mind, nature's matchless works. While in boyhood, he possessed the reflection of mature years; and he lived not in the frivolities of youth, but in the cultivation of those mental powers which were to raise him to eminence as a man of talent and a poet.

"Mr. Pollok was educated at the University of Glasgow; and after a regular philosophical course in that distinguished seminary, he took his degree of Master of Arts. While attending the University, though perhaps he did not make that brilliant display which ensures for many students the ephemeral honors of a day, he stood high in the estimation of his teachers, and took his place among the most distinguished of his fellow-students. His views were directed to the church, and especially to that portion of it, the United Secession Church, in which he had been educated, and of which his relations were members. Accordingly, he became a student of Theology in the seminary of that numerous body, under the Rev. Dr. Dick of Glasgow. But while he thus looked forward to the ministry of his own communion, he also attended the theological lectures of the Established Church in the University of Glasgow, under the excellent and amiable professor, Dr. Macgill. His prescribed discourses in the divinity hall invariably secured for him the approbation of his teacher; and after the usual attendance of five years, in the spring

of 1827, he was admitted by the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh, a licentiate of the Secession Church, along with a brother, who is at present employed in fulfilling the appointments of the Synod.

"The first public discourse which Mr. Pollok delivered, after becoming a licentiate, was in Rose Street chapel, Edinburgh, of which that popular clergyman, the Rev. John Brown, is minister. It was delivered on the afternoon of Thursday the 3d. of May last year, being the day of humiliation and prayer, before the celebration of the holy communion. Many, we doubt not, who heard him that day, will recollect the profound and eloquent discourse which he delivered, in which there was a brilliant display of poetical imagery, combined with metaphysical acuteness and admirable reasoning; and many, we doubt not, will recollect his feeble appearance, and the exhaustion which was apparent, ere he closed. Alas! disease was then making rapid inroads on his constitution, and his public ministrations were soon to end forever. After the service was concluded, Mr. Pollok was confined to his bed, from the fatigue which he underwent; in a few days, however, he partially recovered.

"But the disease which preyed on Mr. Pollok's constitution, and which was to consign him to the grave, was that which is too often deceptive to many, and especially to its victims. It was consumption. Mr. Pollok did not at first apprehend any serious consequences. He had published his great work, 'The Course of Time;' and he was now, as it were, taking his ease, having committed his splendid poem to the ordeal of public opinion. In the beginning of last summer, he removed from Edinburgh to Slateford, a most romantic village in the parish of St. Cuthbert's, delightfully situated on the rivulet called the Water of Leith, about three miles from the city. There, in the family of the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, minister of the united congregation of Slateford, he was received with the utmost affection and respect. The salubrity of the air, and particular attention to diet, it was fondly anticipated would restore him to vigor, especially as he had youth, and the advantage of the season in his favor. The well-known medical reputation of Dr. Belfrage, too, was fortunate for him in this delightful retirement. At first it was thought that the change of residence would render him convalescent; and he was even able to officiate once or twice in the chapel at Slateford. Finding, however, that his health was not returning, he was, during the summer, induced to take an easy tour to Aberdeen, in the hope that change of air and scene might recruit his exhausted frame. But the expectations of his friends were disappointed; he returned, and it was evident that disease was quickly hastening him to the grave.

"During Mr. Pollok's residence at Slateford, with the amiable family of Dr. Belfrage, he experienced the utmost kindness and attention, from a gentleman of the most distinguished medical reputation in the metropolis,—Dr. Abercromby. This gentleman frequently visited him, and tendered him his medical advice, with his friendly conversation. Many others in the metropolis, both laity and clergy of various denominations, also evinced their respect for him, by their solicitations. Among the former, the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, who, at a public dinner, expressed his opinion of 'The Course of Time;' and the family of Dr. Monro of the University of Edinburgh, who possess the delightful retreat of Craig Lockart, in the immediate vicinity of Slateford, ought not to be forgotten. Among the latter, it is almost needless to particularize names; the clergy of his own communion were specially interested in his welfare. The Rev. John Brown of Rose Street chapel, displayed towards him the kindness of a friend, and did everything in his power to promote his happiness.



"Of the kindness of Dr. Belfrage, Mr. Pollok always spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm. During his residence at Slateford, that gentleman acted towards him as a father and a friend. Every thing which was thought conducive to his comfort was at his command. He was loved and respected by all. His friends and fellow-students in Edinburgh, also, frequently visited him, and cheered him by their conversations on former days. Indeed, Mr. Pollok frequently declared, that he could never repay Dr. Belfrage's attention; and it is, perhaps, a consoling reflection to that excellent clergyman to know, that his kindness was fully appreciated both by Mr. Pollok and his friends, and is still remembered by the latter with very grateful feelings, although the object of it was so soon consigned to the grave.

"But the summer hastened on, and Mr. Pollok still was the subject of disease. It was now thought necessary that a change of climate should be tried, and it was anticipated that the salubrious air of Italy might restore him to health. The Italian city of Pisa, in the grand duchy of Tuscany, was the place selected for his residence. To a mind like his, deeply stored with classical learning, and capable of appreciating the scenes of that delightful country, such a residence must have possessed the highest interest. And had he gone thither, and recovered his health, his enthusiasm would have been excited by the associations of the days of old, when he trod the land of poetry and of song, where the ancient masters of the world had their far-famed city,—where Virgil and Horace sang, where Cicero astonished senates by his eloquence, where Hannibal fought,—where Julius Cæsar fell. Himself a bard, not of the vulgar throng, but of those who, 'though now dead, yet speak,' the shades of the illustrious dead would appear in his mind to hover around him, and to hail him as worthy to receive the applause of posterity. Preparations were accordingly made for his departure, and in the month of August he left Scotland, accompanied by his sister. He proceeded by sea to England, and first went to Plymouth. But the state of his health rendered it impossible for him to go forward, and only the hope remained, that, if spared to the next summer, he would perhaps be enabled to complete his journey. He therefore took up his residence near Southampton. But every hope proved vain. He was destined to fall in the flower of his youth. He lingered till the 15th. of September 1827, when he breathed his last, in the 28th. year of his age, with all the calmness of a believer in the holy religion which he had preached; and expressing his hope in that redemption which he had so divinely sung. No sooner had the mournful tidings reached his friends in Scotland, than his brother hastened to England, to pay the last sad duties to a brother whom he loved. He was buried in the church-yard of the parish in which he died; and the simple, affecting, and beautiful service of the church for the burial of the dead was read over his ashes, when about to be laid in an untimely grave."

"We will not attempt to delineate the character of Mr. Pollok. His friends, public and private, can bear testimony to his many virtues; his excellence lay not in ostentation, but in the quiet and unobtrusive feelings of the heart. His friendship was sincere, his disposition generous, his heart feeling and benevolent; and he loved his friends with that affection which is cherished only by a noble mind. His religion was that of the heart,—a firm and deeply rooted conviction of the truths of our holy faith; he was pious, devout, and humble; free from the conceits of a fancied perfection, and the impulses of a heated enthusiasm; in short, he gave a practical demonstration of the truth, that genuine religion is quiet and unobtrusive, delighting not in the corners of the streets, nor in the vain parade of what is called evangelism, but in hum-

ble, and sincere, and ardent aspirations to the throne of heaven,—in doing good as there is opportunity,—in forgetting not to communicate, knowing that with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Nor was he actuated by that spurious liberality which has unfortunately gained an ephemeral popularity with the zealots of the present day. While he was conscientiously attached to the communion of which he was a member, and the church of which he was a licentiate, his attachment was the result of an honest conviction; and well could he assign a reason for the hope that was in him. But it was not a blind admiration of presbyterian or secession principles; it was not because it was the church of his fathers; nor was he slow to admit the excellences of other communions, nor behind in his homage to the talent which they contained. His mind, in a word, was cast in too noble a mould to be impressed by the petty distinctions and animosities of sectarian prejudice; and his splendid poem can bear testimony to the principles which actuated him in public and private life. As a scholar, a metaphysician, a philosopher, and a poet, he looked around him with the eye of an attentive observer, and his integrity rose superior to the hollow and superficial affectation of a spurious liberality."

Besides the "Course of Time," and the little prose narrative now before us, this gifted young man, whose genius was so early quenched in an untimely grave, was the author of two other beautiful tales, one entitled, "Helen of the Glen," and the other "Ralph Gemmell." Of these, however, it is not our intention now to speak.

"The Persecuted Family" is simply what its title professes—a narrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians in the reign of Charles the Second. In an eloquent preface, the author sets forth the propriety of founding his narrative on the circumstances which he had selected. "The lives and memories of our Christian ancestors," says he, "who suffered so much for the blessings of that civil and religious liberty, which the inhabitants of Britain now enjoy, ought, one would think, to be peculiarly interesting and sacred to us their posterity. Yet so it happens, that while the warrior, who has drained his own country of its wealth, and emptied it of its bravest people, to carry devastation and ruin over other nations, attracts the historic pen minutely to record his deeds, and the genius of poetry, in lofty verse, to sing his praise,—those glorious sufferers, who exposed themselves to the fury of persecution; and, like the true soldier of Jesus Christ, patient, persevering, and zealous, fought in behalf of all that is dear to man, are wholly forgotten by many,—their characters ridiculed, and their actions misrepresented by others,—and the courage with which they suffered for our good, too little admired by all. The patriot, who takes the sword in his hand, and, at the head of his countrymen, makes extraordinary efforts to repel the invasion of an enemy, or to shake the guilty despot from the strong holds of his tyranny, becomes, as he deserves, the subject of warmest eulogy; and there is not a passage in his history which the young and old of his country cannot relate. But if the patriot who has saved his country from an enemy, or rid it of oppression, is worthy of his laurels, is he less worthy, who abandons the comforts of plenty, submits to every privation, and offers himself to every trial, that he may do his duty to God while he lives, and hand down religion in its purity to after generations? With more pomp, indeed, are the steps of the patriot soldier attended; but the sufferings of the persecuted Christian brings more glory to God, and more good to man. The one fights, that he may secure our possessions from plunder, and our bodies from slavery: the other suffers, that he may preserve for us an inheritance which fadeth not away, a peace which passeth understanding, a

liberty which is spiritual, and a life which is eternal. The one fights for the reputation of his country, and our rights as men : the other suffers for the glory of God, and our privileges as immortal beings. Every sigh, we know, of our persecuted ancestors is recorded in heaven ; every tear which they shed is preserved in the bottle of God. Why, then, should their memories not be dear to us, for whom they bled, and for whom they died ?" p. xxv.

The story sets out by introducing to the reader the Reverend Mr. James Bruce, the exemplary and pious head of the family whose sufferings and their melancholy termination form the subject of the interesting little volume. We quote a short passage from the introductory chapter.

"The Rev. Mr. James Bruce, the head of that family whose lives we are briefly to record, was the youngest son of a very respectable gentleman in the upper district of Lanarkshire. In his boyhood he gave such indications of superior talent, and love of piety and learning, as induced his father to educate him for the ministry. During the course of his studies in the university of Glasgow, James applied himself to the various branches of education which were then taught, with an assiduity and success, which proved that his father was no ways wrong in the profession he had chosen for his son. In divine literature, to which the pious bent of his mind, as well as his future views, directed him chiefly, his progress was extremely rapid, and his acquirements solid and extensive. Of controversial Theology he was by no means ignorant : although his mild and peaceful mind delighted itself especially in contemplating the plain truths of the Bible, and how they might be impressed with the happiest effects on the souls of men. The New Testament he read continually ; and his heart was warmed with its love, and his soul fashioned to its precepts. As his judgment was sound, so his feelings were strong. The history of our Saviour's life, and sufferings, and death, made a most extraordinary impression on his mind : and while he read, and loved, and adored, his soul took on the likeness of the great Testator, in the holy simplicity of his character, in resignation to the will of God, in devotion to the duties of religion, and in love to mankind. To those acquirements, without which a minister is ill fitted for his office, he added a pretty extensive knowledge of philosophy and books of taste ; and withal, he was not an unsuccessful student of the human heart.

"The romantic scenery amidst which his childhood had been nursed, had strongly imaged on his mind the pure objects of nature ; and, following his own propensity, as well as imitating the writers of the Bible, he made ample use of them, in summoning them forth to bear witness to God's power, and wisdom, and goodness, and in illustrating by them the doctrines of the gospel.

"With a mind thus prepared, in his twenty-sixth year, Mr. Bruce received a call from the inhabitants of S— (a small village on the waters of Ayr) and its neighborhood, to be their minister. The call, as every minister of sincere heart would wish, was cordial and unanimous. The situation of the village, although this was only a secondary consideration with Mr. Bruce, was such as peculiarly concurred with his feelings and desires. Placed in a sequestered hollow, through which the Ayr led his stream, winding pleasantly, covered with hills, which rose abruptly on every side, giving root to the beech, the oak, and the birch, which interwove their various robes in Nature's taste, the little village seemed to be the very home of pensive goodness and holy meditation. These things urged him to accept the call. Above all, that he might be like his Saviour, continually engaged in his heavenly Father's work, instructing the ignorant, and training immortal spirits for heaven, he gladly com-

plied with the invitation, and was, accordingly, settled among them." p. 37-40.

He soon after becomes united to a beautiful and excellent young lady, the daughter of a neighboring gentleman, towards whom he had long cherished an ardent, and ardently returned, affection. The picture of her domestic happiness which ensues is extremely engaging, written as it is in an easy and unostentatious style. The character of the wife is delineated with a delicacy which charms the reader, and the virtues of the good pastor are unfolded in a way that creates the highest interest for him. Fourteen years rapidly pass away, adding continually to the felicity of the happy pair and the two children that had blessed their union, the elder a boy, named Andrew, and the younger a daughter, Mary. At the expiration of this period, the ill-advised Charles, misled by his English and Irish ministers, and afterwards by the secretary for Scotland, Lauderdale, undertakes to introduce the episcopal form of worship into the latter country. The account of the persecution, violence, and bloodshed that followed this unhappy measure, is given with great vividness and power. In some of the northern districts, the clergy complied without hesitation with the requisition of the government ; but the greater proportion, while they freely acknowledged the civil authority of the king, rejected his spiritual supremacy, and refused to yield obedience to the episcopal judicatories, preferring to suffer the extremity of persecution, to sacrificing what they considered their religious duty.

The bishops, on the other hand, were determined to destroy the covenant and utterly extirpate the Presbyterian form of worship ; and in the course of their cruelties, the family of Mr. Bruce are driven from their homes, and obliged to seek safety in the concealment of a cavern, as the people were forbidden, under the heaviest penalties, to shelter the ejected clergy, or even to give them a morsel of bread. In the silence and secrecy of night, however, the attached flock continued to visit their persecuted pastor, pouring into his rude abode whatever their means allowed to render it comfortable, and still listening, with increased, rather than diminished respect, to his religious exhortations and instructions. On one of these occasions, on a Sabbath night, the hunted pastor, with his family, met, according to previous agreement, with some twenty of his former hearers, in a wild glen in the neighborhood, for the purpose of joining together in worship, when they were suddenly interrupted by the approach of a body of horse.

They had just time to retreat into an adjoining morass, when the soldiers reached the spot where a moment before the fugitives had been lifting their united voices in prayer. Prevented by the softness of the ground and the darkness of the night from entering into a successful pursuit of the fugitives, the officer who commanded the party, with a ferocity characteristic of the times, ordered his men to discharge their carabines amongst the retreating covenanters. Many were wounded by this blood-thirsty act—one mortally so, the wife of the afflicted pastor. She sunk into the arms of her husband, and expired without a groan.

We cannot pause to give any account of the consternation and grief occasioned by this event, and must leave to the readers' imagination all the sorrowful circumstances of the succeeding burial. About this time an incident took place which gave some color to the fury of the persecutors, and increased the severity of their measures. A heavy fine had been laid on a poor old man in the south of Scotland, which being unable to pay, he was seized by the soldiers, who were dragging him to prison, when a handful of peasants gathered together, and effected his rescue. Aware that pardon for this act would not be granted,



they flew to arms. Their number soon increased to two thousand, and in the excited state of feeling, they determined to march to Edinburgh, and demand redress for their grievances. This hasty resolution was put into immediate execution. It is from this part of the work before us that we make our extract.

"The result of this insurrection is well known. Having reached the neighborhood of Edinburgh, reduced, by fatigue or fear, to less than half of their former number, and having effected nothing to better their condition, they were returning peaceably home by the Pentland Hills, when they were pursued and set upon by Dalziel, at that time commander of the king's forces in Scotland. They fought for some time with more spirit than could have been expected from men in their forlorn situation: but a party of soldiers, from another quarter, coming behind them, they were thrown into disorder, and put to flight. Fifty were killed on the spot, (where a very handsome monument has since been erected to their memory) some fell in the pursuit; and a considerable number were taken prisoners. These were treated without mercy. Ten of them were executed on the same scaffold, and their heads and hands sent to Lanark, where, in passing, they had renewed the covenant. Besides these, many were sent into the west country, and executed before their own doors.

"The persecutors had now got, as we have already mentioned, the pretext they wanted; and they hesitated not to proceed to the most wanton and most inhuman cruelties. Dalziel and Drummond, who were now the commanders of the military in the West, added the ferocity of the Muscovites (in which service they had for some time been) to the cool and inflexible cruelty which characterized the persecutors in general. Dragoons were stationed in every village: and even the private men had power to shoot, without any form of trial, all who refused to take the test to government. In no place were the poor scattered members of Scotland's church safe from the vigilant search of their enemies. The ejected clergymen, especially, were pursued with unremitting diligence; and, among these, none were hunted with greater eagerness than Mr. Bruce.

"The curate, Mr. Macduff, who had succeeded to his place, as he disliked all the covenanters, so he hated Mr. Bruce with a perfect hatred. He considered this worthy man, whom he knew to be still lurking about the parish, as the chief cause of preventing the people in that quarter from complying with the established form of worship. The villagers, too, were sometimes bold enough to contrast, even to his face, his character with that of their former minister. These things were sufficient to irritate an ignorant and cruel being, such as Mr. Macduff was, to implacable resentment against Mr. Bruce; and he determined to have him cut off. Night and day, the two spies, whom the curate still entertained, were in search of him: and their search was the more diligent, as government had not only offered a considerable reward for his apprehension, but Mr. Macduff had promised them a handsome sum himself, if they would bring him certain intelligence how this good man might be taken.

"Mr. Bruce, although he seldom left the bounds of his former charge, had still however, eluded their search. He was so esteemed and beloved by the peasants among whom he wandered, that they would have cheerfully risked their own lives to procure the escape or concealment of their pastor. And what was very surprising, such was the faithful secrecy of the inhabitants of the place to whom alone it was known, that although Mr. Bruce had, for several years, made the cave the place of his frequent resort, it had never been discovered by his enemies. An occurrence at length took place, through which the per-

secutors hoped to secure the apprehension of Mr. Bruce.

"Andrew had one afternoon left his father and Mary in the cave, to amuse himself, as he frequently did, with the conversation of a shepherd, who kept his flocks hard by. Scarcely, however, was he half a mile away from the cave, when a party of soldiers, with Macduff, came suddenly upon him. They had been out, we believe, chiefly, that day, for the purpose of killing wild-fowl; but at the same time, they required every one they met to take the test,—an oath by which the party swearing renounced the covenant, owned the king as supreme head of the church, and tendered submission to the then existing ecclesiastical establishment. Andrew, without hesitation, refused to comply. According to the laws, or rather to the lawlessness of the times, this refusal authorized the soldiers to shoot the young man on the spot. But although his dress was that of a peasant, they remarked something so superior and striking in his countenance, as well as in the manner in which he spoke, which immediately led them to the suspicion that he might be the son of some gentleman of rank in disguise, from whom useful discoveries might be elicited, or on whose account a handsome sum of money might be extorted.

"Induced by these considerations, they spared his life for the present, and conducted him a prisoner to the village. On their way thither, they repeatedly endeavored to learn his name; but Andrew, knowing well that if they once knew whose son he was, he should have no chance of escape without discovering his father, was careful to conceal his name. When they reached the village, however, the inhabitants gathered round to see the prisoner; and perceiving the son of their beloved minister, they assailed the soldiers with the most bitter execrations, exclaiming that the judgment of heaven would fall upon them; and crying, at the same time, 'Will you murder the son of our dear minister? Ye have already murdered his wife, and is your cruelty not yet glutted?'

"When Mr. Macduff heard these words, 'The son of our minister,' he looked to Dalziel, who was himself of the party, and said with a smile of grim satisfaction, 'We have made good sport to-day. We shall now get on the scent of the old fox.'

"Dalziel now asked Andrew if he was the son of the rebel Mr. Bruce? for so he termed this meek and peaceable servant of Jesus. Andrew replied boldly, 'I am the son of Mr. Bruce.' This short answer, and the tone and expression of countenance with which it was uttered, convinced Dalziel that they had got a youth to deal with from whom severity would not be likely to elicit much.

"They now shut up Andrew in the church, which for sometime had been more used as a prison than a place of worship; and having placed a guard, retired to consult how they might best draw the desired intelligence of Mr. Bruce from his son.

"The brutal Macduff was for proceeding immediately to torture; but Dalziel, who had better observed Andrew's spirit, resolved to try him first by gentle means. Accordingly, he returned to the young man, and addressed him in the following manner:—

"'Your refusing to take the test, young man,' said Dalziel, 'you know, according to the laws of your country, forfeits your life; and you might be led, without further delay, to execution. But we have no desire to proceed to such an extremity with you. Your appearance has gained you our respect; and we have a strong wish to mitigate the rigor of the law in your case. But this we are not authorized to do, without some little submission on your part. We shall not require of you, however, to take the test, since it seems to be so unacceptable to you. If you will only tell us how we may find your father, you may have

your liberty; and you need not be afraid of your father's life. He has, indeed, rendered himself obnoxious to government; but we promise that his life shall be safe. We shall be careful that nothing worse happen to him than a short imprisonment.'

"To these arguments, he added, that if the young man could find it agreeable to make the necessary compliances, and if he liked the military life, he would endeavor to procure him some honorable post. Or, if he rather wished to prepare himself for the church, he would recommend him to those from whom he might expect preferment.

"Andrew, distrusting the promises Dalziel had made concerning his father, as much as he despised the offers proposed to himself, looking firmly in the soldier's face, absolutely refused to make any discovery of his father.

"'Torture,' exclaimed Macduff, who stood by, 'will make you reveal what our mercy has failed to do.'

"'Yes,' said Dalziel, 'we still promise that your father's life shall not be touched. But if you will not make the discovery we want, we have torture prepared that shall make you speak out. And if you still persist in your refusal, your own life shall pay for your obstinacy. We leave you till to-morrow morning to consider, whether you will accept your own liberty, with no serious danger to your father, or expose yourself to torture and death, which may perhaps, not preserve him long from our hands.' So saying, the inquisitors withdrew, to spend the night in mirth and revelry.

"Andrew, who had no doubt that the promises made concerning his father would be broken the moment his persecutors had it in their power, determined, without hesitation, not to say a single word that might lead to his apprehension. Aware also that what had been threatened against himself would be most certainly executed, he prepared for meeting it like a man and a Christian.

"As it chanced that night, there was no prisoner in the church except Andrew. In and around the church, as it stood at a little distance from the village, all was stillness, save when it was broken by the guard chanting a verse of a song, or cursing the times, which kept them on foot at midnight. The interior of the building was faintly lighted by the moonbeams that glimmered through the old gothic windows. From the windows Andrew could see the manse, half concealed amidst aged trees. He saw, too, the pulpit, where, from his father's lips had often dropped the word of life. He looked to the seat where he used to sit with Mary and his mother: he cast his eye on the manse, where they had lived so happily. But his mind soon hurried from these objects to what the family had suffered since persecution had driven them from their home. They had wandered on the mountains: they had endured cold, and fatigue, and fasting: at midnight, in the depth of winter, they had been often unsheltered from the severity of the weather. His mother, so tender, so affectionate, had already fallen by the hands of their persecutors; and her ashes lay cold in the loneliness of the moor. His father and sister were at this moment lurking in a forlorn cave, and in bitterness of soul on his account. He himself was a lonely prisoner, to-morrow to feel the agonies of torture, and to be cut down like a tree in the verdure of spring. These were the sorrowful and oppressive thoughts which forced themselves on the mind of the young man.

"Andrew, as we have already said, had by nature sufficient of that boldness and fortitude of spirit, which bends not easily beneath misfortune; and the many sufferings and hardships he had endured, had only served to call forth and strengthen the natural firmness of his mind: for although trying circumstances

may depress and overwhelm the weak and the timid, they never fail to summon forth the energies and heighten the courage of a vigorous spirit.

"But Andrew trusted not to the bravery of human strength. He set himself not, like the distressed hero, of romance, to call up the natural fortitude of his soul, and to prepare to meet all the evils that were gathering around him in the strength of man-created might. He had been taught that the strength of man is weakness; his wisdom folly; and all the resolutions of his natural bravery, fear and trembling at the approach of death. And he turned himself to the throne of that God whom he had always served, knowing he had sufficient help to give in every time of need; and in the fervor of confiding prayer, sought the protection of his power, which no being can resist: the guidance of his wisdom, which never errs; and the comforts of his free grace, which can never be exhausted. He had seen the wickedness and deceitfulness of his own heart, he had been made acquainted with the strictness and purity of God's law; and he thought not of preparing to meet his God in the uprightness of his own character. But he looked with a humble and believing eye to the cross of Christ; and on the atonement which he has made, he placed all his hopes of justification and acceptance with God. Verily, he put no trust in an arm of flesh; but he took unto him the whole armor of God: his loins girt about with truth; having on the breast-plate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit. While the afflictions of this world were thickening around him, and the terrors of death before his face, he had the peace of God dwelling in his heart, the hope of eternal life brightening in heavenly vision; and he could sing, in prison, and in the loneliness of midnight, The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man can do unto me. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. He felt that, strong in the all-sufficiency of God, nothing could seduce him from his duty; none of the powers of wickedness could wound his soul. Verily, the Christian's weapons,

"——— from the armory of God,  
Are given him tempered so."

"While Andrew was engaged in such thoughts as these, his father and sister, in the solitude of their cave, were deeply afflicted on his account. The shepherd, to meet whom Andrew had left them, observed him apprehended, and carried the tidings to his father. Mary wept for her brother as if he had been already dead; and Mr. Bruce feared the worst. He knew, and he was proud at the thought, that Andrew would not renounce his religion. He was well aware, also, that no mercy from the persecutors was to be expected for his son. Those into whose hands he had fallen, he could easily foresee, would leave no cruelty unexercised against the son of one who was so hated by them, and whose life they had so eagerly sought. The distressed father thus looked upon the death of his son as almost certain. And, if ever a father had reason to love a son, or be grieved at the intimation of his untimely death, that father was Mr. Bruce.

"Andrew was an only son. From his childhood, till the present time, when he was in his nineteenth year, he had been his constant companion. He had watched with the tenderest care the development of his faculties; turned their energies into the proper channel; and he had seen his care rewarded, by the rapid progress his son had made in the acquirement of knowledge. His talents, the acquisitions he had already made, his love of learning and his devotedness to religion, warranted the highest hopes of his future usefulness and respectability in the world.

"This was enough to render Andrew peculiarly



dear to his father. But he had more than this to draw his son nearer to his heart. Andrew had been his companion in suffering: and the calm and unmurmuring manner in which he had endured the severest hardships, had not only taught his mother and sister to bear their afflictions with patience, but even Mr. Bruce had frequently learnt courage and constancy from his son. Those who have suffered much together, have had opportunities of remarking one another's qualities, and of endearing themselves to each other by numberless offices of kindness, which can never have occurred to those who have passed all their days in prosperity. These opportunities had been too often afforded to the minister and his family. Andrew had gradually become the second hope in which they relied. In all his wanderings he had scarcely ever left his father's side. He had watched with him, at cold midnight, on the side of the mountains and in the glen of the desert: he had fled with him, from the fell pursuit of the enemy, exposed to the storms and darkness of winter: he had hungered with him, he had mourned with him, he had endured every hardship with him: and, in all, he had been his father's comforter, and had shewed him the most ardent filial affection. It was this son whom Mr. Bruce was now, in all likelihood, to see taken from him by the merciless hand of persecution, in the very spring of his days. And we need not wonder, if he found it hard, in this instance, to submit with resignation to the unsearchable appointment of heaven.

"But, if the trial was severe, he had the best comfort which a parent can have, when he sees a beloved child about to be wrested from him by the hand of death. He had every reason, however, to believe, that whatever his enemies might accomplish against the life of his son, his soul would be received into the bosom of his God.

"Now consoling himself and his daughter with those sure and certain consolations, derived from that trust and confidence in God, which the holy scriptures point out as the duty of every Christian, under the most severe afflictions,—now turning to the throne of grace, in prayer for his son,—and again giving way to all the depth and bitterness of paternal sorrow,—he spent the night in the gloomy cave, hoping, sometimes, that the morrow's light would bring him an account of his son's escape; and yet fearing, often, it would announce his death.

"Next morning, Dalziel and Macduff entered the church; and the former instantly asked Andrew, if he had come to a resolution about what had been proposed last night?

"My duty was so plain," said Andrew, "that it required no deliberation. I am prepared to die."

"But you are, perhaps, not prepared for torture," said Macduff with a grin of fiend-like malignity, pointing to a thumbkin which one of the spies, whom we formerly mentioned, held in his hand, by the curate's side. "That will make you speak out."

"Andrew glanced an eye of scorn on the curate, looked without emotion at the instrument of torture, and remained silent.

"Dalziel then asked him if he would not send some one to his father, to persuade him to deliver himself up to them? again repeating the promise of safety to his father's life.

"Thrust your sword through my body," said Andrew; "but think not to extract from my lips one word, by all the tortures which you can inflict, that may lead to the discovery of my father. My only fear is that he may hear of my danger and deliver up himself."

"Try that on your thumb, then," said Dalziel, ordering the spy, at the same time, to apply the instrument of torture, while the dragoons, that kept guard, held the young man, to prevent resistance.

"The thumbkin was an instrument of exquisite torture; and on this occasion it was applied without mercy. For some time Andrew bore the pain it occasioned with a firm and unchanging countenance; but as the instrument was screwed closer and closer to his thumb, the color in his face came and went rapidly, and he writhed himself with agonizing pain.

"Dalziel seeing it was in vain to expect any discovery, was just about to order the tormenter to desist, when Macduff prevented him, by saying, 'another twist yet; it may have more virtue in it.' An obedient spirit of wickedness turned the screw; and the thumb of the young man was heard crashing within the instrument. Nature could bear no more. The blood entirely forsook his face, and he fell down in a swoon.

"Fearing that their hopes of yet eliciting something might be disappointed by the immediate death of the sufferer, they hastened to relax the instrument. And as soon as Andrew had recovered a little, he was asked whether he would endure the same again, or discover his father.

"You may torture me to death," said he, in a firm and resolute tone; "but I trust in God, in the Rock of my Salvation; and you cannot touch my soul. It is covered by the shield of the Almighty. You shall not wring one word from me to endanger my father. The Lord comfort him."

"Having tried the torture again, with the same effect, Dalziel by nature and habit cruel, and enraged that his cruelty had entirely failed in the purposes for which it had been exercised in this instance, ordered the young man immediately to be led forth to execution; alleging Andrew's refusal to take the test as a ground for this proceeding, although the true reason was his refusal to discover his father. Hanging, as being the most ignominious of deaths, was that appointed by Andrew: and the gibbet, on this occasion, was an old elm-tree, near the manse, under which he and Mary had often frolicked in the days of their childhood. He had just been led to the foot of the tree, and the spy who was the only one to be found who would undertake the task, was fixing the fatal rope to one of the branches, when the attention of all present was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young woman, who, screaming wildly, rushed through among the soldiers, and clasped her arms around Andrew's neck.

"This was his sister. One of the villagers, who, on the preceding night had learned the determination of Dalziel with regard to Andrew, before day, went to the cave, and informed Mr. Bruce.

"I will go and put myself into their hands," exclaimed Mr. Bruce as soon as he heard the tidings. 'Better that I die than lose my son.' And he was making ready to leave the cave, for this purpose, when Mary laid hold of him, and beseeched him not to go.

"They will murder you both," said she, weeping; "and what will become of me? Rather let me go. I will plead for my brother's life; and surely I will move their compassion."

"No," said her father; "you know them not. The tiger of the desert hath more of compassion than they. I know with what violence they hate me and my family. No, no: nothing but my death will save my son. But why do I thus tarry here? Perhaps they lead him out even now to execution."

"Go not, my father, I beseech you," said Mary. "Do you think that your death will save Andrew? O no, my dear father: they will murder you both. I shall be left alone in the world. Be persuaded, my dearest father. Let me go. I am sure they will have pity on us."

"Mr. Bruce, considering that it was indeed likely that his delivering himself up would not procure the liberty of his son,—a spirited young man, deeply im-

bued with principles at variance with the existing establishments,—and imagining that the tears and entreaties of Mary, which appeared to him so eloquent, might excite some compassion in the hearts of those into whose hands Andrew had fallen: and taking pity on his daughter, who, he saw, would be left in a state of distraction if he went to give himself up, looked sorrowfully upon her, and, wiping a tear from his eye, said—

“Go, then, my daughter: but stop,—I may lose you too. Who knows where their cruelty will end? But, no, no. They will have pity on your youth and your tears. Surely there is not, in the form of a man, aught so cruel that will murder my children. God will protect you. Haste you, my daughter. It is your brother’s life that calls you. Haste to the village; and the Lord be with you and my son.” The distressed father then knelt, to wrestle at the throne of grace: while Mary flew, with the speed of lightning to the village.

“She arrived as we have seen, just soon enough to have an opportunity of trying what her entreaties could do. The apparatus of death, which she noticed at her approach, and her brother, standing bound between two soldiers, had so terrified her, that it was some time before she could so recover herself, as to be able to speak.

“‘You have come,’ said Andrew to her, when she had recovered a little; ‘you have come to afflict yourself in vain. My death is determined.’

“‘No, they will not kill you,’ replied his sister: ‘these men will not kill you. And then falling on her knees before Dalziel, whom she knew, by his dress, to be of the highest authority, and with tears fast flowing down her face, more lovely in grief, thus addressed him:—

“‘Have pity on my brother. If you knew how my father and I love him, you would not kill him. I am sure he has never hurt you. Ever since we were driven from the manse, he has lived peacefully in the moors. He has lived with me: and I never saw him do injury to any one. Have pity, sir, on our family. You have already taken our dear mother from us: and will you now take from me an only brother, and from my father an only son? O, sir, have you no son, that you may know what my father will feel? Have you no brother, dear to you as mine is to me? My dear, dear brother! O, let him go, and I will die in his place!’

“These words, when uttered by Mary, were eloquent; and Dalziel felt some movements of humanity within him.

“‘If your father will put himself into our hands,’ said he, ‘we will save the life of your brother.’

“‘Wicked and unfeeling wretch!’ exclaimed Andrew, interposing here; ‘wicked and inhuman wretch! wouldst thou have her save her brother’s life at the expense of her father’s? Nor would you set me at liberty, though my father were in your hands. Entreat them no more, my dear sister,—Weep not for me. I suffer with joy, for the glory that is before me. Leave me, dear Mary. Go; and if ever you see our father, tell him I died with joy for the liberties and religion of Scotland. Tell him not to regret that he did not deliver himself up. It would have been certain death to him, and would not have saved me. Tell him, that I am prouder to lay down my life for him, and for the righteous cause in which Scotland suffers, than if I had been lifted up to the loftiest pinnacle of human distinction. Dear sister, be you comforted. I go to our mother. I go to the enjoyments of heaven. You and my father will soon follow: and there we shall again dwell together in peace, far beyond the change and turbulence of time.’

“Dalziel had been, as we have already observed, rather moved by Mary’s entreaties; and still as he

saw her turning from her brother’s embrace, and again casting herself down before him in the agonies of unspeakable grief, he felt something like the kindness of compassion hovering about his heart; and he looked to Macduff, with an eye that said, ‘Might we not have some mercy on this girl?’

“The curate, with a look of horrible ferocity, and in a tone of reproach, replied,—‘Will you be drawn from your duty by the snivelling of girls? If you pardon rebels for their tears, you will surely be accounted a very merciful man; and the government will certainly sustain the grounds of pardon.’

“Dalziel, as if ashamed that he had shown he yet possessed some little human feeling, without waiting a moment ordered the executioner to proceed. At this word, Mary shrieked wildly, fainted, and was immediately carried towards the village by some women who had gathered around her on her arrival.

“Andrew now mounted the scaffold, which had been erected beside the old elm. Here he was again asked, if he would not save his life by complying with the terms formerly offered. The young Christian, strong in the might of God, regarding his tempters with a look of indignation, remained silent. ‘Prepare, then, instantly to die,’ said Dalziel.

“Andrew kneeled down; and, having recommended his soul to the care of God, he arose, and exclaimed, ‘Farewell, my father,’ as if he could have heard him. ‘Farewell, my sister. The light of the sun, the hopes of earth, farewell! And O, holy Father, ere I depart, hear my cry. In thy mercy haste to deliver the suffering people of Scotland. Now, welcome death; and welcome eternity!’ When he had thus said, the executioner did as he had been ordered: and the soul of this Christian hero fled away to receive the crown of life.

“What suffering was here! What did a father and a sister feel! and how might they have escaped it all? If they had deserted the cause of liberty and religion; if they had submitted tamely to those chains, which a licentious and tyrannical government had forged for them, and which, but for their noble resistance, and that of their fellow-sufferers, might this day have been fastened around our necks, this persecuted family might have lived in peace, in their manse, undisturbed and uninjured by the troubles of the times. But their souls despised the thought. They had the glory of God in their view,—they had the liberty of their country at their heart,—they had the welfare of us, their posterity, before their eyes,—and, without a murmur, they laid down their lives in the righteous cause.

“Is there no one that loves to wander about Zion ‘and the flowing brooks beneath, that wash her halloved feet,’ and to sing on sacred harps the achievements of the saints? Is there no one warmed with the flame of their devotion, and touched near the heart with their patriotic sufferings, that will twine laurels to their sacred memory into the sweet numbers of immortal melody? Is the theme not soft enough for the refined ear of modern taste, or is it too sacred for the song of the bard? But why should we call for the poet’s lyre? Even now, their praises sound from harps angelic: ‘What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence come they?’ ‘These are they,’ respond the choirs of heaven, ‘these are they which come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains; and God shall wipe away their tears.



"After the execution, Dalziel and Macduff having stood for a little while glutting their eyes with the effects of their cruelty, or rather, of the government under which they served, Macduff, sadly disappointed at the failure of this attempt to draw Mr. Bruce into his hands, said to Dalziel, might we not try what torture would elicit from the daughter? She might be less obstinate; or the father moved, by her sufferings, might deliver himself up to us.

"Inhuman man, replied Dalziel, touched with some compunctious visitings of nature, 'wouldst thou lay thy hand on the distracted girl? No. I will not permit it. Let us find the father as we may. But the daughter shall not be touched.'

"Macduff being thus reproved by one who was noted for his inflexible rigor towards the covenanters, ignorant, savage, crocodile-like as he was, seemed to feel a slight movement of shame; and, without resuming the subject, said to Dalziel, 'Let us go and despatch the prisoners whom the soldiers brought in this morning.'

"The corpse of the martyred youth was left hanging upon the tree till evening, when some of the villagers ventured to take it down; and, having dug a grave beneath the shade of the elm, laid the remains of the son of their minister in the narrow house."

The murder of her brother produced such an effect on poor Mary, that she never recovered the blow, and dying soon after, left her lone parent the sole survivor of the once happy family. But he, too, was destined speedily to follow his partner and his children to the grave. The secret of his abode was at last discovered by the treachery of a pretended follower; and he was shot down, while kneeling in prayer on the flinty floor of the cavern which had for so long a time afforded him concealment.

The story, our hasty sketch of which we have now brought to a close, is possessed of great interest, independent of that which will attach to it as one of the earliest productions of Pollok's gifted mind. We opened the book principally with the purpose of gleaning from it the biographical account with which we commenced this article; but the engaging nature of the story it prefaces has led us, almost unawares, to a much greater extent of quotation than we had by any means intended.

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*Twelve Years' Military Adventures in Three Quarters of the Globe: or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East India Company, between the Years 1802 and 1814, in which are contained the Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington in India, and his last in Spain and the South of France.* 2 vols. 12mo. New-York, republished, 1829. E. Bliss, and others.

THIS is a work of military anecdotes, many of them very amusing, equally many, and perhaps more, very silly, and a large proportion of them exceedingly "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The author may have been a good fighter, but he is a very poor writer. He appears to possess but little original strength or brilliancy of mind, and still less of acquired knowledge, except on the single subject of his profession. The production of these trashy volumes, is evidently owing to two great causes: one, the unhealthy cravings of the public appetite in the English metropolis for literary novelties; and the other, the disease under which the author evidently labors, learnedly called, *cacoethes scribendi*. We shall, without further comment, quote some samples from this narrative of twelve years' military adventures, and leave the reader to judge of the whole by the specimen we afford him. The author states in the very outset of his work, that he was chosen for the military profession as being the greatest dunce in his father's family; and we

find no reason, in the perusal of his pages, to discredit the assertion.

The following anecdote we give the first place to. The first part of it is only a new version of a very old story—as old as Joe Miller's jest-book, for ought we know. A sea-captain, having invited certain guests to dine with him on board his vessel, and well knowing that his table equipage was none of the most splendid, thought proper to give some preliminary instructions to his cabin-boy, by which it might appear that the scantiness of his accommodations was the result of accident, and not of poverty. Among other directions, he told the boy that, when he should inquire for the ivory-handled knives, he must make reply that they had been sent ashore to be ground. In his confusion of ideas, however, the preconcerted rejoinder was unfortunately given by the poor boy, in answer to a question of where was the pine-apple cheese, thus creating a laugh at his master's expense, and perhaps, as in the case of the maty-boy, purchasing a whipping for himself. The following is the anecdote, as we have it in the work before us.

"An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign—whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say—had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity in framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth? The answer was, 'Master not got;' with which reply, after apologizing to his guests, he was compelled for the present to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India) for exposing his poverty to the company: desiring him another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial. 'Where are all the spoons?' cried the apparently enraged master. 'Gone washerman, sair!' was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a teacup did duty for the soup-ladle. The probable consequence of this unlucky exposure of the domestic economy of the host, namely, a sound drubbing to the poor maty-boy, brings to my mind an anecdote, which, being in a story-telling vein, I cannot resist the temptation of introducing. It was related to me, with great humor, by one of the principals in the transaction, whose candor exceeded his fear of shame. He had been in the habit of beating his servants, till one in particular complained that he would have him before Sir Henry Gwillam, then chief justice at Madras, who had done all in his power to suppress the disgraceful practice. Having a considerable balance to settle with his maty-boy on the score of punishment, but fearing the presence of witnesses, the master called him one day into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, at some distance from the house. 'Now,' said he, as he shut the door and put the key into his pocket, 'you will complain to Sir Henry Gwillam, will you? There is nobody near to bear witness to what you may say, and with the blessing of God, I'll give it to you well.' 'Master sure nobody near?' asked the Indian. 'Yes, yes, I have taken good care of that.' 'Then I give master one good beating.' And forthwith the maty-boy proceeded to put his threat into

execution, till the master, being the weaker of the two, was compelled to cry mercy; which being at length granted, and the door opened with at least as much alacrity as it was closed, Maotoo decamped, without beat of drum, never to appear again." p. 47-8.

The annexed anecdote of the ingenuity of the Bheels in pilfering, may afford some amusement.

"The Bheels, or professed robbers, who abound in this part of India, are notoriously expert in the art of thieving. Indeed, it is not surprising that they should be so; for they are brought up to their trade from their infancy. Several of the officers had their tents entered by a slit cut in the walls, and some articles of value carried off. They managed the business so well, that they were seldom caught in the fact, and even if you did chance to lay hold of them, they would slip through your hands like eels, being stripped quite naked, and oiled all over for that purpose. A remarkable instance of their ingenuity and dexterity in their art was related to me by an officer who witnessed the circumstance. A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure a Bheel who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner: the Bheel approaching the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side, when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph." p. 55.

At the time mentioned in the next anecdote which we copy, a great mortality had prevailed amongst the baggage cattle of the army, in consequence of it being almost impossible to obtain forage for them. In connection with this circumstance, the author tells the following story.

"Here I cannot omit mentioning a curious circumstance which I witnessed about this time, a consequence of the privation undergone by these unfortunate beasts. Lolling one day in my tent, ruminating on the hardships of a soldier's life, and on the shifts to which he is often reduced, my eyes and my thoughts were naturally attracted to my poor cattle, who stood picketed at a short distance with nothing to chew but the cud of disappointment, having waited since morning in eager expectation of the return of a foraging party. I observed one of those, whose well defined ribs bore testimony to the scantiness of his fare, gradually stretching out his head to a turban, belonging to one of my servants, which happened to lie within the length of his tether. After giving it a turn or two with his nose, I suppose to ascertain the possibility of its being masticated, he seized the loose end in his mouth, and actually began to swallow it; and as the voluminous folds of the turban unrolled, so fast did they disappear down the throat of the bullock, until, of at least ten yards of stuff, there remained only a small bit pendant from his jaws. I was so amused with the whole process, that I could not find it in my heart to stop him; but lay on my couch observing his operations for at least an hour. Another minute, and the turban, which had nearly reached its latter end, would have been safely deposited in the stomach of the bullock to be brought up for rumination at a favorable opportunity. Just at this critical moment the owner returned, when looking about for his turban, he beheld the end dangling from the mouth of the animal. He flew at the bullock, and seizing the only visible portion of his garment, pulled and pulled, hand over hand, while the tattered, but still connected, cloth came forth, like a measuring tape out of its case. The man's rage and gestures at the destruction of his turban, the beast's astonishment at the novel kind of emetic he was undergoing, and the attitudes of both, formed a scene absolutely irresistible." p. 59-60.

The cogency of the author's reasoning, in the annexed passage, on the subject of duelling, must excite the admiration of every reader. We do not think it necessary to enter into any argument on the question which our military logician decides in such an off-hand and cavalier manner; and indeed we only cite the paragraph to afford the reader a convincing proof of the writer's stupidity and flippancy. There was a time when authorship was considered a difficult task, and when men of strong minds and the most cultivated intellect, hesitated before they gave their effusions to the public; but the modern rage for book-making has created more authors than there are readers; and works on every subject, from metaphysics down to military adventures, are continually issuing from

"Skulls that cannot teach and will not learn."

"Our loss on this occasion was severe. Among the killed was a Captain Grant of the 78th. regiment, who, at the time of the attack, was under arrest for having been engaged in a duel with a brother officer, who fell in the encounter. The opponents had been intimate friends till the dispute which caused the fatal event. Such was the effect on Captain Grant that he became careless of life, and, although incapacitated by his situation for military duties, he courted death on the first opportunity, and was among the foremost that mounted the ladders. Thus were two officers of bravery and experience lost to the service from a mistaken sense of honor. Not that I mean altogether to condemn the practice of duelling; but on actual service it is the duty of a soldier to preserve his life for his country, and not to hazard it in a personal encounter with his brother soldier. Where duty does not interfere, there are cases certainly in which the calls of honor are paramount, and in which a gentleman must expose his life for the good of society. But these are so rare, that the law very properly discountenances the practice of duelling. Still I must admit that I think it a necessary evil, and one to which society is more indebted for its present polish than to all the systems of ethics that have been promulgated since the foundation of the world. To this practice handed down to us from the chivalric ages, may be principally ascribed that mutual forbearance and courtesy which distinguish the upper classes in these times from those of any preceding period, and which, naturally descending to the lower orders, has a beneficial effect upon the manners of the people. This may be fairly inferred, by comparing the public speeches of modern orators with those of the most eloquent among the ancients, which have been handed down to us, as well as by reference to the most famous poets of antiquity, whose heroes have invariably been bullies, with whom the tongue was a principal weapon. In short, there was no such thing known as that most noble of all titles, a gentleman, for which a man of honor is indebted to no one but himself; which it is in the power of every educated person, possessed of the means of clothing himself respectably, to acquire and maintain; which, bowing to nothing but to the law, and disowning all privileges but those of merit, makes the cadet fit company for the peer; and which, by breaking down the lofty barriers of aristocracy, and reducing the self-inflated pride of money, has shown itself eminently calculated to promote the cause of liberty and of civilization throughout the world. Having said thus much in defence of the practice of duelling, I may now add, that the good of which it may have been productive having had its full effect on society, it would be better if it were now altogether discontinued. Indeed, I am happy to observe that the practice is quite on the decline, and that better and more Christian principles are fast superseding the laws of honor." p. 78-9.

The flippancy of the above remarks is surpassed by



the pompous stultiloquence of the following. The author is speaking of Bonaparte.

"Instead of complaining of the British Government for sending him to St. Helena, he ought to have been thankful that he was not given up to Blücher. As Fouché says in his Memoirs, 'He should have died at Waterloo.' Would any man of honor, unless prevented by religion, (and we cannot attribute that motive to him,) have survived the destruction of his army on that occasion? He wished to remain in England forsooth! But who would have trusted him after his escape from Elba? That was a treacherous and a barbarous act. It was treachery to the Allied Powers, and barbarity towards France, which had already shed so much blood for him, again to embroil her in a war which could not possibly end in success; for France, reduced within her ancient limits, and thinned as she was in population, could not be expected to stand against the accumulated power of Europe. His return, however, was productive of good; for the French nation had not then been sufficiently humbled for the repose of Europe; or the mass of brigands, of which her army was composed, were still strong enough to weigh down the peaceably disposed part of the community; and it seemed as if Providence had sent back Bonaparte to complete what was wanting to secure the tranquility of France, and the peace of her neighbors. The battle of Waterloo did this effectually. It humbled the nation, as far as it is possible to humble a Frenchman, and it laid at rest some thousands of brigands. I am sorry to have to apply this epithet to any persons belonging to the profession of arms: but, in my opinion, it is an honorable profession only so long as it is employed in an honorable cause, and in an honorable way; neither of which can be fairly claimed for the French armies since the Revolution, even by their warmest advocates. As for Bonaparte himself, he lived a brigand, and he died a brigand, as the last act of his life testified, by the legacy which he bequeathed to the man who attempted the life of his conqueror! In short, it is all false feeling with regard to him. Was he the more deserving of pity for having been a despot! His fall was great indeed; but not so great, and not much more sudden, than his rise; and if he had not magnanimity to bear his reverses, he was undeserving of compassion."

With one single additional remark, we close these volumes—amidst a mass of chaff, the reader will find a few grains of amusement; but he who shall seek for these, will be poorly compensated for his time and trouble.

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*A Discourse on the Character and Public Services of De Witt Clinton, delivered before the Association of the Alumni of Columbia College, at their Anniversary, 6th. May, 1829. By James Renwick, M. A. Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry. 8vo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.*

WE cannot pay the able writer of this Discourse a higher compliment, than by saying he has done as much justice to his theme as the limits of an Alumni address would well permit. In the first few pages we perceive a kind of laboring to get into his subject; but when he has once fairly started, he moves along with a power and grace which entitle him to much credit. The view which he takes of the character and public services of the great man whose loss the country must long deplore, is at once comprehensive and impartial, and exhibits, on the part of Mr. Renwick, a mind capable of nice discrimination and accurate reasoning, neither dazzled by the brilliancy of greatness, nor astounded by the clamor of fame. As

a specimen of the style of this production, we quote the few following paragraphs.

"In distant parts of our country, and in foreign nations, no other name is known in connexion with the canals of the State of New-York, except that of Clinton; and the verdict of these remote districts, is the type of what will be the sentence of posterity. Other men have no doubt been eminently and especially useful, and among them all no name appears more conspicuous than that of our venerable chairman. It is fair and proper, nay, an act of duty that their several merits should be commemorated; but although it may appear invidious—nay, even dangerous, to celebrate the acts of the illustrious dead, when there are many living who claim a part of his honors, I must not fail in my duty, nor refrain from boldly expressing my conviction, that while the name of Clinton is united by bonds, that no lapse of time can sever, to the greatest public work of modern times, those of all his coadjutors, however meritorious, must gradually sink into oblivion.

"Such is the course of things. In all great human works, the physical strength, or mental energy of any one individual is far from being competent to their successful accomplishment, or even to their advantageous commencement. There are innumerable instances, where, without the most minute and extensive division of labor, the work would be incapable of execution, yet in them all there is some definite and distinctive action of some one superior mind; to this we on all occasions ascribe the credit, however laboriously or skilfully, the rest of the task may have been performed. Of this truth we find innumerable instances in every department to which human industry is directed.

"Those who have seen a splendid picture, which recently and perhaps still decorates the gallery of the Luxembourg, have, even if unskilled in the handling of great masters, been compelled spontaneously to acknowledge in it, a grace and ideal beauty, that, of all the Flemish school, Vandyck alone could bestow; a decided character in the animals that are introduced in the composition, never attained except by Snyders; a finish and a labor in the execution of many of the parts worthy of a Teniers. Yet to no one of these hands can be ascribed the entire work, in which these varied excellences appear as mere accessories to the perfection of art it exhibits. Still each of these artists, and others now nameless, have borne their share in the labor; upon none of them however, nor upon all united, is the name of painter bestowed. This glorious epithet is the attribute of Rubens alone, whose directing mind united the various talents of his pupils, into one consistent and harmonious whole—the Triumph of the Christian Faith—but which may, even more justly, be entitled the triumph of the pictorial art.

"In the hall of the Belvidere stands a statue, the admiration of the civilized world. Scores of laborers toiled to extract the mass from the quarry, numerous stone-cutters united their exertions to dress it into a more shapely form, and artists of enviable skill and talent must have borne their share of labor, in fitting it for the last touches and finish of the master. Yet to the last alone do we ascribe the honor, and search with painful interest through the annals of the ancient world, for the name of that unrivalled sculptor who stamped the dignity of a deity upon the human form, in the semblance of the Pythian Apollo.

"A fire destroyed the ancient Basilic of the Vatican. Successive popes and architects toiled among the ruins, each with a different object, and their works were without any plan, heterogeneous, and unconnected. At length Michael Angelo surveyed the incongruous mass, and warmed by the contemplation of the finest remains of Roman splendor, exclaimed 'I will

raise the Pantheon upon the temple of peace! From that instant, the discordant parts combined in harmony, the varying and fluctuating designs of his predecessors were made to unite in advancing one common end; and the bad taste, the vanity and presumption of succeeding architects, the caprice of an ever-varying elective, yet despotic government, have failed of depriving it of that grandeur of conception, which makes the Church of St. Peters the most sublime edifice ever erected by the hand of man."

In concluding his eloquent address, Mr. Renwick expresses himself with becoming warmth against the short-sightedness and illiberality of that policy by which Clinton was removed from the office of Canal Commissioner. After expressing his opinion, that, in after ages, Clinton's name will stand conspicuous and alone as the author of that great work which has given to our state a proud pre-eminence in the confederation, he terminates his Discourse with the following eloquent and pertinent remarks.

"Did not even-handed justice insure this, the very acts of his enemies have fixed his name in such intimate connexion with the canal, that no effort can now separate them. When Clinton was removed from the office of Canal Commissioner, and when his children were refused the compensation justly earned by the labor of their father, the jealousy that was evinced defeated its own object.

"His envious countrymen subjected Aristides to the ostracism, because they were tired of hearing him called the just, and thus attached an epithet to his name that must descend with it until man ceases to read, or to seek for knowledge; and when an envious legislature, tired of hearing Clinton's praises, as the great leader of the Canal policy of our state, deprived him of any share in the management, they affixed a seal to his merit that ages cannot efface."

It may not be improper, perhaps, to introduce in the present article a short biographical summary of the life of the illustrious man whose public services form the topic of the Discourse, from which the above extracts have been made. For the materials for this sketch we are principally indebted to Dr. David Hosack's interesting Memoir.

De Witt Clinton was born at the residence of his father, in Little Britain, Orange county, on the second of March, 1769. His ancestors were originally of English extraction; but for several generations had resided in Ireland, which country his grandfather left in 1729, intending to emigrate to America, and settle in the province of Pennsylvania. Being driven by contrary winds, however, upon the shore of Cape Cod, he remained in that vicinity for the better part of two years, when he removed with his family, and others who had accompanied him to this country, to a part of Ulster, now Orange county, in this state. In 1773, this Mr. Clinton died, leaving a family of five children—a daughter born in Ireland, and four sons, natives of this country, one of whom, James, marrying Miss De Witt, gave birth to the subject of our memoir.

The rudiments of De Witt Clinton's education were imparted to him by the Rev. John Moffatt, whose instruction was afterwards exchanged (in 1782) for that of Mr. John Addison, at that time principal of the Academy at Kingston, where he was prepared for college. His early education, says Professor Renwick, was received at a period extremely unfavorable. The long revolutionary contest had driven from their quiet occupations to take a share in active struggles, on one or the other side, nearly all who were eminent in the profession of instructors. Of the ancient academies of the state, but one—the one already named—was kept upon even a tolerable footing, and even this felt, for a moment, the devastating effects of the struggle. In this, although restricted in its means,

was Clinton compelled to seek the foundation of his future usefulness. Who is there that will not agree with Mr. Renwick that his literary productions may notwithstanding be adduced as splendid evidences of the power that genius, aided by perseverance and industry, can exert, in giving delicacy to taste, and grace and energy to style?

In 1784, De Witt Clinton entered the junior class of Columbia college. "This Institution," (we quote from Professor Renwick's Discourse) "had been closed to the student of literature and science during the whole period of the Revolutionary war. In place of the youthful aspirants for academic honors, the lecture rooms and dormitories had been filled, in turn, with the wounded, the diseased, and the miserable of two contending armies. But no sooner was the struggle at an end, than the fathers of our freedom turned their attention to the restoration of the edifice to its original purposes, and strove to fill the vacant chairs with the ablest men within their reach. Clinton, burning with honorable zeal, first presented himself to demand the privilege of matriculation, and thus stands at the head of the catalogue of the revived institution." In 1786, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts, on which occasion he delivered the Latin Salutatory, which in itself furnishes a sufficient proof of his proficiency, as that duty is always assigned to the best scholar of the class.

Immediately after his graduation, he commenced the study of the law, with the late Hon. Samuel Jones; and, after the customary pupilage, was admitted to the bar. He had not, however, been long engaged in practice, before he was made private Secretary to his uncle, George Clinton, then Governor of New-York, and in this capacity he continued until the termination of his relative's gubernatorial office in 1795. Thus initiated into public service, from this period to the end of his life, with the exception of a few brief intervals, he was continually engaged in affairs of a public and political nature.

It was during the period of his connexion with his venerable uncle, that Mr. Clinton entered into marriage with Miss Maria Franklin, daughter of Walter Franklin, an eminent and wealthy merchant of this city, and a member of the society of Friends. A large family, consisting of seven sons and three daughters, was the result of this union: of these, four sons and two daughters are living. His second marriage, which occurred in 1819, was to Miss Catharine Jones, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Jones, an eminent physician of this city. In relation to this bereaved lady, we quote the following feeling passage from Dr. Hosack's Memoir. "I may be permitted without the violation of delicacy or propriety, to observe that Mrs. Clinton is a lady of excellent education, accomplished manners, superior talents and acquirements, and no less qualified, in all respects, as the companion of her late distinguished husband, than she is to perform the duties of a mother to his children, to whose education and happiness she devotes the most tender and affectionate care. May that Almighty Being, who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' and who has promised to be the father of the fatherless, and the widow's friend, be their stay and support in this dark hour of their affliction!"

In 1797, Mr. Clinton was elected a member of the legislature, for the city of New-York. The germs of the two great parties, which have since divided the country, were about this period exhibiting themselves, and, his uncle being assailed with great warmth by some of the first talent of the state, he immediately embarked in the vindication of the conduct and principles of his revered relative, and from that time forward devoted his energies to the support of the republican party.

About the year 1800, difficulties having occurred



between the late Governor Jay and the Council of Appointment, the part of the latter was supported by Mr. Clinton, then a member of the Council. The controversy was finally settled by a convention that met in Albany in 1801, when a modification of the constitution was effected, corresponding with the views which Mr. Clinton had maintained, and in entire consonance with the opinions of the most eminent statesmen of that day, of both political parties. Subsequent to this period, he was repeatedly elected a senator, and invariably made use of all his influence and abilities to advance whatever proposition came before the legislature for the promotion of benevolent or scientific objects.

In 1801, he was chosen a member of the senate of the United States, to supply the place made vacant by the resignation of General Armstrong; and in this station he continued during two sessions. Among his fellow members of that august assembly were some of the most able and eloquent men of the country; but the records of the Senate fully evince that even among these luminaries his mind shone out with conspicuous and useful lustre, great among the great.

Soon after his term of service in the Senate expired, Mr. Clinton was appointed Mayor of the city of New-York, which station he held until the spring of 1807, when he was succeeded for a short time by Colonel Marinus Willett. In the following year he was reappointed, and with the exception of one year, when, in consequence of a fluctuation in party politics, he was superseded by Judge Ratcliffe, he continued to retain that office by annual appointment until 1815. By the able discharge of the duties of this station, he acquired the confidence, respect, and gratitude of all classes of citizens, uninfluenced by the various party feelings that then distracted the community.

On the election of Daniel D. Tompkins, in 1817, to the office of Vice-President of the United States, De Witt Clinton was called, by the almost unanimous voice of the people of the state, to preside over them as their chief magistrate. "In selecting him for this distinguished honor," says Dr. Hosack, "there was a remarkable coalition amongst the principal parties, which had been previously divided upon every political subject. But upon this occasion they all appeared to unite in the opinion that his talents and zealous exertions in promoting the interest of the state, had merited the confidence they were now about to repose in him." The unanimity of this election was the more remarkable and flattering, as Mr. Clinton had some years before offended the republican party by opposing the second election of Mr. Madison to the Presidency, and had likewise given, by the utterance of certain sentiments, great umbrage to the federal party. During the first year of his administration, nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the state; but offence was very soon given in the filling up of appointments; for the union of politicians, as Dr. Hosack justly remarks, when based upon the hopes and expectations of personal advantage, is never lasting, and the first disagreement generally dissolves it. A systematic opposition was now commenced against him by many of the leaders of both parties, who declared that they would never rest satisfied till he was removed from office: all the former acts of his political life were brought, by the one side or other, in array against him; he was abused for what was termed his unchastened ambition; accused of having opposed the late war, and of having aided in the persecution of Daniel D. Tompkins; and, worst of all, the merit of having been the prime mover and most efficient friend of the Grand Canal was denied him. His opponents, by great and unremitted exertions, succeeded in obtaining a majority, first in the senate, and afterwards in the assembly; and as the end of his term approached in 1820, every means was exert-

ed to prevent his re-election. In order "to make assurance double sure," Daniel D. Tompkins, who was still Vice-President of the Union, was persuaded to enter the lists once more in his native state, where so great had been his popularity that he was emphatically denominated "the man of the people." The contest was close and animated, and the issue remained for some days a matter of great doubt; but on counting the votes, which amounted to 180,000, Mr. Clinton was found to have received a majority of between one and two thousand. This, observes the biographer from whose interesting Memoir we make our abstract, was considered a great triumph; because on his part there was nothing to urge but his talents and services; his partisans had not been well organized, whilst his opponents were mighty as a party, and had as their champion a man who had been deservedly popular during the war, and whose very misfortunes since that period had endeared him still more to his friends.

Foiled in their scheme of defeating the re-election of Governor Clinton, his enemies now resorted to other means of hostility for the purpose of disturbing his administration. Possessing a majority in both branches of the legislature, and in the Council of Appointment also, they busied themselves in removing his friends from office, and in supplying their places with the most zealous and active of his opponents. Amongst other measures, in 1821, when party spirit was at its topmost height, they determined to effect a change in the constitution of the state, with the avowed object of remedying defects, but with the real one of gratifying their malignity by a diminution of the gubernatorial power, and the removal of judicial officers who were known to bear him a strong personal attachment.

Unmoved, however, by the clamor and bickerings of party malevolence, the great statesman who was the object of so much enmity continued to devote his time and talents to the service of his native state. "He had succeeded in his favorite object in relation to the canal navigation; he aroused the people from their lethargy upon internal improvements; he had witnessed the progressive increase of common schools under the patronage of his administration; and he felt satisfied that, whatever personal mortifications he might have to endure, his policy had so completely received the approbation of the people, it could never be destroyed by his opponents. He, therefore, after five years service as chief magistrate, during which time the state had greatly increased in wealth, being unwilling to arouse again the angry feelings of party warfare, declined being a candidate at the ensuing election in 1822, and voluntarily retired to the seclusion of private life. The acrimonious inveteracy of his opponents followed him into retirement; and when, in 1823, on the occasion of the Canal Celebration taking place in Albany, a general feeling of admiration and regard for him was manifested by the people, the jealousy of his enemies was so strongly aroused by these indications of public sentiment, that they determined to crush him forever, and soon after, by removing him from the office of canal commissioner, gave their last proof of hatred and folly.

This act of short-sighted malignity had an effect very contrary from that intended, and proved to be the most fortunate circumstance that could have occurred. The arbitrary and unjust measure created universal dissatisfaction, and had the effect to convert into warm friends many who had previously been extremely inimical to him. This was sufficiently manifested at the ensuing election in 1824, when he was elected Governor by a majority of nearly twenty thousand votes over the opposing candidate, Colonel Young. In 1826 he was re-elected, by a large majority over Judge Rochester, who was held up as the administration candidate; and from this time forward,

until the end of his life, he continued to hold peaceable possession of the chief magistracy of the state, obtaining, by his wise and salutary measures, the approbation and concurrence of both branches of the legislature, and the applause of the nation at large.

We now hasten to the closing scene of Mr. Clinton's eventful career. His natural constitution, observes Dr. Hosack,—who from being his fellow student at college, had become his family physician and most intimate friend in after life—was so vigorous and excellent, that he enjoyed a greater exemption from disease than falls to the lot of most men. But in consequence of an accident, he had been deprived for some years prior to his death of his accustomed exercise, and though extremely temperate in his habits, soon became plethoric. In 1827 he was attacked with a catarrhal affection of the throat and chest, which resulted in a disease of the heart and lungs. "During my last visit at Albany," says Dr. Hosack, "in the week immediately preceding his dissolution, I was very much surprised at the change which had taken place in the state of his health, and confidentially communicated to his eldest son, and to some of his connexions and friends, his imminently alarming situation." On the Friday preceding his death, after holding a long conversation with him, Dr. Hosack took leave of Mr. Clinton, under the fullest conviction that he should never see him again.

"On the Monday following, the 11th. of February, he performed his ordinary duties at the capitol; rode a few miles into the country with his family; returned to town; met some friends at dinner, and afterwards, as was his habit, retired to his study for the transaction of official business, and his accustomed literary pursuits. While sitting in his library, he was suddenly seized with a sense of oppression and stricture across the chest: he spoke to his son sitting near him, who was then writing, performing some duty that had been directed by his father, and described to him the distressful and, as he feared, fatal sensation he experienced. Medical aid was instantly called for. By the direction of his son, some drink was given him. He walked in the hall, but soon returned to his chair in the library:—the hand of death was upon him—his head fell upon his breast. A physician arrived, but too late:—all efforts, though unremittingly continued for some hours, to recall his parting spirit, proved unavailing:—sense—consciousness—intelligence—had fled forever:—Clinton was no more!"

Thus did death, with hasty summons, call from a community that he had so greatly benefitted, and that was but ill able to sustain so heavy a loss, one of the great ones of the earth to the silent tomb—on which the Spartan's epitaph cannot be engraven,

"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."

When men—like De Witt Clinton—highly distinguished from the mass of mankind, by public and private virtues, exalted talents, extensive acquirements, and deeds that outlast the marble, are suddenly snatched from the scene of their usefulness, the sorrow occasioned by their loss cannot find adequate expression in words. As a statesman, he was profound and sagacious; and though it fell to his lot frequently to be assailed by the vituperative tongue of faction, (for where is the public virtue so spotless, or wisdom so pervading, as to escape the censure of malevolence?) yet it will be long, we fear, before the helm of government shall again be intrusted to hands able, like his, to guide the state through the storms of party, with advantage to itself, and to his own glory and renown. As a scholar, few of any country surpassed him; and the lore of centuries, with which his mind was richly stored, was used with modest prodigality, not for ostentatious display, but for the advancement of his country's interest. As a man, in the various relations

of husband, father, friend, he acted according to the impulses of an excellent heart, restrained and directed by an excellent understanding; and his death has occasioned a void in the bosoms of kindred which the eulogies of a mourning land cannot close. He is gone. He served his country long and well: would that he could have served it longer; for we know not how he could have served it better. A leaf of greenest verdure has been added by him to the chaplet of his country's glory; and his name will be treasured by millions of freemen as an invaluable legacy,

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

*Specimens of American Poetry, with Critical and Biographical Notices.* By Samuel Kettell. 3 vols. 12mo. Boston, 1829. S. G. Goodrich & Co.

In several respects this work is entitled to approbation. The design is excellent. The object of the editor has been to promote the cause of American literature, by calling into notice and preserving a portion of what is valuable and characteristic in the writings of native poets. He has succeeded in presenting a body of poetic literature—much of it highly creditable to the writers—far greater in extent than we had any idea could be gleaned from the works of American authors. The editor commenced his task under many disadvantages. He remarks that there was nowhere to be found even a tolerably accurate list of native writers; and no similar enterprise ever before having been attempted in this country, his researches must necessarily have been attended with great and discouraging labor.

Bearing in mind the difficulties which were to be encountered, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Kettell has executed his task in a creditable manner. His biographical notices, to be sure, in many instances amount to no more than a mere announcement that such a person lived and died; and his critical opinions are sometimes of even greater brevity. He appears, too, to entertain a very warm predilection for New-England writers, from the rough verses of Michael Wigglesworth,

("—Phœbus! what a name  
To sound the speaking trump of future fame")

down to the mock sublime of the egotist, John Neal. With regard to some of the writers, we should be inclined to think that his "specimens" had been taken at hap-hazard; for in a great number of instances he has chosen the very poorest effusions which their respective works afforded.

But altogether, as we have before said, this collection of American poetry is deserving of praise; and if Mr. Kettell has not made a very valuable addition to the biographical or critical literature of our land, yet he has manifested considerable industry in opening a path in a before unattempted direction, and may very honestly be commended as a laborious pioneer, if not as an accomplished writer.

The first poetic attempt made in this country, was a description of New-England, in Latin hexameter verse, by William Morell, an episcopal clergyman. The second, was a version of the Psalms, published at Cambridge in 1640, which was the first book ever printed in this country. The following psalm, which is quoted in the Introduction of the work before us as a sample of the manner in which the undertaking was executed, we copy for the amusement of our readers.

*Psalm CXXXVII.*

The rivers on of Babilon,  
There when wee did sit downe,  
Yea even when we mourned when  
Wee remembered Sion.



Our harp wee did hang it amid,  
 Upon the willow tree,  
 Because there they that us away  
 Led in captivitee  
 Required of us a song, and thus  
 Asked mirth us waste who laid,  
 Sing us among a Sion's song,  
 Unto us then they said.  
 The Lord's song sing can wee? being  
 In stranger's land, then let  
 Loose her skill my right hand if I  
 Jerusalem forget.  
 Let cleave my tongue my pallate on  
 If minde thee doe not I,  
 If chiefe joys o're I prize not more  
 Jerusalem my joy.  
 Remember Lord, Edom's son's word,  
 Unto the ground said they,  
 It rase it rase, when as it was  
 Jerusalem her day.  
 Blest shall hee bee that payeth thee  
 Daughter of Babilon,  
 Who must be waste, that which thou hast  
 Rewarded us upon.  
 O happie hee shall surely bee  
 That taketh up that eke  
 Thy little ones against the stones  
 Doth into pieces breake.

But the earliest poet of New-England, properly speaking, was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, wife of the Governor of the Massachusetts colony. She was born in England in 1612, and marrying Mr. Bradstreet at the age of sixteen, came the following year, 1630, with her husband to this country. She enjoyed great reputation for genius among her contemporaries, one of whom, speaking of her in a funeral eulogy, expresses himself in the following punning manner.

"Her breast was a brave pittance, a *broad street*,  
 Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet.  
 Where nature such a tenement had tane,  
 That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane."

She seems to have entertained a particular fancy for the number *four*, as the volume of her writings which was published after her death is principally constituted of the following poems: "*The Four Elements*;" "*The Four Humors in a Man's Constitution*;" "*The Four Ages of Man*;" and "*The Four Seasons of the Year*." A few shorter pieces were also contained in the volume, one of which Mr. Kettle has given as a specimen of the writer's ability; and this we likewise copy.

#### Contemplations.

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,  
 When Phœbus wanted but one hour to bed,  
 The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,  
 Were gilded o'er by his rich golden head.  
 Their leaves and fruits seemed painted, but was true  
 Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,  
 Wrapt were my senses at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,  
 If so much excellence abide below;  
 How excellent is He, that dwells on high!  
 Whose power and beauty by his works we know.  
 Sure he is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,  
 That hath this under world so richly dight:  
 More heaven than earth was here no winter and no night.

Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,  
 Whose ruffling top the clouds seemed to aspire;  
 How long since thou wast in thine infancy?  
 Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire.  
 Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?  
 Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,  
 If so, all these as nought, eternally doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistening sun I gazed,  
 Whose beams were shaded by the leavie tree,  
 The more I looked, the more I grew amazed,  
 And softly said, what glory's like to thee?  
 Soul of this world, the Universe's eye,  
 No wonder, some made thee a deity;  
 Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a bridegroom from thy chamber rushest,  
 And as a strong man joyes to run a race,  
 The morn doth usher thee with smiles and blushes,  
 The earth reflects her glances in thy face.

Birds, insects, animals, with vegetive,  
 Thy heart from death and dullness doth revive:  
 And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift annual, and diurnal course,  
 Thy daily straight, and yearly oblique path,  
 Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,  
 All mortals here the feeling knowledge hath.  
 Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,  
 Quaternal seasons caused by thy might:  
 Hail creature full of sweetness, beauty and delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no eye  
 Hath strength, thy shining rayes once to behold?  
 And is thy splendid throne erect so high?  
 As to approach it, can no earthly mould.  
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be,  
 Who gave this bright light luster unto thee!  
 Admired, adored forever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,  
 In pathless paths I lead my wandering feet,  
 My humble eyes to lofty skyes I reared  
 To sing some song my mazed Muse thought meet.  
 My great Creator I would magnifie,  
 That nature had, thus decked liberally:  
 But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grasshopper then sing,  
 The black clad cricket, bear a second part,  
 They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,  
 Seeming to glory in their little art.  
 Shall creatures abject, thus their voices raise?  
 And in their kind resound their maker's praise:  
 While I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to ages past,  
 And men in being fancy those are dead,  
 It makes things gone perpetually to last,  
 And calls back months and years that long since fled.  
 It makes a man more aged in conceit,  
 Than was Methuselah, or 's grand-sire great;  
 While of their persons and their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in Eden fair he seems to be,  
 Sees glorious Adam there made lord of all,  
 Fancies the apple, dangle on the tree,  
 That turned his sovereign to a naked thrall.  
 Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,  
 To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:  
 A penalty imposed on his backsliding race.

Here sits our grandame in retired place,  
 And in her lap, her bloody Cain new born,  
 The weeping imp oft looks her in the face,  
 Bewails his unknown hap and fate forlorn;  
 His mother sighs to think of Paradise,  
 And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,  
 Believing him that was, and is, father of lyes.

Here Cain and Abel come to sacrifice,  
 Fruits of the earth and fatlings each do bring;  
 On Abel's gift the fire descends from skies,  
 But no such sign on false Cain's offering;  
 With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes,  
 Hath thousand thoughts to end his brother's dayes,  
 Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There Abel keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,  
 His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,  
 The virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks,  
 But since that time she often hath been cloyed;  
 The wretch with ghastly face and dreadful mind,  
 Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,  
 Though none on earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancies not his looks now at the barr,  
 His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,  
 Nor male-factor ever felt like warr,  
 When deep despair with wish of life hath sought,  
 Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,  
 A vagabond to land of Nod he goes.  
 A city builds, that walls might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the father's ages.  
 Their long descent, how nephew's sons they saw,  
 The starry observations of those sages,  
 And how their precepts to their sons were law;  
 How Adam sighed to see his progeny,  
 Clothed all in his black sinful livery,  
 Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our life compare we with their length of dayes,  
 Who to the tenth of theirs do now arrive?  
 And though thus short, we shorten many ways,  
 Living so little while we are alive;

In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,  
So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,  
The stones and trees, insensible of time,  
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,  
A spring returns and they more youthful made;  
But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,  
Yet seems by nature and by custome cursed,  
No sooner born but grief and care make fall  
That state obliterate he had at first.  
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,  
Nor habitations long their names retain,  
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,  
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?  
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,  
Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger?  
Nay, they shall darken, fade and dye,  
And when unmade so ever shall they lye:  
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the shadow of a stately elm  
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,  
Where gilding streams the rocks did overwhelm;  
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.  
I once that loved the shady woods so well,  
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,  
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fix mine eye,  
Which to the longed for ocean held its course,  
I markt nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye  
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:  
O happy flood, quoth I that holdst thy race  
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone mayest slide,  
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,  
Se hand in hand along with thee they glide  
To 'Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:  
Thou emblem true of what I count the best,  
O could I lead my rivulets to rest,  
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish, which in this liquid region 'bide,  
That for each season have your habitation,  
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,  
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,  
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,  
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,  
Eftsoon to Neptune's glassie hall repair  
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,  
Who forrage o'er the spacious sea-green field,  
And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armor is their scales their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet tongued Philomel percht o'er my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judged my hearing better than my sight,  
And whist me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry bird (said I) that fears no snares,  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;  
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,  
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Setts hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
And warbling out the old begins anew,  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
Then follow thee into a better region,  
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,  
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:  
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:

From some of these he never finds cessation,  
But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,  
This lump of wretchedness of sin, and sorrow,  
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:  
Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,  
In weight, in frequency and long duration  
Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.

The mariner that on the smooth waves doth glide,  
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,  
As if he had command of wind and tide,  
And now become great master of the seas;  
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,  
And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in the world of pleasure,  
Feeding on sweets that never bit of the sowre,  
That's full of friends, of honor and of treasure,  
Fond fool, he takes this earth even from heaven's bower.  
But sad affliction comes and makes him see  
Here's neither honor, wealth, nor safety;  
Only above is found all with security.

O time the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings,  
Their sumptuous monuments men know them not,  
Their names without a record are forgot,  
Their parts, their ports, their pomps all laid in th' dust,  
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;  
But he whose name is graved in the white stone  
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

In order that our readers may judge of the ability which Mr. Kettell has displayed in the biographical part of the work before us, as well as on account of the intrinsic interest of the articles, we copy the following passages from the Life of Cotton Mather, and afterwards his brief sketch of the life and character of the lamented Brainard.

"Cotton Mather was born in Boston, on the 9th. of February, 1662-3. His father was the Reverend Increase Mather, pastor of the North Church, and President of Harvard College, and his mother was the daughter of John Cotton, an eminent divine. While a mere child, the subject of our narrative was distinguished for his piety, and was in the habit of writing forms of prayer for the use of his playmates, and of encouraging their devotional exercises by precept and example. After making the necessary progress in his mother tongue, he commenced the study of the ancient languages with avidity, and at the age of twelve was qualified for admission at College, having read Cicero, Terence, Ovid and Virgil, the Greek Testament, Isocrates, Homer, and the Hebrew grammar. During his residence at Harvard, he was eminent for his intense and unwearied application to study, and for a scrupulous observance of all those religious exercises, the performance of which he had enjoined upon himself while under the paternal roof. The Systems of Logic and of Physics composed by him while a lad of sixteen, are of themselves sufficient proofs of his assiduity in the prosecution of his academical course, and the nature of the thesis, '*Puncta Hebraicus sunt originis divinae*,' which he maintained on the reception of his Master's degree, when he was six months short of his nineteenth year, will give the reader some idea of the extent of his information, and of the peculiar tendency of his mind. By a reference to the ordinances of discipline enforced in our oldest university, during the earlier period of his existence, the modern student will readily perceive how the scholars of former times accomplished the great amount of labor required of them. The peculiar habits of the age too, in discouraging all relaxation, and in rendering it necessary for every one who would appear as an accomplished member of society, to have pursued his researches into the arcana of the abstruse sciences, gave the mind the keenest relish for



study. There were not then the inducements now held out for the encouragement of levity and dissipation. The country was newly settled, by a race of men exemplary in godliness, who countenanced the indulgence of no amusement; a race of whom Oldmixon, speaking from personal observation, says, 'they are severe in their laws against immorality, and so much so, as if they thought no pleasure could be innocent.' And the laws of the college, besides requiring of each individual a perusal of the scriptures twice in each day, and an exercise consisting of 'theoretical observations on the language and logic of the Bible, and in practical and spiritual truths,' regarded, as an indispensable qualification for the Bachelor's degree, an ability 'to read the Old and New Testament into the Latin tongue, and to resolve them logically, the scholar, withal, *being of godly life and conversation.*'

"After his graduation, Mr. Mather commenced the study of theology, pursuing those inquiries for which he had now acquired a decided taste, with unabated zeal and extraordinary success. Soon after his initiation, however, into the science of divinity, he abandoned his original design of preparing himself for the pulpit, on account of a hesitation in his speech, which, as he thought, would so affect his delivery, as to unfit him for the sacred office. He relinquished his favorite pursuit, and without loss of time, directed all his energies to the study of medicine, till a friend of his, Elijah Corlet, who if we mistake not, was master of the school connected with the college, gave him the following advice, a strict observance of which might perhaps be found as beneficial to the stammerer, as any series of lectures by our modern Leighs and Chapmans. 'Sir,' said he, 'I should be glad if you would oblige yourself to a dilated deliberation in speaking; for as in singing there is no one who stammers, so by prolonging your pronunciation, you will get a habit of speaking without hesitation.' The consequence was, that Mr. Mather resumed the profession of his choice, and in due time attained a ready and happy delivery.

"In 1680 he received a unanimous invitation from the North Church to become a colleague of his father, and during the three succeeding years, was urged repeatedly by the same society to accept their offers, all of which he declined. The reasons assigned for this conduct are, 'his modest opinion and low apprehension of himself and his talents.' It must be confessed, however, that he appeared very much in the light of him, who on the Lupercal 'did thrice refuse a kingly crown,' for according to the representation of his own son, he was ever influenced by the most ardent anticipations of becoming a great man. The malicious might well have said on this occasion, in the language of the sarcastic Casca, 'he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it,' for which supposition the sequel afforded good grounds. 'At last,' says his son, 'he was prevailed with to accept the sacred burden, *onus angelicis humeris formidandum!*' and in May, 1684, was ordained. He placed in his diary his meditations on his recent advancement, followed by the record of his affectation, and immediately after, indulging in a humorous conceit, added, in allusion to his sermons preached after his installation, his conviction that *proud thoughts had fly-blown his best performances.*

"In the twenty-fourth year of his age, Mr. Mather married Miss Abigail Phillips, 'a comely ingenious woman, and an agreeable consort,' by whom he was made the father of nine children. From this era no remarkable events occurred in his life until the wicked administration of Andros, when, for the first and only time, he became conspicuous for his ardor in the business of state. It is not often that men whose talents are devoted to the cause of literature, and

whose time is consecrated and set apart for employments that divert the attention from secular concerns, can feel a lively interest in the party strife and divisions which are inseparable attendants on a freedom of the press and a government with but a shadow of liberty in its constitution. The retirement of the study is ill adapted to the dreamer whose visions are unceasingly of the sceptre of power, the chair of state, and the sword of authority, and who, whether toiling and sweating for their attainment, or anxiously watching the current of popular opinion, is in an everlasting fever of restlessness. He may, it is true, in the midst of his books, speculate with much warmth, and work himself into a species of poetic frenzy, as his theories assume a shape which is to him that of perfection; yet they are only beautiful apparitions that lose their comeliness, and vanish before the observation of the practical politician, who looks for something tangible, that will bear the test of critical examination. The only school for politics is in the midst of bustling life, and he only who has experienced its agitations can become an adept in the science, or feel interested in its progress. Hence it is that the man who is partially secluded from the world, is not aroused by the tumults which affect the surface merely of affairs. But when the aim of the aggressor is at the very heart of civil liberty, the dwellers in the shades of the Academy, and even the loiterers in the laurel groves of the Muses have never been the last to repel the advances of the invader. Accordingly, when the mad career of Andros had attracted all eyes, and excited a universal indignation in the colonies, we find Mr. Mather among the first to cry aloud against the mal-administration of the government, and of course in the ranks of those singled out by the council as obnoxious to their vengeance. He promoted by his voice and influence a manly resistance to the illegal measures sanctioned by Sir Edmund. He urged the people to a serious consideration of the duties to themselves, their children, and their God, devolving upon them, in consequence of those decrees which had recently received the unholy ratification of a traitor to the trust reposed in him by the king.

"Thus encouraged to commence the labor of thrusting from their seats those who had usurped a prerogative belonging only to the Parliament of the mother country, and of purifying the high places of government from the abomination which had polluted them, the populace lost no time in giving ample proofs of their determination to assert their rights, and maintain them with heart and hand.

"In the month of April, 1688, the inhabitants of Boston held a meeting for the purpose of prescribing a course that should free them from the arbitrary oppression of their rulers. The proceedings of a public assembly of citizens accustomed to unrestrained freedom of speech, are not usually distinguished by a great degree of coolness or discretion, when concerns of extraordinary moment call for attention. Each individual, inflamed by the commission of some petty wrong which has made him a sufferer, infuses into the minds of his auditors a portion of his own vindictiveness, and by the exaggerated representation of his ills, excites a strong sentiment of commiseration. The natural consequence is, that the assembly loses its character as a deliberative body; the force of argument yields to the fiery impetuosity of passion, and without any violent effort of the imagination, we can conceive an ungovernable frenzy may actuate the whole multitude. In such a state, the resolutions most readily adopted bear the impress of the spirit which called them forth, and if, in their cooler moments, the actors in the scene have a momentary impression that their proceedings seem less the result of judgment than of impetuosity, they generally choose to abide by the consequences of their own rashness,

rather than acknowledge themselves in error, or retreat one step from the stand they have taken.

"The meeting to which we have alluded, is said to have opened with dangerous and horrible paroxysms. Mr. Mather was present, and fearful of the evil that might ensue from such a beginning, rose to address the multitude. The turbulence partially subsided, and he called all his powers into action. His affectionate speech was like oil poured on the troubled waves of the ocean. The audience listened with respect, and he perceived that the accomplishment of his object was at hand. Yet he stayed not his efforts till he found he could control them at will. Many were moved by his eloquence, coming as it did from the heart, even to tears, and though their determination had been to give full scope to the revengeful spirit that was abroad in the land, they yielded to his persuasion, and united in the adoption of pacific measures.

"But the fury of the people, though lulled for a time, was not entirely at rest. On the 18th. of the same month, in a state of exasperated feeling at some new and flagrant outrage, they rushed with one accord to avenge their wrongs in a short and summary method, unwilling to wait the tardy retribution of the laws. Arms were resorted to, and the inhabitants of the vicinity of Boston, eager to join in the affray which now appeared inevitable, hastened to town in great numbers. They were ripe for any outrage, and Mr. Mather's aid was again necessary to quell the commotion. He addressed the multitude in the open street, and arrayed the whole force of his arguments against them. As in the former instance, he gained the mastery, and when he had quieted their fury by an impassioned appeal, he resorted to his pen to complete the work so happily begun. It was mainly through his influence that those anticipated excesses were prevented, which but for his intervention, would probably have terminated in a bloody civil war. Andros and his adherents, who, on the occasion of this latter rebellion were in danger of immediate death at the hands of the colonists, were deposed, confined, and afterwards sent to England for trial.

"We have arrived at a period equally memorable in the life of Mather, and eventful in the history of New England. The days of the Salem witchcraft are a kind of landmark in our annals,—a convenient and conspicuous beacon, marking out the line of separation between 'the olden times' and those sufficiently recent for the recurrence of memory. It was in the summer of 1692 that the 'subtle devices of the arch enemy' first became apparent, and enkindled that flaming persecution which spread an alarm throughout the country, and threw a portentous gloom over the dayspring of its glory. The name of Cotton Mather is generally associated with the terrors attending that spectacle of infatuation which attracted the observation of the civilized world. The prevalent impression is, that he was most strenuous in his exertions to convict those who are suspected of a demoniacal confederation. Yet a perusal of his letter to the public officers will lead the candid reader to the conclusion that he was less anxious for the effusion of blood, than for quieting the dissensions stirred up by the recent investigations; and more fearful that the reputation of his country would be tarnished, than that the great purpose of justice would be accomplished by awarding a capital punishment, on the feeble evidence of 'a spectral representation.' But the evil report was gone abroad, and Mather's belief in the demoniacal agency has been constantly misrepresented as his approval of the absurd and hasty examinations of the suspected individuals. The truth is, that in the letter to which we have referred, he besought the judges, on no consideration to sanction the condemnation of the accused, without the most satisfactory tes-

timony,—without such testimony as they would require in a trial for murder. We would not, in these remarks, insinuate his want of faith in the extravagant assertions of those who sought the gratification of personal revenge in accusing the inimical party of a league with the devil; his opinions on this subject are too strongly stated to admit a doubt. We would only explain his desire that the sentence of death should be pronounced with great caution, and in no case where there was not a palpable proof of guilt. That his earnest wish was to sacrifice his own indelible impressions, rather than hazard the life of a single human being, fully appears in a document that was addressed to the civil authorities of New England, signed by many influential individuals, and framed and presented by Mather himself. The interest however with which he listened to all the investigations that attended the charge, of witchcraft, and the earnestness of his inquiries into circumstances accompanying the alleged sufferings of the afflicted, were deemed satisfactory tokens of his determination to attain a renown as the promoter of a persecution, the memory of which would live in after ages. He was immediately assailed on every side by all those arts which grovelling malice knows so well to employ, and unsatisfied with the success of their attacks upon his character in the public presses and in the various domestic circles to which they could gain access, his enemies resorted to the use of anonymous letters, filled with the bitterest imprecations, and the vilest and most abusive language. He received these epistles with no other emotions than those of pity at the folly and weakness by which they were dictated, and preserved them in a huge bundle, which was labelled on the outside, '*Libels: Father, forgive them.*'

"In the year of 1703, Mr. Mather was married for the second time, choosing as his future partner in life, Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, who bore him six children. In 1719, he received the degree of Dr. of Divinity from the University of Glasgow, and in 1714 was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; from which time we may date the commencement of his correspondence with Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts, Whiston, and Desaguliers,—the two latter among the most eminent mathematicians of the age. In 1715 he was united in wedlock to Mrs. George, and from this period to his first illness, in December, 1727-8, we can collect little that would be interesting to the reader. He was aware that death approached, and in a note to his physician said, 'My last enemy is come, I would say my best friend.' He died on the 13th. of the following February, one day after completing his 65th. year." vol. 1, p. 2-9.

"Mather's character was a strange, we had almost said an unnatural, compound. The ascetic gravity that enveloped his demeanor in his intercourse with society, was worn even in the midst of his family,—among his household gods, when, if ever, it would seem that the heart *must* leap up unconstrained, and assert its supremacy. And yet a quaint and awkward kind of humor accompanied this repulsive bearing, softening in some degree the asperity of his disposition; a humor that mingled itself with his devotional exercises and his discussions upon the attributes of divinity, more freely than with his worldly conversation. His familiar discourse, however, is represented to have been, at certain times, replete with the intrinsic wealth of mind, as well as that which he had labored for, and dug deep to attain; to have blended instruction with entertainment, and counsel with reproof, the whole being seasoned with an ardent zeal for the advancement of religion. 'His printed works,' says one of his eulogists, 'will not convey to posterity an idea of the real worth and great learning of the man. It was conversation and acquaintance with him in his *occasional discourses and private communi-*



cations, that discovered the vast compass of his knowledge and the projections of his piety." p. 10.

"Of his literary labors and the extent of his information, some idea may be formed when we are told that he wrote readily in seven languages, and was the author of three hundred and eighty-three publications. Many of these, it is true, were but single sermons, (Oldmixon calls them *loose collections*) yet the pages of the *Magnalia*, *The Christian Philosopher*, and *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, evince a mind of great endowments, and a fancy luxuriant, though grotesque. They are sufficient proofs, at least, of his incessant industry.

"In his ministry he was equally indefatigable. Besides the routine of his parochial duties, he accustomed himself to make catalogues of the names of his communicants, of their occupations and wants, and of such incidental circumstances in their lives as he deemed worthy of notice in his official services. Stated periods were devoted to the remembrance of each individual in his private worship,—days were set apart in which his relatives were the special subjects of his prayers,—weeks, and sometimes months, were spent in a rigid abstinence from every thing but the bare necessities of life, that the sins of the flesh might be properly expiated by an uninterrupted devotion of his faculties to the work of repentance. Over his study door, an inscription, *BE SHORT*, was placed, as a warning to visitors not to intrude at unseasonable hours; and the hours allotted to meditation and prayer, to sleep, the taking of food, and of exercise, to study and social intercourse, were all observed with the most scrupulous nicety.

"His custom of recording the commonplace affairs of every day, and of preparing a train of thought for every trivial occurrence in life, though but the eccentricity of a great mind, exposed him justly to ridicule. Who, for instance, can refrain from a smile, on perusing a series of cogitations upon the winding up of his watch, the knocking at a door, the mending of his fire, the drinking of his cup of tea, and the paying his debts. The last event, it is true, may very properly be classed in the list of serious things. When he pared his nails, he would think how he might lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness, and 'I durst not let my mind lie fallow,' says he, 'as I walk the streets; but I have compelled the signs of the shops to point me unto something in my Saviour that should be thought upon.' He had for many years a severe *cough*, which, he said, *raised* a proper disposition of piety in him. In his fondness for the chase of words he often sacrificed his best intentions of doing justice to the subject under consideration. His biography of Ralph Partridge, is nothing more than a string of puns upon the birth, life and burial of a very worthy divine, who had suffered persecution for righteousness' sake, and merited better treatment than he received after his death. He is represented as having been *hunted* from his home by the ecclesiastical *settlers* of the old world,—as having no defence of *beak* or *claw*, but a *flight* over the ocean. He is pursued to his *covert* on these shores, (not by his enemies—they left him when he took to the water—but by our Nimrod of the *Lexicon*, who forgets every thing but the game he has started) from whence he took *wing*, says the Doctor, to become a *bird of Paradise*. Even over the grave of his friend, when called on for an epitaph, he will only ejaculate the brief but expressive *Avolat!*

"Charity, however, will cast the mantle of oblivion over these frailties, when she remembers his abundant labors in the cause of benevolence. He promoted societies for the suppression of civil disorders; projected an extensive association of peace-makers, for the composing and preventing of differences in private life; proposed the establishment of an Evangelical Treasury, for the maintenance of churches in destitute

places; introduced into Massachusetts the method of inoculation for the small pox, and was constantly interested and zealously engaged in promoting the welfare of his country.

"We can readily account for the deficiency of the imaginative power in his poetical compositions. His education had involved him in the venerable dust of antiquity, and had unfitted his mind for the luxuriant growth of fancy. The strong soil where the mountain oak has long flourished, will afford but little nourishment to the delicate exotic, and he who from infancy has been seeking for the treasures of ancient lore, is seldom willing, even in his moments of relaxation, to linger in the myrtle bower, or to listen to the murmurings of the silver fountain. Dr. Mather's toil was of that kind which produces 'weariness of flesh,' and he sought for a more substantial mental aliment than that 'camelion food,' with which the poet could supply him. To such a one, the gathering of flowers, even though they were those of Parnassus, and wandering on the banks of Ilissus itself, would be deemed but an indifferent amusement. The poetic specimens that we have selected from Dr. Mather's works are distinguished by little else than the hardness of their style, and the want of that indescribable quality in which we recognise the spontaneous ebullitions of a mind 'smit with the love' of song." p. 11-13.

The reader will be pleased with the following sketch of the life of John G. C. Brainard. It is a well written article.

"Brainard was a native of New-London, Connecticut, and son of the Hon. Jeremiah G. Brainard, who has been for several years one of the Judges of the Superior Court of that state. He was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and having fitted himself for the bar, he entered into practice at Middletown, Conn. Not finding the degree of success that he wished, he returned in a short time to his native town, and thence in 1822 he went to Hartford, to undertake the editorial charge of the *Connecticut Mirror*. In this capacity he was occupied until about a year before his death, when marked by evident symptoms, as a victim of consumption, he returned once again to the paternal roof, where he died, September 26, 1828, at the age of thirty-two.

"There are few men more richly gifted than was the subject of this memoir. The collection of poems, that were published by him in a volume, and which will carry his name down to futurity, were all composed for the columns of a weekly paper, and were only regarded by the writer as light and trifling productions, serving to fill his column and discharge his obligations to furnish something original for his readers. They were always written in haste—usually at the last moment to which he could delay, and while the printer was at his elbow, dunning for copy; they were also written without expectation of fame, and with none of the stimulus derived from a feeling of responsibility to public opinion. They always appeared in the paper as communications, and seem to have been thrown off as freely, and with as little consideration of their value, as the trees resign their leaves to the autumn winds. They were also written at a period when the author had already ceased to think of ambition—when he was depressed by despairing views of his own lot in life, and while he bent beneath a vague sense of unhappiness, seeming to spring up from everything around him to put forth its harvest of mortification, disappointment, and sorrow. Yet these productions, so little elaborated, and written under such causes of enervation, are stamped with an originality, boldness, force, and pathos, illustrative of genius, not perhaps inferior to that of Burns, and certainly much resembling it in kind. What could not such a man have done, had he been sustained by fortune equal to his merit, and excited by those impulses

which give energy and efficiency to the exertions of other men!

"Mr. Brainard was not only a poet, but an excellent writer of prose. The columns of the *Mirror*, during his editorial career, exhibit many specimens of truly beautiful and original prose compositions—and these are not only interesting as literary specimens, but they illustrate his kind feelings and gentlemanly character in a very striking manner. There is perhaps no situation in which men more frequently violate the dictates of good breeding and just principles, than as editors of papers. And this fact does not perhaps arise from the circumstance that an undue proportion of the editorial corps are really ill-bred and unprincipled; but the truth is there are a multitude of temptations peculiar to their condition. The impatient desire of gaining distinction, aided by the prevalent notion that malignity, personalities, and a disregard of the decencies of society, are proofs of talent, is the wide snare into which many of them fall. The gratification which ill regulated minds experience from making their power felt, the unworthy pleasure of seeing others writhe beneath their lash, together with the impunity with which editorial malice is exercised, form another source of the frequent errors of which we speak. But to all these temptations Brainard was superior. His kindness of heart, his dignity and rectitude of mind, kept him from falling into these besetting sins of the profession. During his editorial life, we do not recollect a passage in his paper, at which, for any blemish of the nature we now speak of, his friends have any occasion to indulge regret. We earnestly recommend this delightful example to every member of the editorial brotherhood.

"In friendship, Brainard was warm, sincere, and steadfast to the last. We have never met with a man whose notions on this subject were more exalted. He would never patiently hear one traduced whom he loved. His maxim was to stand by a friend in time of need, whether he happened to be in the right or in the wrong. It was a doctrine upon which he acted, that one never needs support and defence so much as when his own errors are the occasion of his difficulties. We do not mean by this that he would excuse faults or palliate misconduct in general—but he held in detestation that dastardly spirit which leads a great part of mankind to trample on a faltering or a fallen fellow-being. While others therefore would rush on to crush and wound, Brainard would be forward to support and protect.

"As before stated, he was unsuccessful in the profession he had chosen. This operated with peculiar force to depress one whose character was sensitive and self-dilident to a painful degree. Besides, he had met with that species of disappointment which often clings longer and more heavily about the heart than any other. It is obvious therefore that when he left his profession and entered upon his literary career, there was a crisis in his life, the issue of which must form the index of his future fortunes. He was about to enter a new field, and make one more experiment. If that were unsuccessful, it must clearly be fatal to one of a temperament so much inclined to despondence, already stricken and wounded at heart. *It did* prove unsuccessful, and Brainard sleeps in the only resting place, for such a spirit as his.

"It is a remarkable fact that the sad at heart, are often the most delightful companions for the display of thoughts and feelings, the very reverse of those which prevail in their own breasts. The anecdote of the Italian hypocondriac, if it be a fable, illustrates many a character in real life. Disheartened and despondent as we know Brainard was, looking out upon the world with an eye that saw everything glowing with prismatic beauty, yet mournfully feeling that this

beauty was not made for him—still, when he met a friend the cloud passed instantly from his brow, a smile was on his lips, and words of merriment and levity broke from his tongue. It was apparent that for the moment, he obtained relief from his painful musings in the play of a humorous fancy—a laugh seemed to beguile his sorrow—a joke to scare back into their recesses the demons that preyed upon his bosom. Those only who knew him well can understand how interesting was this light of his mind, breaking out amid the clouds and darkness which encompassed it.

"There was one trait of character which does infinite credit to Brainard. Freely as his riotous fancy was licensed in conversation, he was never irreverent—nor did he countenance irreverence in others. In the most heedless moment he indulged himself in no jests at the expense of religion—nor did he smile at profane jokes in others. There was a deep principle in his heart presiding over his most reckless mood, which said 'hitherto mayest thou come, but no further.' It is a circumstance which mixes consolation with regret for his loss, that in the closing period of his life, this principle assumed its due influence, and shed over his last moments those hopes which cheer and support the descent to the tomb.

"We have before noticed incidentally what we esteem the leading traits of Mr. Brainard's poetry,—boldness, originality, force, and pathos. The lines on Niagara are doubtless the best that have ever been written on that stupendous work of nature—and this is the more remarkable, as Brainard was never within three hundred miles of the spot. The poem, beginning '*The dead leaves strew the forest walk*,' has a deep pathetic vein running through it, which reminds us strongly of Burns.

"The originality of Brainard has the more merit, in an age, when imitation is stamped upon almost all the new poetry we read. Mrs. Hemans's rhymes are perpetually chiming in our ears—the conceits of Shelley come forth again and again, each time in some new mask—and Wordsworth's ghosts and shadows of thought haunt us like spectres in the night. But Brainard either disdained imitation, or the gushing fountain of his own genius left him little temptation to borrow from others. No man ever thought his own thoughts more independently than he did.

"There are some deductions to be made from the unqualified praise we might otherwise bestow upon his poetry. His pieces are very unequal—and generally unfinished;—they are also frequently marred by carelessness, and sometimes by coarseness. A splendid couplet or verse is often followed by an inferior one—the former showed his power, the latter his indolence. The grammatical defect that will be observed in the first stanza of the magnificent lines '*On a late loss*,' and the vulgar metaphor with which he closes the piece which may be found in his volume, addressed '*To my friend G.*' are stains which a little more care, and more studious delicacy might have removed, and which an author who seeks the approbation of the public is bound to remove. Knowing, as we do, that these pieces were written only to serve a transient purpose, and were afterwards cut from a file of newspapers with a pair of scissors, and printed in a volume without correction—they may not lower our estimate of the author's genius, though they must abate the value we put upon his works." p. 198-202.

We cannot forbear giving place to the following lines on the Fall of Niagara, although they have been so frequently copied that they must be familiar to all our readers. They are indeed "the best that have ever been written on that stupendous work of nature;" and, as the reader peruses them, he can almost hear the everlasting and multitudinous roar of the mighty cataract.



*The Fall of Niagara.*

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold bubbler, what art thou to Him,  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

The following is another one of Brainard's happiest effusions.

*Epithalamium.*

I saw two clouds at morning,  
Tinged with the rising sun;  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one:  
I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course, with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting:  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—  
A purer sky where all is peace.

Our selections from these valuable volumes have already extended to too great a length; yet we cannot consent to conclude the present article without transferring to our columns the following two admirable effusions from the gifted mind of Bryant. There are few poems of equal length, in the English language, of more exquisite finish than the first; and the other possesses much simple beauty and pathos.

*To a Waterfowl.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form: yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

*The Murdered Traveller.*

When spring to woods and wastes around,  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'erhead,  
And fearless near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,  
And gentle eyes, for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,  
When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole  
To banquet on the dead;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home;  
And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died  
Far down that narrow glen.

We have not left ourself space for a single additional word of comment.

*Practical Hints to Young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family.* By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. Author of "Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's Best Interests." 18mo. New-York, (republished) 1829. A Ming, Jr.

THIS is a well and familiarly written little work, evidently calculated to promote a useful purpose. It is comprised of instructions to females on a variety of subjects, such as the conduct to be observed towards a husband in a great variety of circumstances; economy of the domestic household; treatment of servants; plan of education; duties during sickness; modes and degree of recreation, &c. &c. Some of our readers may remember the commendations which we bestowed on the "Domestic Duties" of Mrs. Parkes; and a similar tribute of praise is due to the writer of the more humble effusion before us. Its leading objects are the same; and though the topics of which it treats, are neither so luminously discussed, nor dressed in such winning graces of style; yet it is characterized throughout by enough of good sense, expressed with sufficient fluency of language, to render it very deserving of a place in the libraries of young ladies. The writer aspires not to any very great eminence among authors; but in a modestly written advertisement, avows that a wish to do good in a humble way has been her only motive. Her work is addressed to females in the middle ranks of society—to those, more especially, whose circumstances are limited and whose occupations numerous. "To increase, by appropriate hints," she observes, "the respectability of this numerous class, is a design which immediately or remotely, affects so large a proportion of the community, that it might discourage the attempt of a humble individual. But if to promote domestic virtue, and

preserve the happiness of the fire-side, is an effectual, as well as simple means, of increasing national prosperity, how many are there who have hitherto deemed themselves incompetent, whose efforts might thus contribute to the public weal?" It was with this correct sentiment and laudable object, that the little volume before us of "Practical Hints to Young Females," was written; and we have looked over its pages with sufficient care to enable us to say, that we consider the author's monitions well calculated to accomplish her end.

*All for Love; or A Sinner Well Saved.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate, &c. 12mo. London, 1829. John Murray.

THIS last production of the Laureate's pen is indeed a strange effusion. As a poem it is deserving of but little praise; for the thoughts are for the most part trite and puerile, the language diffuse, and the versification loose and unmusical. The story, which is taken from the Life of St. Basil, by St. Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, possesses a considerable degree of romantic interest, intermixed with large portions of the ludicrous. Like most Catholic legends of the doings of the saints, it is rather fitted for a nursery tale, than to form the groundwork of a poem for full grown readers; and, in this view of it, Mr. Southey has done ample justice to his subject, for it is written in a style well adapted to infant minds, and in scarcely a single passage soars above the namby-pamby of nursery rhymes. We shall give a brief outline of the story, and in the course of it introduce several passages of the poem, (!) of sufficient length to enable the reader to form, for himself, a tolerably accurate judgment of its merits.

Eleemon, a freedman in the service of a wealthy noble, named Proterius, has conceived a violent affection for his master's daughter, Cyra. Fearful, however, of disclosing his passion to the high-born maid, lest his suit should be immediately rejected with scorn and anger, he tries, instead, the efficacy of secret prayers, vows, and sacrifices. These means of winning the maid are not attended with any good effect, and Eleemon learns with consternation that the object of his love is about to bid the world farewell, and devote herself, for the rest of her days, as a vestal nun, to the duties of religion. As a last resort, the enamoured youth seeks the cell of a powerful sorcerer, Abibas, and implores his aid. This cunning seer, after having ridiculed the vain and ineffectual means which Eleemon had previously tried, informs him that Satan has power to accomplish his wish, and bids the applicant put his trust boldly in him, for that "he never forsakes his friends."

"While Eleemon listened  
He shuddered inwardly,  
At the ugly voice of Abibas,  
And the look in his wicked eye.

And he could then almost have given  
His fatal purpose o'er;  
But his Good Angel had left him  
When he entered the Sorcerer's door.

So in the strength of evil shame,  
His mind the young man knit  
Into a desperate resolve,  
For his bad purpose fit."

He boldly answers Abibas that if his master will grant him what he seeks, he will renounce all other aid, and cling to Satan alone; but that little time remained for him to achieve the business in, for on the morrow the fatal vow was to be spoken, and already, from every part of Cappadocia had crowds flocked to Cæsarea to attend the solemn day.

"Thou hast hesitated long," said Abibas,  
'And thou hast done amiss,  
In praying to Him whom I name not,  
That it never might come to this!

'But thou hast chosen thy part, and here thou art;  
And thou shalt have thy desire.  
And though at the eleventh hour  
Thou hast come to serve our Prince of Power,  
He will give thee in full thine hire.

'These tablets take; (he wrote as he spake,)  
My letters, which thou art to bear,  
Wherein I shall commend thee  
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

'Go from the north gate out, and take  
On a Pagan's tomb thy stand;  
And looking to the north, hold up  
The tablets in thy hand:

'And call the Spirits of the Air,  
That they my messenger may bear  
To the place whither he would pass,  
And there present him to their Prince  
In the name of Abibas.

'The passage will be swift and safe,  
No danger awaits thee beyond;  
Thou wilt only have now to sign and seal,  
And hereafter to pay the bond."

Urged along by the desperate force of love, the amorous freedman complies with the instructions of the sorcerer.

"Shunning human sight, like a thief in the night,  
Eleemon made no delay,  
But went unto a Pagan's tomb  
Beside the public way.

Inclosed with barren elms it stood,  
There planted when the dead  
Within the last abode of man  
Had been deposited."

He had not waited there long, when he hears the whirr of unseen wings, and feels unseen hands encircle him, by which he is lifted up swiftly through the air "with a mighty force," till they reach the throne of the Fallen Seraph, before whom he is set down, and formally introduced to His Satanic Majesty. After a short episode, in which his highness enumerates various services that had been rendered him by the passion of love, from the time of Adam and the Apple down to the time of his speaking, he turns to the young "Amorist," and agrees to give him his master's daughter on the old condition that Eleemon should sell his soul. The terms are gladly complied with; but not content with his simple word to that effect, the Prince of Darkness requires the young man to sign a bond before they part, for with very prudent caution he tells him—"I take thee not on trust." He accordingly applies a pen to Eleemon's breast, and by some unexplained Satanic process manages to extract a penful of blood from his heart without puncturing the flesh; and with this the purchaser signs the stipulated bond.

It so happens after this, that, in the course of that night, both Cyra and her father have a dream, in which they are ordered by some seemingly heavenly power to have Eleemon, the one for his son-in-law, and the other for her husband, and in consequence of this visitation the proposed ceremony, by which Cyra was to have been inducted into convent life, is changed to preparations for spousal celebration, which soon after takes place. The wedded pair for a long series of years enjoy great happiness together, only interrupted on the part of Eleemon by recollections of the heavy price he was to pay for it. In good time the old father dies, and is quietly interred. But he had not been long in the other world before he hears some rumor of the forfeit which his son-in-law had agreed to pay for the acquisition of his daughter's hand; and feeling naturally anxious on the subject, he revisits the glimpses of the moon, and has a long conference, in a dream, with his two children. The consequence is, that when Cyra wakes up, she immediately attacks her husband, inflicting on him a severe curtain lecture for having sold his soul, and requires that he should immediately go and make confession



to St. Basil. This the obedient husband instantly does, and in order to expiate his crime and annul the bond which he had given to the Devil, he is commanded to go into the room of relics, and there pray and fast, until he shall have gained the victory over his Shylock-like creditor. During the night he is set upon by divers curious shapes and noises; but he continues to pray most manfully until the morning, when the fiends leave him, telling the rejoicing priest that the strife is not done, that they

"—— reckon too soon,  
Who reckon without their host!"

and that he still holds to his bond, and intends to come in broad daylight, and carry Eleemon off before the face of the whole congregation.

"Before the congregation,  
And in the face of day,  
Whoever may pray, and whoever gainsay,  
I will challenge him for my bondsman,  
And carry him quick away!"

"Ha, Satan! dost thou in thy pride,  
With righteous anger Basil cried,  
"Defy the force of prayer?"  
In the face of the church wilt thou brave it?  
Why then we will meet thee there!"

"A fair challenge!" cries his Satanic Highness, and at once strikes a bargain with the Bishop to meet him on an appointed day, and argue the cause with him. The day arrives, and the Church, at an early hour, is filled with a gaping auditory. Satan displays his bond, and enters into a learned argument to prove his right to the soul that he had bought and paid for. He exclaims

"I ask for justice! I prefer  
An equitable suit;  
I appeal to the law, and the case  
Admitteth of no dispute."

But the Bishop was of a different way of thinking, and remarks,

"—— Thou canst not sue  
Upon the bondly law!  
A sorry legalist were he  
Who could not in thy boasted plea  
Detect its fatal flaw!"

He then proceeds to state the different grounds on which the Devil's claim may be controverted, and argues so learnedly that the Arch-fiend at last exclaims, as he is about making his exit in a rage—

"The law thy calling ought to have been,  
With wit so ready, and tongue so free;  
To prove by reason, in reason's despite,  
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,  
And white is black, and black is white,—  
What a loss I have had in thee!"

He then quits the Church, giving up his cause in despair, and leaves Eleemon in full possession of the disputed soul.

This is a fair outline of the story on which Robert Southey has employed his genius; and from the specimens we have quoted the reader is doubtless prepared to say, that the ground-work and the execution are about of equal merit.

*Campaigns of a Cornet.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. New-York, (in press) J. & J. Harper.

As these volumes will not be before the public for several days, we shall not enter into any minute examination of their character at the present time; but content ourselves with extracting a short passage by the way of a sample of their style and general manner. They detail the adventures of a fictitious military hero, and are crowded with a great variety of scenes of a military character. The authorship is attributed to an officer of the British army, already known to the English public, by a previous work, on topics connect-

ed with his profession. We do not make the following selection because it possesses any great degree of separate interest; but simply as a specimen of the general style of the production.

"Before the establishment of coaches and caravans, the Nine-mile house was an inn of some celebrity: situated mid-way between Clonmel and Kilkenny, it was the customary station for changing horses between those towns, and became the natural resting place for the traveller on horseback, or the more humble pedestrian, whose business or pleasure led him to journey in that direction.

"Of late years, however, at least since the establishment of mail-coaches by Mr. Anderson, this once-famed concern gradually lost its business, and consequently its celebrity; travellers, who formerly hired a coach and pair, and, previously making their wills, undertook the then serious ten-day journey from Cork to Dublin, and with due consideration to the landlord's interests, drank deep into the claret of their several hosts, now, seated in the mail, rolled smoothly over the same distance in four-and-twenty hours, to the utter destruction of inn-keepers, turnpike-men, and waiters; horsemen, who rode into the stable-yards when the dusk of the evening brought their nursery-stories of mountains and robbers to their recollection, and brought to the joyful landlord the double advantages of 'man and baste,' now flew by, one of six outsides; and if, while horses are changing, a glass of the *native*, or a pint of porter and a cracker were called for, it was as much as the inn-keeper could expect. The pedestrian, too, whose wet shoes were welcomed in the kitchen, and who, throwing down his wallet, squeezed himself far under the ample chimney, and called for both 'vitells and dthrink,' now found that it cost him less in shoe leather, time, and travelling charges, to 'get a lift on the caravan,' and seldom gave 'mine host' an opportunity of receiving payment for 'dthry lodging.'

"Although past nine o'clock, the door had not yet been opened, the shutters were closed, the dirt and wet straw of the preceding day covered the steps, and there was nothing whatever to indicate that their proprietor was dependent upon the public for his own support, and that of a large family. In fact, had not the inscription on a narrow ledge above the door-way, given the cornet to understand, that 'Daniel O'Dwyer Purcel was licensed to sell porter with spirits,' he would have altogether disbelieved the assurances which he had received, that the house at which he stopped was one of 'entertainment.'

"The inscription, however, gave him hopes—and striking that part of the door which was once occupied by a knocker, with the end of his sword scabbard, he endeavored to inform the inhabitants that a customer had arrived; but this was an event which occurred too rarely to be really believed, and the cornet's sword was applied full six times, exclusive of sundry kicks and accompanying holloas, before a tattered mob cap, covering a dirty female head, protruded from a broken pane of glass in the second story, and the wearer not very good humouredly demanded, 'what's wanting?'

"Pierce expressed his anxiety to have breakfast, and dry his clothes, adding, that 'he should feel obliged by his wants being immediately attended to, as he was pressed for time.'

"'Never fear, you shall have it in a hurry, captain,' replied the voice from the broken pane, and the cap vanishing from the window, Pierce soon heard the wished for operations on the lock, preceded, however, by a call for 'Mic,' who presented himself, at the now opened door, in the person of a thin-legged, greasy-haired waiter.

"'Your honor's welcome to the Nine-mile house, captain,' said the overjoyed Mic, stretching out his

arms, as if he would embrace both horse and horse-man. 'Sure if I thought it was a rap in airnest, I'd have been down immadiately.'

"This was an allusion to a trick which the neighboring boys were in the habit of playing on the waiter, by knocking at the hall door and running away—thus disappointing Mic's hopes of custom and tenpennies. In this case, however, poor Mic was most agreeably surprised, and his joy was evinced in the most extravagant greeting of words and actions; but the cornet required some more solid reception, and eagerly asked about fire and breakfast, adding that he was both wet and hungry—therefore, said he, 'Mic, my boy, show me into the kitchen, and let me have a good warm at the fire while you are getting breakfast.' 'Och! captain—the deuce a red cinder is on the big grate yet, and more's the shame for Judy. Judy—is it lighting the fire ye are at all?'—and Mic, in evident distress at his inability to meet the cornet's wishes, endeavored to throw the onus of preparation upon his coadjutor.

"'Och! don't bother us,' cried the lady of the cap, as she blew a few red sticks into a blaze, 'if you wasn't so handy with the dthrink may be you'd be up airly yourself,' and she continued to puff at the incipient fire.

"Mic judged it prudent not to reply to this insinuation, and, helping the cornet to getrid of his dripping cloak, proceeded to wash the relics of whisky-punch out of a broken tea-cup, and lay a table cloth, which looked to Pierce as if it also had been used for more purposes than one. However, this was no time to be impeded by trifles; and Judy's exertions having succeeded in making the water boil, Pierce at length saw some prospect of at least escaping starvation—for, uninviting as the tea and table cloth proved, a plentiful supply of fresh eggs, butter, cream, and hung beef, enabled him to make out a very tolerable breakfast; and, after cheering Mic and Judy with a donation they had long been unaccustomed to, he returned to inquire into the progress which had been made in the repairs of the broken axle." vol. i. p. 253-260.

*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, by Washington Irving. (Abridged by the Same.) 12mo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

THE character of Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus* is so well known, that any comment on that admirable work at the present time would be altogether superfluous. We took occasion to express our opinion of that, and his other writings, in the course of our biographical sketch of his life, (vol. 1, p. 186) and the same remarks which we then applied to the larger work, might, with little alteration, be used in reference to the excellent abridgement before us. It comprises every fact narrated in the previous work, and we are of opinion that the interest is increased by its greater conciseness of style, for the principal fault of the original production was the diffuseness and prolixity of the language. The volume now before us possesses in a greater degree than the former ones, the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Irving's style, being sufficiently copious without redundancy, and strong as well as smooth. It presents a concatenated and unbroken narrative, combining the thrilling interest of romance with the moral impressiveness of truth: the story flows along in rapid and equal continuity, and the reader borne onward with it, like one who is wafted down a stream, seems really to behold the scenes and participate in the events that are only described. We copy the prefatory Advertisement of the author, and the concluding passage of the volume, and cheerfully commend it to general

patronage. It ought to be introduced as a class-book in every rudimental seminary in the country.

"Having been informed that some person in the United States had undertaken to fabricate a less voluminous work out of my history of the life and voyages of Columbus, I have thought proper immediately to execute my original intention of making an abridgement of the history, to adapt it for general circulation. In this I trust I have given a satisfactory abstract of everything of essential importance in the larger work, and have preserved those parts nearly entire which have been considered the most striking and characteristic. It is probable, also, that the narrative has gained in spirit in many parts, by the omission of details which caused prolixity, but which could not be omitted in what professed to be a complete and circumstantial history of the subject.

"I have felt the more hurt at this attempt to supercede my work with the public, from having always considered it as a peculiar offering to my countrymen, whose good opinion, however the contrary may have been insinuated, has never ceased to be the leading object of my ambition, and the dearest wish of my heart: and I must confess that, in assiduously laboring at this history of the first discovery of our country, I have been chiefly animated by the hope, that the interest of the subject would cause the work to remain among my countrymen, and with it a remembrance of the author, when all the frail productions of his fancy might have perished and been forgotten."

This admirable history of Columbus concludes in the following eloquent manner.

"A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild lands he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extols the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, 'full of dew and sweetness,' the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a golden and a glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavils of men of cooler and safer, but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast Paria, about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir, and the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and on the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his own office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, and subject to impulses and intimations from the deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Veragua. He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon kind, and successful in his dreams. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercurial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a



Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and deciphering the mystery of his age.' With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of King Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known, that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!" p. 308-11.

*The Ladies' Lexicon and Parlour Companion, containing nearly every Word in the English Language, and Exhibiting the Plurals of Nouns, and the Participles of Verbs; being also particularly adapted to the use of Academies and Schools.* By William Grimshaw, Author of a History of the United States, England, &c. &c. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1829. J. Grigg.

THE principal merit of this neat little Dictionary over other abridgements consists in its giving the plural of nouns, except when formed by the simple addition of *s* to the singular, and the participles of verbs. This must be of very great assistance to persons, the grammatical part of whose education has not been very accurate; and even the scholar may derive occasional aid from such a work, for the exceptions and anomalies of our language are so numerous, that few persons, except those who are in the constant practice of writing for the press, can be supposed to retain them all in their memory. As far as our examination of Mr. Grimshaw's production has extended, we consider him entitled to praise for general accuracy; though, in the course of our inspection, we noticed some errors, both of omission and commission. Of the former kind, we may mention the word *statement*, which has no place in his Dictionary; and of the latter, the verb *guarantee*, for which we think he will not be able to adduce any authority. The noun is *guarantee*; the verb should be written *guaranty*, as in the following sentence from Lord Chesterfield. "France hath always profited skilfully of its having *guarantied* the treaty of Munster." We noticed several other blemishes of a like kind; but not of sufficient importance to require enumeration. The work is a good one, and deserves patronage. It is very neatly and correctly printed, with clear, new type, on paper of a good quality, and entitles the publisher to commendation.

#### VARIETIES.

##### LITERARY.

##### *An Abridgement of Webster's Dictionary.*

An abridgement of Webster's "American Dictionary," by J. E. Worcester, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is nearly completed and stereotyped. This

abridgement will be a super-royal octavo, containing about a thousand pages, in nonpareil type, comprising all the words in the quarto, with some additions, and with the chief etymologies and full definitions. To this will be subjoined a synoptical view of the differences of pronunciation between the author and some of the latest English orthoepists; and Walker's key to the pronunciation of classical and scriptural names, with some notes of amendment.

We are also informed that a smaller abridgement of Webster's Dictionary, for the use of counting houses and schools; and a new elementary work, or spelling book, both in uniformity with the quarto in spelling and pronunciation, are soon to be published. In preparing the latter, he has consulted the most experienced instructors, and so classified the various words of irregular formation, as to enable the pupil to surmount most of the difficulties of the language, with the help of this little book alone. To complete the scheme for facilitating the acquisition of the language, and rendering the pronunciation less liable to fluctuation, the author has devised points or marks to be attached to the anomalous vowels and consonants, which points will serve as a certain guide to the true pronunciations. In addition to these books, a small book of *First Lessons*, containing the easiest lessons of the spelling book, is about to be published, for the use of beginners. These works are to be stereotyped in this city, under the inspection of the author.

##### *Life of Lord Byron.*

It is mentioned, among the literary items in the latest London papers, that Moore has printed between three and four hundred pages of his life of Lord Byron, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's *Life of Gray*, and Haley's *Life of Cowper*. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is completed, and the work consisting of a thick quarto volume, will be published, it is said, in the course of a very short time. "Since the death of his eldest daughter, by which the poet and his amiable wife were deeply affected, they have been residing for change of scene, at his friend and patron the Marquis of Lansdown's fine mansion at Calne, a few miles from Mr. Moore's cottage at Sloperton."

##### *Polish Literature.*

We find it mentioned in a late foreign literary paper that a young Pole, named Wiernikowski, has recently published a translation of the principal Odes of Pindar. His efforts to transfer the beauties of the original into the Polish language are said to have been attended with considerable success. His translation is close and concise; his versification pure, elevated, and sometimes partaking of the sublime character of the original; and the work altogether is said to exhibit boldness, originality, and a happy turn of phrase and character of style.

##### DRAMATIC.

##### *Madame Malibran.*

THIS enchanting vocalist, as our readers are perhaps aware, has recently made her reappearance, after an interval of four years, before a London audience, as the *prima donna* of the King's Theatre. Her singing and acting both has excited the warmest plaudits, and the critics in the different literary and dramatic journals which we have seen, speak of her in terms of high encomium. She made her *debut* on Tuesday evening, April 21, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, in the role of "the gentle Desdemona"—a part in which many of our readers must remember her with delight. The house was numerously and fashionably attended beyond any precedent during the season, and the admirable singer succeeded in giving universal satisfaction. The *Literary Gazette*, after a little display of musical criticism, remarks,—“we do not hesitate to predict that she will ultimately become a second Pas-

ta." The London Weekly Review also comments on the performance in highly laudatory terms; and as an actress pronounces that she leaves all competitors far behind her—Pasta alone excepted; and that she often approaches, and occasionally fully equals, that great genius. The London Court Journal perhaps contains the fairest criticism on the performance; and, convinced that the subject will prove interesting to our readers, we shall quote a part of its remarks. Speaking of the Opera House, the writer observes, that it has just presented the public with a singer, who whatever may have been the expectations raised in us by her early display of talent, and by the reports of her wonderful improvement since she left London, has greatly surpassed those expectations. "Malibran's singing alone," continues he, "would certainly not at present entitle her to take the first rank among the female artists of her day, though it might perhaps place her at the head of the second. But that her acting at once does this for her, may be confidently affirmed, even from the single tragic performance that we have witnessed. Not that her *Desdemona* is perfect. It is very far from being so: though we may say, even on this head, that its defects are probably owing more to the poet than the actress; but, if it had double the faults it has, it would still be a splendid performance; full of fine conceptions nobly executed; and, moreover, beautified by numerous slight and scarcely perceptible touches of natural pathos and delicacy, that though they may escape the eyes of superficial observers, do not escape the hearts even of them; and, in the estimation of all others, they form the chief indication of the high talents from which the whole proceeds. We must not trust ourselves to a detailed notice of this performance—at least at present; but we shall not scruple to affirm, that after those of Pasta, it is incomparably superior to any thing else that the London stage has seen, in any of its departments, for many years; and that it gives promise of an excellence in future, and in other things, only second to that of the great and incomparable genius whom we have mentioned above. Malibran has appeared also in a comic opera; and in this she has exactly reversed the impression she produced on us in tragedy. In *Rosina* (in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) she sings much better than she plays; without, however, being the least defective in the latter. Her execution of the extremely difficult *cavatina* of 'Una voce poco fa,' &c. was full of science, delicacy, and taste, and conveyed a higher notion of her power as a singer merely, than any thing in her *Desdemona*; but her acting in this part was not above mediocrity. Having seen her in a comic part we are surprised that this lady should not confine her efforts exclusively to tragic, or at least the serious and elevated characters; because it is in those that she is destined to shine in a distinguished manner; and it is bad policy, in one who may hold a distinguished place in any line of art, to be ever seen filling a secondary one, especially in a different line. If Pasta were to play *Rosina*, she would play it well, no doubt, and would execute the music admirably; but if she were to play it, the spell that is about her would be broken, and she would be Pasta no more. Those who would occupy the very highest place in our admiration, must be content to occupy that alone. The appearance of this theatre on Thursday night was brilliant, and such as no other theatre in Europe ever presented. When the company rose at the commencement of the National Anthem, the effect was *ebullissant*. There was not a single box which was not illuminated with the beaming faces of the beauties who had graced the drawing-room in the early part of the day; and the whole scene recived a noble completion by the manner in which Malibran sang her verse of the anthem. She evidently took great pains with it, and we have, as yet, heard nothing from her

which conveys so favorable an idea of her natural qualifications as a first singer."

Kean.

Of this great actor, the London Literary Gazette says, "poor Kean is, indeed, very ill in Ireland; so much broken down, (as we learn from a private letter) as hardly to leave a hope of his resuscitation for the stage."

#### Receipts of Parisian Theatres.

The receipts of the Parisian Theatres during the month of March were, 682,429 francs, which were thus divided: Théâtre Français, 85,607; Variétés, 84,181; Madame, 66,875; Opera Comique, 66,174; Italian Opera, 56,940; Porte St. Martin, 55,740; French Opera, 52,875; Nouveautés, 52,803; Cirque Olympique, 47,700; Ambigu, 40,660; Vaudeville, 38,128; Gaîté, 34,764. These receipts are higher than in many of the preceding months.

#### MISCELLANEOUS,

##### Longevity.

Barbarini, the singer, who was once a great favorite with the Russian court, is said to be still living, at the age of 104 years, at Veronege, where he keeps an inn. He walks four or five miles daily, and frequently amuses his guests with playing on the guitar.

##### New Cannons and Rockets.

An engineer of St. Petersburg has invented a new kind of cannon for the war with Turkey, which will, it is said, prove a very formidable instrument. In size and weight it is equal to the ordinary sixty-four pounder; but the bore is calculated for a very small ball, which will range more than twice the distance of the shot now used. Russian agents are at present in England and in the Netherlands superintending the casting of cannon on this principle. The same engineer has also invented a new rocket, which is reported to be much more destructive than the Congreve rocket.

##### New Coach.

It is mentioned in a French paper that a patent has been taken out in Paris, for a new coach with only one wheel, capable of accommodating from thirty to forty passengers.

## DRAMA.

### AMERICAN OPERA HOUSE.

#### Jonathan in England.

SEVERAL times, since the opening of this pleasant little Theatre, the comedy of "Who Wants a Guinea?" as altered by Mr. Hackett, for the purpose of affording himself an opportunity to exhibit the peculiarities of the Yankee character, and announced under the above title, has been performed. Of the excellence of Mr. Hackett in the part of *Solomon Swap*, we have spoken our opinion at length on a former occasion.\* Since that article was written, we have seen the effort a number of times repeated, and on every succeeding representation have found fresh cause to admire the fidelity and humor of the portraiture. In the delineation of the peculiarities of our brethren of the New-England states, Mr. Hackett stands entirely unrivalled; and the bursts of laughter and the loud applause which invariably repay his efforts prove that we have native materials for the comic drama, which, properly used, would free us from our present dependence on the blunderings of broadly caricatured Irishmen, the unintelligible dialect of Yorkshire clowns, or the caperings of misrepresented Frenchmen. The Death Fetch, an interesting Drama recently produced at this Theatre shall be noticed in our next.

\* See Vol. I, page 141, Art. The Drama





In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight,  
So unawares comes on perpetual night,  
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,  
And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,  
The stones and trees, insensible of time,  
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;  
If winter come, and greenness then do fade,  
A spring returns and they more youthful made;  
But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble than those creatures all,  
Yet seems by nature and by custom cursed,  
No sooner born but grief and care make fall  
That state obliterate he had at first.  
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again,  
Nor habitations long their names retain,  
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,  
Because their beauty and their strength last longer?  
Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,  
Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger?  
Nay, they shall darken, fade and dye,  
And when unmade so ever shall they lye:  
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the shadow of a stately elm  
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,  
Where gilding streams the rocks did overwhelm;  
A lonely place, with pleasures dignified.  
I once that loved the shady woods so well,  
Now thought the rivers did the trees excell,  
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fix mine eye,  
Which to the longed for ocean held its course,  
I mark'd nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye  
Could hinder aught, but still augment its force:  
O happy flood, quoth I that holdst thy race  
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,  
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace.

Nor is't enough, that thou alone mayest slide,  
But hundred brooks in thy clear waves do meet,  
Se hand in hand along with thee they glide  
To Thetis' house, where all embrace and greet:  
Thou emblem true of what I count the best,  
O could I lead my rivulets to rest,  
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye fish, which in this liquid region 'hide,  
That for each season have your habitation,  
Now salt, now fresh, where you think best to glide,  
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,  
In lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,  
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,  
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to taste the air,  
Then to the colder bottom straight they dive,  
Eft-oon to Neptune's glassie hall repair  
To see what trade the great ones there do drive,  
Who forage o'er the spacious sea-green field,  
And take the trembling prey before it yield,  
Whose armor is their scales their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,  
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
The sweet tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head,  
And chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judged my hearing better than my sight,  
And whist me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry bird (said I) that fears no snares,  
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,  
Feels no sad thoughts nor cruciating cares  
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;  
Thy cloaths ne'er wear, thy meat is every where,  
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,  
Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,  
Setts hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,  
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,  
And warbling out the old begins anew,  
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,  
Then follow thee into a better region,  
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man's at the best a creature frail and vain,  
In knowledge ignorant, in strength but weak:  
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,  
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break:

From some of these he never finds cessation,  
But day or night, within, without, vexation,  
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest nearest relation.

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,  
This lump of wretchedness of sin, and sorrow,  
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,  
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow:  
Nor all his losses, crosses and vexation,  
In weight, in frequency and long duration  
Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.

The mariner that on the smooth waves doth glide,  
Sings merrily, and steers his barque with ease,  
As if he had command of wind and tide,  
And now become great master of the seas;  
But suddenly a storm spoils all the sport,  
And makes him long for a more quiet port,  
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in the world of pleasure,  
Feeding on sweets that never bit off the sowre,  
That's full of friends, of honor and of treasure,  
Fond fool, he takes this earth even from heaven's bower.  
But sad affliction comes and makes him see  
Here's neither honor, wealth, nor safety;  
Only above is found all with security.

O time the fatal wrack of mortal things,  
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings,  
Their sumptuous monuments men know them not,  
Their names without a record are forgot,  
Their parts, their ports, their pumps all laid in th' dust,  
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;  
But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone  
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

In order that our readers may judge of the ability which Mr. Kettell has displayed in the biographical part of the work before us, as well as on account of the intrinsic interest of the articles, we copy the following passages from the *Life of Cotton Mather*, and afterwards his brief sketch of the life and character of the lamented Brainerd.

"Cotton Mather was born in Boston, on the 9th. of February, 1662-3. His father was the Reverend Increase Mather, pastor of the North Church, and President of Harvard College, and his mother was the daughter of John Cotton, an eminent divine. While a mere child, the subject of our narrative was distinguished for his piety, and was in the habit of writing forms of prayer for the use of his playmates, and of encouraging their devotional exercises by precept and example. After making the necessary progress in his mother tongue, he commenced the study of the ancient languages with avidity, and at the age of twelve was qualified for admission at College, having read Cicero, Terence, Ovid and Virgil, the Greek Testament, Isocrates, Homer, and the Hebrew grammar. During his residence at Harvard, he was eminent for his intense and unwearied application to study, and for a scrupulous observance of all those religious exercises, the performance of which he had enjoined upon himself while under the paternal roof. The *Systems of Logic and of Physics* composed by him while a lad of sixteen, are of themselves sufficient proofs of his assiduity in the prosecution of his academical course, and the nature of the thesis, '*Puncta Hebraicus sunt originis divina*,' which he maintained on the reception of his Master's degree, when he was six months short of his nineteenth year, will give the reader some idea of the extent of his information, and of the peculiar tendency of his mind. By a reference to the ordinances of discipline enforced in our oldest university, during the earlier period of his existence, the modern student will readily perceive how the scholars of former times accomplished the great amount of labor required of them. The peculiar habits of the age too, in discouraging all relaxation, and in rendering it necessary for every one who would appear as an accomplished member of society, to have pursued his researches into the arcana of the abstruse sciences, gave the mind the keenest relish for



study. There were not then the inducements now held out for the encouragement of levity and dissipation. The country was newly settled, by a race of men exemplary in godliness, who countenanced the indulgence of no amusement; a race of whom Oldmixon, speaking from personal observation, says, 'they are severe in their laws against immorality, and so much so, as if they thought no pleasure could be innocent.' And the laws of the college, besides requiring of each individual a perusal of the scriptures twice in each day, and an exercise consisting of 'theoretical observations on the language and logic of the Bible, and in practical and spiritual truths,' regarded, as an indispensable qualification for the Bachelor's degree, an ability 'to read the Old and New Testament into the Latin tongue, and to resolve them logically, the scholar, withal, *being of godly life and conversation.*'

"After his graduation, Mr. Mather commenced the study of theology, pursuing those inquiries for which he had now acquired a decided taste, with unabated zeal and extraordinary success. Soon after his initiation, however, into the science of divinity, he abandoned his original design of preparing himself for the pulpit, on account of a hesitation in his speech, which, as he thought, would so affect his delivery, as to unfit him for the sacred office. He relinquished his favorite pursuit, and without loss of time, directed all his energies to the study of medicine, till a friend of his, Elijah Corlet, who if we mistake not, was master of the school connected with the college, gave him the following advice, a strict observance of which might perhaps be found as beneficial to the stammerer, as any series of lectures by our modern Leighs and Chapmans. 'Sir,' said he, 'I should be glad if you would oblige yourself to a dilated deliberation in speaking; for as in singing there is no one who stammers, so by prolonging your pronunciation, you will get a habit of speaking without hesitation.' The consequence was, that Mr. Mather resumed the profession of his choice, and in due time attained a ready and happy delivery.

"In 1680 he received a unanimous invitation from the North Church to become a colleague of his father, and during the three succeeding years, was urged repeatedly by the same society to accept their offers, all of which he declined. The reasons assigned for this conduct are, 'his modest opinion and low apprehension of himself and his talents.' It must be confessed, however, that he appeared very much in the light of him, who on the Lupercal 'did thrice refuse a kingly crown,' for according to the representation of his own son, he was ever influenced by the most ardent anticipations of becoming a great man. The malicious might well have said on this occasion, in the language of the sarcastic Casca, 'he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it,' for which supposition the sequel afforded good grounds. 'At last,' says his son, 'he was prevailed with to accept the sacred burden, *onus angelicis humeris formidandum!*' and in May, 1684, was ordained. He placed in his diary his meditations on his recent advancement, followed by the record of his affection, and immediately after, indulging in a humorous conceit, added, in allusion to his sermons preached after his installation, his conviction that *proud thoughts had fly-blown his best performances.*

"In the twenty-fourth year of his age, Mr. Mather married Miss Abigail Phillips, 'a comely ingenious woman, and an agreeable consort,' by whom he was made the father of nine children. From this era no remarkable events occurred in his life until the wicked administration of Andros, when, for the first and only time, he became conspicuous for his ardor in the business of state. It is not often that men whose talents are devoted to the cause of literature, and

whose time is consecrated and set apart for employments that divert the attention from secular concerns, can feel a lively interest in the party strife and divisions which are inseparable attendants on a freedom of the press and a government with but a shadow of liberty in its constitution. The retirement of the study is ill adapted to the dreamer whose visions are unceasingly of the sceptre of power, the chair of state, and the sword of authority, and who, whether toiling and sweating for their attainment, or anxiously watching the current of popular opinion, is in an everlasting fever of restlessness. He may, it is true, in the midst of his books, speculate with much warth, and work himself into a species of poetic frenzy, as his theories assume a shape which is to him that of perfection; yet they are only beautiful apparitions that lose their comeliness, and vanish before the observation of the practical politician, who looks for something tangible, that will bear the test of critical examination. The only school for politics is in the midst of bustling life, and he only who has experienced its agitations can become an adept in the science, or feel interested in its progress. Hence it is that the man who is partially secluded from the world, is not aroused by the tumults which affect the surface merely of affairs. But when the aim of the aggressor is at the very heart of civil liberty, the dwellers in the shades of the Academy, and even the loiterers in the laurel groves of the Muses have never been the last to repel the advances of the invader. Accordingly, when the mad career of Andros had attracted all eyes, and excited an universal indignation in the colonies, we find Mr. Mather among the first to cry aloud against the mal-administration of the government, and of course in the ranks of those singled out by the council as obnoxious to their vengeance. He promoted by his voice and influence a manly resistance to the illegal measures sanctioned by Sir Edmund. He urged the people to a serious consideration of the duties to themselves, their children, and their God, devolving upon them, in consequence of those decrees which had recently received the unholy ratification of a traitor to the trust reposed in him by the king.

"Thus encouraged to commence the labor of thrusting from their seats those who had usurped a prerogative belonging only to the Parliament of the mother country, and of purifying the high places of government from the abomination which had polluted them, the populace lost no time in giving ample proofs of their determination to assert their rights, and maintain them with heart and hand.

"In the month of April, 1688, the inhabitants of Boston held a meeting for the purpose of prescribing a course that should free them from the arbitrary oppression of their rulers. The proceedings of a public assembly of citizens accustomed to unrestrained freedom of speech, are not usually distinguished by a great degree of coolness or discretion, when concerns of extraordinary moment call for attention. Each individual, inflamed by the commission of some petty wrong which has made him a sufferer, infuses into the minds of his auditors a portion of his own vindictiveness, and by the exaggerated representation of his ills, excites a strong sentiment of commiseration. The natural consequence is, that the assembly loses its character as a deliberative body; the force of argument yields to the fiery impetuosity of passion, and without any violent effort of the imagination, we can conceive an ungovernable frenzy may actuate the whole multitude. In such a state, the resolutions most readily adopted bear the impress of the spirit which called them forth, and if, in their cooler moments, the actors in the scene have a momentary impression that their proceedings seem less the result of judgment than of impetuosity, they generally choose to abide by the consequences of their own rashness,

rather than acknowledge themselves in error, or retreat one step from the stand they have taken.

"The meeting to which we have alluded, is said to have opened with dangerous and horrible paroxysms. Mr. Mather was present, and fearful of the evil that might ensue from such a beginning, rose to address the multitude. The turbulence partially subsided, and he called all his powers into action. His affectionate speech was like oil poured on the troubled waves of the ocean. The audience listened with respect, and he perceived that the accomplishment of his object was at hand. Yet he stayed not his efforts till he found he could control them at will. Many were moved by his eloquence, coming as it did from the heart, even to tears, and though their determination had been to give full scope to the revengeful spirit that was abroad in the land, they yielded to his persuasion, and united in the adoption of pacific measures.

"But the fury of the people, though lulled for a time, was not entirely at rest. On the 18th. of the same month, in a state of exasperated feeling at some new and flagrant outrage, they rushed with one accord to avenge their wrongs in a short and summary method, unwilling to wait the tardy retribution of the laws. Arms were resorted to, and the inhabitants of the vicinity of Boston, eager to join in the affray which now appeared inevitable, hastened to town in great numbers. They were ripe for any outrage, and Mr. Mather's aid was again necessary to quell the commotion. He addressed the multitude in the open street, and arrayed the whole force of his arguments against them. As in the former instance, he gained the mastery, and when he had quieted their fury by an impassioned appeal, he resorted to his pen to complete the work so happily begun. It was mainly through his influence that those anticipated excesses were prevented, which but for his intervention, would probably have terminated in a bloody civil war. Andros and his adherents, who, on the occasion of this latter rebellion were in danger of immediate death at the hands of the colonists, were deposed, confined, and afterwards sent to England for trial.

"We have arrived at a period equally memorable in the life of Mather, and eventful in the history of New England. The days of the Salem witchcraft are a kind of landmark in our annals—a convenient and conspicuous beacon, marking out the line of separation between 'the olden times' and those sufficiently recent for the recurrence of memory. It was in the summer of 1692 that the 'subtle devices of the arch enemy' first became apparent, and enkindled that flaming persecution which spread an alarm throughout the country, and threw a portentous gloom over the dayspring of its glory. The name of Cotton Mather is generally associated with the terrors attending that spectacle of infatuation which attracted the observation of the civilized world. The prevalent impression is, that he was most strenuous in his exertions to convict those who are suspected of a demoniacal confederation. Yet a perusal of his letter to the public officers will lead the candid reader to the conclusion that he was less anxious for the effusion of blood, than for quieting the dissensions stirred up by the recent investigations; and more fearful that the reputation of his country would be tarnished, than that the great purpose of justice would be accomplished by awarding a capital punishment, on the feeble evidence of 'a spectral representation.' But the evil report was gone abroad, and Mather's belief in the demoniacal agency has been constantly misrepresented as his approval of the absurd and hasty examinations of the suspected individuals. The truth is, that in the letter to which we have referred, he besought the judges, on no consideration to sanction the condemnation of the accused, without the most satisfactory tes-

timony,—without such testimony as they would require in a trial for murder. We would not, in these remarks, insinuate his want of faith in the extravagant assertions of those who sought the gratification of personal revenge in accusing the inimical party of a league with the devil; his opinions on this subject are too strongly stated to admit a doubt. We would only explain his desire that the sentence of death should be pronounced with great caution, and in no case where there was not a palpable proof of guilt. That his earnest wish was to sacrifice his own indelible impressions, rather than hazard the life of a single human being, fully appears in a document that was addressed to the civil authorities of New England, signed by many influential individuals, and framed and presented by Mather himself. The interest however with which he listened to all the investigations that attended the charge, of witchcraft, and the earnestness of his inquiries into circumstances accompanying the alleged sufferings of the afflicted, were deemed satisfactory tokens of his determination to attain a renown as the promoter of a persecution, the memory of which would live in after ages. He was immediately assailed on every side by all those arts which groveling malice knows so well to employ, and unsatisfied with the success of their attacks upon his character in the public presses and in the various domestic circles to which they could gain access, his enemies resorted to the use of anonymous letters, filled with the bitterest imprecations, and the vilest and most abusive language. He received these epistles with no other emotions than those of pity at the folly and weakness by which they were dictated, and preserved them in a huge bundle, which was labelled on the outside, '*Libels: Father, forgive them.*'

"In the year of 1703, Mr. Mather was married for the second time, choosing as his future partner in life, Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, who bore him six children. In 1719, he received the degree of Dr. of Divinity from the University of Glasgow, and in 1714 was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; from which time we may date the commencement of his correspondence with Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts, Whiston, and Desaguliers,—the two latter among the most eminent mathematicians of the age. In 1715 he was united in wedlock to Mrs. George, and from this period to his first illness, in December, 1727-8, we can collect little that would be interesting to the reader. He was aware that death approached, and in a note to his physician said, 'My last enemy is come, I would say my best friend.' He died on the 13th. of the following February, one day after completing his 65th. year." vol. 1, p. 2-9.

"Mather's character was a strange, we had almost said an unnatural, compound. The ascetic gravity that enveloped his demeanor in his intercourse with society, was worn even in the midst of his family,—among his household gods, when, if ever, it would seem that the heart *must* leap up unconstrained, and assert its supremacy. And yet a quaint and awkward kind of humor accompanied this repulsive bearing, softening in some degree the asperity of his disposition; a humor that mingled itself with his devotional exercises and his discussions upon the attributes of divinity, more freely than with his worldly conversation. His familiar discourse, however, is represented to have been, at certain times, replete with the intrinsic wealth of mind, as well as that which he had labored for, and dug deep to attain; to have blended instruction with entertainment, and counsel with reproof, the whole being seasoned with an ardent zeal for the advancement of religion. 'His printed works,' says one of his eulogists, 'will not convey to posterity an idea of the real worth and great learning of the man. It was conversation and acquaintance with him in his *occasional discourses and private communi-*



cations, that discovered the vast compass of his knowledge and the projections of his piety." p. 10.

"Of his literary labors and the extent of his information, some idea may be formed when we are told that he wrote readily in seven languages, and was the author of three hundred and eighty-three publications. Many of these, it is true, were but single sermons, (Oldmixon calls them *loose collections*) yet the pages of the *Magnalia*, *The Christian Philosopher*, and *The Wonders of the Invisible World*, evince a mind of great endowments, and a fancy luxuriant, though grotesque. They are sufficient proofs, at least, of his incessant industry.

"In his ministry he was equally indefatigable. Besides the routine of his parochial duties, he accustomed himself to make catalogues of the names of his communicants, of their occupations and wants, and of such incidental circumstances in their lives as he deemed worthy of notice in his official services. Stated periods were devoted to the remembrance of each individual in his private worship,—days were set apart in which his relatives were the special subjects of his prayers,—weeks, and sometimes months, were spent in a rigid abstinence from every thing but the bare necessities of life, that the sins of the flesh might be properly expiated by an uninterrupted devotion of his faculties to the work of repentance. Over his study door, an inscription, *BE SHORT*, was placed, as a warning to visitors not to intrude at unseasonable hours; and the hours allotted to meditation and prayer, to sleep, the taking of food, and of exercise, to study and social intercourse, were all observed with the most scrupulous nicety.

"His custom of recording the commonplace affairs of every day, and of preparing a train of thought for every trivial occurrence in life, though but the eccentricity of a great mind, exposed him justly to ridicule. Who, for instance, can refrain from a smile, on perusing a series of cogitations upon the winding up of his watch, the knocking at a door, the mending of his fire, the drinking of his cup of tea, and the paying his debts. The last event, it is true, may very properly be classed in the list of serious things. When he pared his nails, he would think how he might lay aside all superfluity of naughtiness, and 'I durst not let my mind lie fallow,' says he, 'as I walk the streets; but I have compelled the signs of the shops to point me unto something in my Saviour that should be thought upon.' He had for many years a severe cough, which, he said, raised a proper disposition of piety in him. In his fondness for the chase of words he often sacrificed his best intentions of doing justice to the subject under consideration. His biography of Ralph Partridge, is nothing more than a string of puns upon the birth, life and burial of a very worthy divine, who had suffered persecution for righteousness' sake, and merited better treatment than he received after his death. He is represented as having been hunted from his home by the ecclesiastical *settlers* of the old world,—as having no defence of *beak or claw*, but a *flight* over the ocean. He is pursued to his *covert* on these shores, (not by his enemies—they left him when he took to the water—but by our Nimrod of the *Lexicon*, who forgets every thing but the game he has started) from whence he took *wing*, says the Doctor, to become a *bird of Paradise*. Even over the grave of his friend, when called on for an epitaph, he will only ejaculate the brief but expressive *Avolat!*

"Charity, however, will cast the mantle of oblivion over these frailties, when she remembers his abundant labors in the cause of benevolence. He promoted societies for the suppression of civil disorders; projected an extensive association of peace-makers, for the composing and preventing of differences in private life; proposed the establishment of an Evangelical Treasury, for the maintenance of churches in destitute

places; introduced into Massachusetts the method of inoculation for the small pox, and was constantly interested and zealously engaged in promoting the welfare of his country.

"We can readily account for the deficiency of the imaginative power in his poetical compositions. His education had involved him in the venerable dust of antiquity, and had unfitted his mind for the luxuriant growth of fancy. The strong soil where the mountain oak has long flourished, will afford but little nourishment to the delicate exotic, and he who from infancy has been seeking for the treasures of ancient lore, is seldom willing, even in his moments of relaxation, to linger in the myrtle bower, or to listen to the murmurings of the silver fountain. Dr. Mather's toil was of that kind which produces 'weariness of flesh,' and he sought for a more substantial mental aliment than that 'camelion food,' with which the poet could supply him. To such a one, the gathering of flowers, even though they were those of Parnassus, and wandering on the banks of Ilissus itself, would be deemed but an indifferent amusement. The poetic specimens that we have selected from Dr. Mather's works are distinguished by little else than the hardness of their style, and the want of that indescribable quality in which we recognise the spontaneous ebullitions of a mind 'smit with the love' of song." p. 11-13.

The reader will be pleased with the following sketch of the life of John G. C. Brainard. It is a well written article.

"Brainard was a native of New-London, Connecticut, and son of the Hon. Jeremiah G. Brainard, who has been for several years one of the Judges of the Superior Court of that state. He was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and having fitted himself for the bar, he entered into practice at Middletown, Conn. Not finding the degree of success that he wished, he returned in a short time to his native town, and thence in 1822 he went to Hartford, to undertake the editorial charge of the Connecticut Mirror. In this capacity he was occupied until about a year before his death, when marked by evident symptoms, as a victim of consumption, he returned once again to the paternal roof, where he died, September 26, 1828, at the age of thirty-two.

"There are few men more richly gifted than was the subject of this memoir. The collection of poems, that were published by him in a volume, and which will carry his name down to futurity, were all composed for the columns of a weekly paper, and were only regarded by the writer as light and trifling productions, serving to fill his columns and discharge his obligations to furnish something original for his readers. They were always written in haste—usually at the last moment to which he could delay, and while the printer was at his elbow, durning for copy; they were also written without expectation of fame, and with none of the stimulus derived from a feeling of responsibility to public opinion. They always appeared in the paper as communications, and seem to have been thrown off as freely, and with as little consideration of their value, as the trees resign their leaves to the autumn winds. They were also written at a period when the author had already ceased to think of ambition—when he was depressed by despairing views of his own lot in life, and while he bent beneath a vague sense of unhappiness, seeming to spring up from everything around him to put forth its harvest of mortification, disappointment, and sorrow. Yet these productions, so little elaborated, and written under such causes of enervation, are stamped with an originality, boldness, force, and pathos, illustrative of genius, not perhaps inferior to that of Burns, and certainly much resembling it in kind. What could not such a man have done, had he been sustained by fortune equal to his merit, and excited by those impulses

which give energy and efficiency to the exertions of other men!

"Mr. Brainard was not only a poet, but an excellent writer of prose. The columns of the *Mirror*, during his editorial career, exhibit many specimens of truly beautiful and original prose compositions—and these are not only interesting as literary specimens, but they illustrate his kind feelings and gentlemanly character in a very striking manner. There is perhaps no situation in which men more frequently violate the dictates of good breeding and just principles, than as editors of papers. And this fact does not perhaps arise from the circumstance that an undue proportion of the editorial corps are really ill-bred and unprincipled; but the truth is there are a multitude of temptations peculiar to their condition. The impatient desire of gaining distinction, aided by the prevalent notion that malignity, personalities, and a disregard of the decencies of society, are proofs of talent, is the wide snare into which many of them fall. The gratification which ill regulated minds experience from making their power felt, the unworthy pleasure of seeing others writhe beneath their lash, together with the impunity with which editorial malice is exercised, form another source of the frequent errors of which we speak. But to all these temptations Brainard was superior. His kindness of heart, his dignity and rectitude of mind, kept him from falling into these besetting sins of the profession. During his editorial life, we do not recollect a passage in his paper, at which, for any blemish of the nature we now speak of, his friends have any occasion to indulge regret. We earnestly recommend this delightful example to every member of the editorial brotherhood.

"In friendship, Brainard was warm, sincere, and steadfast to the last. We have never met with a man whose notions on this subject were more exalted. He would never patiently hear one traduced whom he loved. His maxim was to stand by a friend in time of need, whether he happened to be in the right or in the wrong. It was a doctrine upon which he acted, that one never needs support and defence so much as when his own errors are the occasion of his difficulties. We do not mean by this that he would excuse faults or palliate misconduct in general—but he held in detestation that dastardly spirit which leads a great part of mankind to trample on a faltering or a fallen fellow-being. While others therefore would rush on to crush and wound, Brainard would be forward to support and protect.

"As before stated, he was unsuccessful in the profession he had chosen. This operated with peculiar force to depress one whose character was sensitive and self-diffident to a painful degree. Besides, he had met with that species of disappointment which often clings longer and more heavily about the heart than any other. It is obvious therefore that when he left his profession and entered upon his literary career, there was a crisis in his life, the issue of which must form the index of his future fortunes. He was about to enter a new field, and make one more experiment. If that were unsuccessful, it must clearly be fatal to one of a temperament so much inclined to despondence, already stricken and wounded at heart. It did prove unsuccessful, and Brainard sleeps in the only resting place, for such a spirit as his.

"It is a remarkable fact that the sad at heart, are often the most delightful companions for the display of thoughts and feelings, the very reverse of those which prevail in their own breasts. The anecdote of the Italian hypocondriac, if it be a fable, illustrates many a character in real life. Disheartened and despondent as we know Brainard was, looking out upon the world with an eye that saw everything glowing with prismatic beauty, yet mournfully feeling that this

beauty was not made for him—still, when he met a friend the cloud passed instantly from his brow, a smile was on his lips, and words of merriment and levity broke from his tongue. It was apparent that for the moment, he obtained relief from his painful musings in the play of a humorous fancy—a laugh seemed to beguile his sorrow—a joke to scare back into their recesses the demons that preyed upon his bosom. Those only who knew him well can understand how interesting was this light of his mind, breaking out amid the clouds and darkness which encompassed it.

"There was one trait of character which does infinite credit to Brainard. Freely as his riotous fancy was licensed in conversation, he was never irreverent—nor did he countenance irreverence in others. In the most heedless moment he indulged himself in no jests at the expense of religion—nor did he smile at profane jokes in others. There was a deep principle in his heart presiding over his most reckless mood, which said 'hitherto mayest thou come, but no further.' It is a circumstance which mixes consolation with regret for his loss, that in the closing period of his life, this principle assumed its due influence, and shed over his last moments those hopes which cheer and support the descent to the tomb.

"We have before noticed incidentally what we esteem the leading traits of Mr. Brainard's poetry,—boldness, originality, force, and pathos. The lines on Niagara are doubtless the best that have ever been written on that stupendous work of nature—and this is the more remarkable, as Brainard was never within three hundred miles of the spot. The poem, beginning '*The dead leaves strew the forest walk*,' has a deep pathetic vein running through it, which reminds us strongly of Burns.

"The originality of Brainard has the more merit, in an age, when imitation is stamped upon almost all the new poetry we read. Mrs. Hemans's rhymes are perpetually chiming in our ears—the conceits of Shelley come forth again and again, each time in some new mask—and Wordsworth's ghosts and shadows of thought haunt us like spectres in the night. But Brainard either disdained imitation, or the gushing fountain of his own genius left him little temptation to borrow from others. No man ever thought his own thoughts more independently than he did.

"There are some deductions to be made from the unqualified praise we might otherwise bestow upon his poetry. His pieces are very unequal—and generally unfinished;—they are also frequently marred by carelessness, and sometimes by coarseness. A splendid couplet or verse is often followed by an inferior one—the former showed his power, the latter his indolence. The grammatical defect that will be observed in the first stanza of the magnificent lines '*On a late loss*,' and the vulgar metaphor with which he closes the piece which may be found in his volume, addressed '*To my friend G.*' are stains which a little more care, and more studious delicacy might have removed, and which an author who seeks the approbation of the public is bound to remove. Knowing, as we do, that these pieces were written only to serve a transient purpose, and were afterwards cut from a file of newspapers with a pair of scissors, and printed in a volume without correction—they may not lower our estimate of the author's genius, though they must abate the value we put upon his works." p. 198-202.

We cannot forbear giving place to the following lines on the Fall of Niagara, although they have been so frequently copied that they must be familiar to all our readers. They are indeed "the best that have ever been written on that stupendous work of nature;" and, as the reader peruses them, he can almost hear the everlasting and multitudinous roar of the mighty cataract.



*The Fall of Niagara.*

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
As if God poured thee from his "hollow hand,"  
And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade  
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
That hear the question of that voice sublime?  
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung  
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!  
Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!  
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,  
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far  
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,  
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

The following is another one of Brainard's happiest effusions.

*Epithalamium.*

I saw two clouds at morning,  
Tinged with the rising sun;  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one:  
I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course, with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting:  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—  
A purer sky where all is peace.

Our selections from these valuable volumes have already extended to too great a length; yet we cannot consent to conclude the present article without transferring to our columns the following two admirable effusions from the gifted mind of Bryant. There are few poems of equal length, in the English language, of more exquisite finish than the first; and the other possesses much simple beauty and pathos.

*To a Waterfowl.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the Fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly pointed on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned  
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that tail shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

*The Murdered Traveller.*

When spring to woods and wastes around,  
Brought bloom and joy again,  
The murdered traveller's bones were found,  
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung  
Her tassels in the sky;  
And many a vernal blossom sprung,  
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought  
His hanging nest o'erhead,  
And fearless near the fatal spot,  
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,  
And gentle eyes, for him,  
With watching many an anxious day,  
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,  
The fearful death he met,  
When shouting o'er the desert snow,  
Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole  
The northern dawn was red,  
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole  
To banquet on the dead;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,  
They dressed the hasty bier,  
And marked his grave with nameless stones,  
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,  
Within his distant home;  
And dreamed, and started as they slept,  
For joy that he was come.

So long they looked—but never spied  
His welcome step again,  
Nor knew the fearful death he died  
Far down that narrow glen.

We have not left ourself space for a single additional word of comment.

*Practical Hints to Young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family.* By Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar. Author of "Maternal Solicitude for a Daughter's Best Interests." 18mo. New-York, (republished) 1829. A. Ming, Jr.

THIS is a well and familiarly written little work, evidently calculated to promote a useful purpose. It is comprised of instructions to females on a variety of subjects, such as the conduct to be observed towards a husband in a great variety of circumstances; economy of the domestic household; treatment of servants; plan of education; duties during sickness; modes and degree of recreation, &c. &c. Some of our readers may remember the commendations which we bestowed on the "Domestic Duties" of Mrs. Parkes; and a similar tribute of praise is due to the writer of the more humble effusion before us. Its leading objects are the same; and though the topics of which it treats, are neither so luminously discussed, nor dressed in such winning graces of style; yet it is characterized throughout by enough of good sense, expressed with sufficient fluency of language, to render it very deserving of a place in the libraries of young ladies. The writer aspires not to any very great eminence among authors; but in a modestly written advertisement, avows that a wish to do good in a humble way has been her only motive. Her work is addressed to females in the middle ranks of society—to those, more especially, whose circumstances are limited and whose occupations numerous. "To increase, by appropriate hints," she observes, "the respectability of this numerous class, is a design which immediately or remotely, affects so large a proportion of the community, that it might discourage the attempt of a humble individual. But if to promote domestic virtue, and

preserve the happiness of the fire-side, is an effectual, as well as simple means, of increasing national prosperity, how many are there who have hitherto deemed themselves incompetent, whose efforts might thus contribute to the public weal?" It was with this correct sentiment and laudable object, that the little volume before us of "Practical Hints to Young Females," was written; and we have looked over its pages with sufficient care to enable us to say, that we consider the author's monitions well calculated to accomplish her end.

*All for Love; or A Sinner Well Saved.* By Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D. Poet Laureate, &c. 12mo. London, 1829. John Murray.

This last production of the Laureate's pen is indeed a strange effusion. As a poem it is deserving of but little praise; for the thoughts are for the most part trite and puerile, the language diffuse, and the versification loose and unmusical. The story, which is taken from the Life of St. Basil, by St. Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, possesses a considerable degree of romantic interest, intermixed with large portions of the ludicrous. Like most Catholic legends of the doings of the saints, it is rather fitted for a nursery tale, than to form the groundwork of a poem for full grown readers; and, in this view of it, Mr. Southey has done ample justice to his subject, for it is written in a style well adapted to infant minds, and in scarcely a single passage soars above the namby-pamby of nursery rhymes. We shall give a brief outline of the story, and in the course of it introduce several passages of the poem, (!) of sufficient length to enable the reader to form, for himself, a tolerably accurate judgment of its merits.

Eleemon, a freedman in the service of a wealthy noble, named Proterius, has conceived a violent affection for his master's daughter, Cyra. Fearful, however, of disclosing his passion to the high-born maid, lest his suit should be immediately rejected with scorn and anger, he tries, instead, the efficacy of secret prayers, vows, and sacrifices. These means of winning the maid are not attended with any good effect, and Eleemon learns with consternation that the object of his love is about to bid the world farewell, and devote herself, for the rest of her days, as a vestal nun, to the duties of religion. As a last resort, the enamoured youth seeks the cell of a powerful sorcerer, Abibas, and implores his aid. This cunning seer, after having ridiculed the vain and ineffectual means which Eleemon had previously tried, informs him that Satan has power to accomplish his wish, and bids the applicant put his trust boldly in him, for that "he never forsakes his friends."

"While Eleemon listened  
He shuddered inwardly,  
At the ugly voice of Abibas,  
And the look in his wicked eye.

And he could then almost have given  
His fatal purpose o'er;  
But his Good Angel had left him  
When he entered the Sorcerer's door.

So in the strength of evil shame,  
His mind the young man knit  
Into a desperate resolve,  
For his bad purpose fit."

He boldly answers Abibas that if his master will grant him what he seeks, he will renounce all other aid, and cling to Satan alone; but that little time remained for him to achieve the business in, for on the morrow the fatal vow was to be spoken, and already, from every part of Cappadocia had crowds flocked to Cæsarea to attend the solemn day.

"Thou hast hesitated long!" said Abibas,  
"And thou hast done amiss,  
In praying to Him whom I name not,  
That it never might come to this!"

"But thou hast chosen thy part, and here thou art;  
And thou shalt have thy desire.  
And though at the eleventh hour  
Thou hast come to serve our Prince of Power,  
He will give thee in full thine hire.

"These tablets take; (he wrote as he spake,)  
My letters, which thou art to bear,  
Wherein I shall commend thee  
To the Prince of the Powers of the Air.

"Go from the north gate out, and take  
On a Pagan's tomb thy stand;  
And looking to the north, hold up  
The tablets in thy hand:

"And call the Spirits of the Air,  
That they my messenger may bear  
To the place whither he would pass,  
And there present him to their Prince  
In the name of Abibas.

"The passage will be swift and safe,  
No danger awaits thee beyond;  
Thou wilt only have now to sign and seal,  
And hereafter to pay the bond."

Urged along by the desperate force of love, the amorous freedman complies with the instructions of the sorcerer.

"Shunning human sight, like a thief in the night,  
Eleemon made no delay,  
But went unto a Pagan's tomb  
Beside the public way.

Inclosed with barren elms it stood,  
There planted when the dead  
Within the last abode of man  
Had been deposited."

He had not waited there long, when he hears the whirr of unseen wings, and feels unseen hands encircle him, by which he is lifted up swiftly through the air "with a mighty force," till they reach the throne of the Fallen Seraph, before whom he is set down, and formally introduced to His Satanic Majesty. After a short episode, in which his highness enumerates various services that had been rendered him by the passion of love, from the time of Adam and the Apple down to the time of his speaking, he turns to the young "Amorist," and agrees to give him his master's daughter on the old condition that Eleemon should sell his soul. The terms are gladly complied with; but not content with his simple word to that effect, the Prince of Darkness requires the young man to sign a bond before they part, for with very prudent caution he tells him—"I take thee not on trust." He accordingly applies a pen to Eleemon's breast, and by some unexplained Satanic process manages to extract a penful of blood from his heart without puncturing the flesh; and with this the purchaser signs the stipulated bond.

It so happens after this, that, in the course of that night, both Cyra and her father have a dream, in which they are ordered by some seemingly heavenly power to have Eleemon, the one for his son-in-law, and the other for her husband, and in consequence of this visitation the proposed ceremony, by which Cyra was to have been inducted into convent life, is changed to preparations for spousal celebration, which soon after takes place. The wedded pair for a long series of years enjoy great happiness together, only interrupted on the part of Eleemon by recollections of the heavy price he was to pay for it. In good time the old father dies, and is quietly interred. But he had not been long in the other world before he hears some rumor of the forfeit which his son-in-law had agreed to pay for the acquisition of his daughter's hand; and feeling naturally anxious on the subject, he revisits the glimpses of the moon, and has a long conference, in a dream, with his two children. The consequence is, that when Cyra wakes up, she immediately attacks her husband, inflicting on him a severe curtain lecture for having sold his soul, and requires that he should immediately go and make confession



to St. Basil. This the obedient husband instantly does, and in order to expiate his crime and anul the bond which he had given to the Devil, he is commanded to go into the room of relics, and there pray and fast, until he shall have gained the victory over his Shylock-like creditor. During the night he is set upon by divers curious shapes and noises; but he continues to pray most manfully until the morning, when the fiends leave him, telling the rejoicing priest that the strife is not done, that they

"—— reckon too soon,  
Who reckon without their host?"

and that he still holds to his bond, and intends to come in broad daylight, and carry Eleemon off before the face of the whole congregation.

" 'Before the congregation,  
And in the face of day,  
Whoever may pray, and whoever gainsay,  
I will challenge him for my bondsman,  
And carry him quick away!'

" 'Ha, Satan! dost thou in thy pride,  
With righteous anger Basil cried,  
'Defy the force of prayer?  
In the face of the church wilt thou brave it?  
Why then we will meet thee there!'

"A fair challenge!" cries his Satanic Highness, and at once strikes a bargain with the Bishop to meet him on an appointed day, and argue the cause with him. The day arrives, and the Church, at an early hour, is filled with a gaping auditory. Satan displays his bond, and enters into a learned argument to prove his right to the soul that he had bought and paid for. He exclaims

"I ask for justice! I prefer  
An equitable suit;  
I appeal to the law, and the case  
Admitteth of no dispute."

But the Bishop was of a different way of thinking, and remarks,

"—— Thou canst not sue  
Upon the bondly law!  
A sorry legalist were he  
Who could not in thy boasted plea  
Detect its fatal flaw!"

He then proceeds to state the different grounds on which the Devil's claim may be controverted, and argues so learnedly that the Arch-fiend at last exclaims, as he is about making his exit in a rage—

"The law thy calling ought to have been,  
With wit so ready, and tongue so free;  
To prove by reason, in reason's despite,  
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,  
And white is black, and black is white,—  
What a loss I have had in thee!"

He then quits the Church, giving up his cause in despair, and leaves Eleemon in full possession of the disputed soul.

This is a fair outline of the story on which Robert Southey has employed his genius; and from the specimens we have quoted the reader is doubtless prepared to say, that the ground-work and the execution are about of equal merit.

*Campaigns of a Cornet.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. New-York, (in press) J. & J. Harper.

As these volumes will not be before the public for several days, we shall not enter into any minute examination of their character at the present time; but content ourself with extracting a short passage by the way of a sample of their style and general manner. They detail the adventures of a fictitious military hero, and are crowded with a great variety of scenes of a military character. The authorship is attributed to an officer of the British army, already known to the English public, by a previous work, on topics connect-

ed with his profession. We do not make the following selection because it possesses any great degree of separate interest; but simply as a specimen of the general style of the production.

"Before the establishment of coaches and caravans, the Nine-mile house was an inn of some celebrity: situated mid-way between Clonmel and Kilkenny, it was the customary station for changing horses between those towns, and became the natural resting place for the traveller on horseback, or the more humble pedestrian, whose business or pleasure led him to journey in that direction.

"Of late years, however, at least since the establishment of mail-coaches by Mr. Anderson, this once-famed concern gradually lost its business, and consequently its celebrity; travellers, who formerly hired a coach and pair, and, previously making their wills, undertook the then serious ten-day journey from Cork to Dublin, and with due consideration to the landlord's interests, drank deep into the claret of their several hosts, now, seated in the mail, rolled smoothly over the same distance in four-and-twenty hours, to the utter destruction of inn-keepers, turnpike-men, and waiters; horsemen, who rode into the stable-yards when the dusk of the evening brought their nursery-stories of mountains and robbers to their recollection, and brought to the joyful landlord the double advantages of 'man and baste,' now flew by, one of six outsides; and if, while horses are changing, a glass of the *native*, or a pint of porter and a cracker were called for, it was as much as the inn-keeper could expect. The pedestrian, too, whose wet shoes were welcomed in the kitchen, and who, throwing down his wallet, squeezed himself far under the ample chimney, and called for both 'vitells and dthrink,' now found that it cost him less in shoe leather, time, and travelling charges, to 'get a lift on the caravan,' and seldom gave 'mine host' an opportunity of receiving payment for 'dthry lodging.'

"Although past nine o'clock, the door had not yet been opened, the shutters were closed, the dirt and wet straw of the preceding day covered the steps, and there was nothing whatever to indicate that their proprietor was dependent upon the public for his own support, and that of a large family. In fact, had not the inscription on a narrow ledge above the door-way, given the cornet to understand, that 'Daniel O'Dwyer Parcel was licensed to sell porter with spirits,' he would have altogether disbelieved the assurances which he had received, that the house at which he stopped was one of 'entertainment.'

"The inscription, however, gave him hopes—and striking that part of the door which was once occupied by a knocker, with the end of his sword scabbard, he endeavored to inform the inhabitants that a customer had arrived; but this was an event which occurred too rarely to be really believed, and the cornet's sword was applied full six times, exclusive of sundry kicks and accompanying holloas, before a tattered mob cap, covering a dirty female head, protruded from a broken pane of glass in the second story, and the wearer not very good humouredly demanded, 'vhat's vanting?'

"Pierce expressed his anxiety to have breakfast, and dry his clothes, adding, that 'he should feel obliged by his wants being immediately attended to, as he was pressed for time.'

" 'Never fear, you shall have it in a hurry, captain,' replied the voice from the broken pane, and the cap vanishing from the window, Pierce soon heard the wished for operations on the lock, preceded, however, by a call for 'Mic,' who presented himself, at the now opened door, in the person of a thin-legged, greasy-haired waiter.

" 'Your honor's welcome to the Nine-mile house, captain,' said the overjoyed Mic, stretching out his

arms, as if he would embrace both horse and horse-man. 'Sure if I thought it was a rap in airnest, I'd have been down immadiately.'

"This was an allusion to a trick which the neighboring boys were in the habit of playing on the waiter, by knocking at the hall door and running away—thus disappointing Mic's hopes of custom and tenpennies. In this case, however, poor Mic was most agreeably surprised, and his joy was evinced in the most extravagant greeting of words and actions; but the cornet required some more solid reception, and eagerly asked about fire and breakfast, adding that he was both wet and hungry—therefore, said he, 'Mic, my boy, show me into the kitchen, and let me have a good warm at the fire while you are getting breakfast.' 'Och! captain—the deuce a red ciuder is on the big grate yet, and more's the shame for Judy. Judy—is it lighting the fire ye are at all?'—and Mic, in evident distress at his inability to meet the cornet's wishes, endeavored to throw the onus of preparation upon his coadjutor.

"'Och! don't bother us,' cried the lady of the cap, as she blew a few red sticks into a blaze, 'if you wasn't so handy with the dthrink may be you'd be up airly yourself,' and she continued to puff at the incipient fire.

"Mic judged it prudent not to reply to this insinuation, and, helping the cornet to getrid of his dripping cloak, proceeded to wash the relics of whisky-punch out of a broken tea-cup, and lay a table cloth, which looked to Pierce as if it also had been used for more purposes than one. However, this was no time to be impeded by trifles; and Judy's exertions having succeeded in making the water boil, Pierce at length saw some prospect of at least escaping starvation—for, uninviting as the tea and table cloth proved, a plentiful supply of fresh eggs, butter, cream, and hung beef, enabled him to make out a very tolerable breakfast; and, after cheering Mic and Judy with a donation they had long been unaccustomed to, he returned to inquire into the progress which had been made in the repairs of the broken axle." vol. i. p. 253-260.

*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, by Washington Irving. (Abridged by the Same.)* 12mo. New-York, 1829. G. & C. & H. Carvill.

THE character of Washington Irving's *Life of Columbus* is so well known, that any comment on that admirable work at the present time would be altogether superfluous. We took occasion to express our opinion of that, and his other writings, in the course of our biographical sketch of his life, (vol. I, p. 186) and the same remarks which we then applied to the larger work, might, with little alteration, be used in reference to the excellent abridgement before us. It comprises every fact narrated in the previous work, and we are of opinion that the interest is increased by its greater conciseness of style, for the principal fault of the original production was the diffuseness and prolixity of the language. The volume now before us possesses in a greater degree than the former ones, the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Irving's style, being sufficiently copious without redundancy, and strong as well as smooth. It presents a concatenated and unbroken narrative, combining the thrilling interest of romance with the moral impressiveness of truth: the story flows along in rapid and equal continuity, and the reader borne onward with it, like one who is wafted down a stream, seems really to behold the scenes and participate in the events that are only described. We copy the prefatory Advertisement of the author, and the concluding passage of the volume, and cheerfully commend it to general

patronage. It ought to be introduced as a class-book in every rudimental seminary in the country.

"Having been informed that some person in the United States had undertaken to fabricate a less voluminous work out of my history of the life and voyages of Columbus, I have thought proper immediately to execute my original intention of making an abridgement of the history, to adapt it for general circulation. In this I trust I have given a satisfactory abstract of everything of essential importance in the larger work, and have preserved those parts nearly entire which have been considered the most striking and characteristic. It is probable, also, that the narrative has gained in spirit in many parts, by the omission of details which caused prolixity, but which could not be omitted in what professed to be a complete and circumstantial history of the subject.

"I have felt the more hurt at this attempt to supersede my work with the public, from having always considered it as a peculiar offering to my countrymen, whose good opinion, however the contrary may have been insinuated, has never ceased to be the leading object of my ambition, and the dearest wish of my heart: and I must confess that, in assiduously laboring at this history of the first discovery of our country, I have been chiefly animated by the hope, that the interest of the subject would cause the work to remain among my countrymen, and with it a remembrance of the author, when all the frail productions of his fancy might have perished and been forgotten."

This admirable history of Columbus concludes in the following eloquent manner.

"A poetical temperament is discernible throughout all his writings and in all his actions. We see it in all his descriptions of the beauties of the wild lands he was discovering, in the enthusiasm with which he extols the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, 'full of dew and sweetness,' the verdure of the forests, the grandeur of the mountains, and the crystal purity of the running streams. It spread a golden and a glorious world around him, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors. It betrayed him into visionary speculations, which subjected him to the sneers and cavils of men of cooler and safer, but more grovelling minds. Such were the conjectures formed on the coast Paria, about the form of the earth, and the situation of the terrestrial paradise; about the mines of Ophir, and the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients; and such was the heroic scheme of a crusade, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. It filled his mind with solemn and visionary meditations on mystic passages of the scriptures, and on the shadowy portents of the prophecies. It exalted his own office in his eyes, and made him conceive himself an agent sent forth upon a sublime and awful mission, and subject to impulses and intimations from the deity; such as the voice which he imagined spoke to him in comfort amidst the troubles of Hispaniola, and in the silence of the night on the disastrous coast of Vcragua. He was decidedly a visionary, but a visionary of an uncommon kind, and successful in his dreams. The manner in which his ardent imagination and mercerial nature were controlled by a powerful judgment, and directed by an acute sagacity, is the most extraordinary feature in his character. Thus governed, his imagination, instead of exhausting itself in idle flights, lent aid to his judgment, and enabled him to form conclusions at which common minds could never have arrived, nay, which they could not perceive when pointed out. To his intellectual vision it was given to read the signs of the times, and to trace in the conjectures and reveries of past ages, the indications of an unknown world, as soothsayers were said to read predictions in the stars, and to foretell events from the visions of the night. 'His soul,' observes a



Spanish writer, 'was superior to the age in which he lived. For him was reserved the great enterprise of traversing a sea which had given rise to so many fables, and deciphering the mystery of his age.' With all the visionary fervor of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of King Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind, could he have known, that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans, from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!" p. 308-11.

*The Ladies' Lexicon and Parlour Companion, containing nearly every Word in the English Language, and Exhibiting the Plurals of Nouns, and the Participles of Verbs; being also particularly adapted to the use of Academies and Schools.* By William Grimshaw, Author of a History of the United States, England, &c. &c. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1829. J. Grigg.

THE principal merit of this neat little Dictionary over other abridgements consists in its giving the plural of nouns, except when formed by the simple addition of *s* to the singular, and the participles of verbs. This must be of very great assistance to persons, the grammatical part of whose education has not been very accurate; and even the scholar may derive occasional aid from such a work, for the exceptions and anomalies of our language are so numerous, that few persons, except those who are in the constant practice of writing for the press, can be supposed to retain them all in their memory. As far as our examination of Mr. Grimshaw's production has extended, we consider him entitled to praise for general accuracy; though, in the course of our inspection, we noticed some errors, both of omission and commission. Of the former kind, we may mention the word *statement*, which has no place in his Dictionary; and of the latter, the verb *guarantee*, for which we think he will not be able to adduce any authority. The noun is *guarantee*; the verb should be written *guaranty*, as in the following sentence from Lord Chesterfield. "France hath always profited skilfully of its having *guaranteed* the treaty of Munster." We noticed several other blemishes of a like kind; but not of sufficient importance to require enumeration. The work is a good one, and deserves patronage. It is very neatly and correctly printed, with clear, new type, on paper of a good quality, and entitles the publisher to commendation.

#### VARIETIES.

##### LITERARY.

##### *An Abridgement of Webster's Dictionary.*

AN abridgement of Webster's "American Dictionary," by J. E. Worcester, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is nearly completed and stereotyped. This

abridgement will be a super-royal octavo, containing about a thousand pages, in nonpareil type, comprising all the words in the quarto, with some additions, and with the chief etymologies and full definitions. To this will be subjoined a synoptical view of the differences of pronunciation between the author and some of the latest English orthoepists; and Walker's key to the pronunciation of classical and scriptural names, with some notes of amendment.

We are also informed that a smaller abridgement of Webster's Dictionary, for the use of counting houses and schools; and a new elementary work, or spelling book, both in uniformity with the quarto in spelling and pronunciation, are soon to be published. In preparing the latter, he has consulted the most experienced instructors, and so classified the various words of irregular formation, as to enable the pupil to surmount most of the difficulties of the language, with the help of this little book alone. To complete the scheme for facilitating the acquisition of the language, and rendering the pronunciation less liable to fluctuation, the author has devised points or marks to be attached to the anomalous vowels and consonants, which points will serve as a certain guide to the true pronunciations. In addition to these books, a small book of *First Lessons*, containing the easiest lessons of the spelling book, is about to be published, for the use of beginners. These works are to be stereotyped in this city, under the inspection of the author.

##### *Life of Lord Byron.*

It is mentioned, among the literary items in the latest London papers, that Moore has printed between three and four hundred pages of his life of Lord Byron, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's *Life of Gray*, and Haley's *Life of Cowper*. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is completed, and the work consisting of a thick quarto volume, will be published, it is said, in the course of a very short time. "Since the death of his eldest daughter, by which the poet and his amiable wife were deeply affected, they have been residing for change of scene, at his friend and patron the Marquis of Lansdown's fine mansion at Calne, a few miles from Mr. Moore's cottage at Sloperton."

##### *Polish Literature.*

We find it mentioned in a late foreign literary paper that a young Pole, named Wiernikowski, has recently published a translation of the principal Odes of Pindar. His efforts to transfer the beauties of the original into the Polish language are said to have been attended with considerable success. His translation is close and concise; his versification pure, elevated, and sometimes partaking of the sublime character of the original; and the work altogether is said to exhibit boldness, originality, and a happy turn of phrase and character of style.

##### DRAMATIC.

##### *Madame Malibran.*

THIS enchanting vocalist, as our readers are perhaps aware, has recently made her reappearance, after an interval of four years, before a London audience, as the *prima donna* of the King's Theatre. Her singing and acting both has excited the warmest plaudits, and the critics in the different literary and dramatic journals which we have seen, speak of her in terms of high encomium. She made her *debut* on Tuesday evening, April 21, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*, in the role of "the gentle Desdemona"—a part in which many of our readers must remember her with delight. The house was numerous and fashionably attended beyond any precedent during the season, and the admirable singer succeeded in giving universal satisfaction. The *Literary Gazette*, after a little display of musical criticism, remarks,—“we do not hesitate to predict that she will ultimately become a second Pas-

ta." The London Weekly Review also comments on the performance in highly laudatory terms; and as an actress pronounces that she leaves all competitors far behind her—Pasta alone excepted; and that she often approaches, and occasionally fully equals, that great genius. The London Court Journal perhaps contains the fairest criticism on the performance; and, convinced that the subject will prove interesting to our readers, we shall quote a part of its remarks. Speaking of the Opera House, the writer observes, that it has just presented the public with a singer, who whatever may have been the expectations raised in us by her early display of talent, and by the reports of her wonderful improvement since she left London, has greatly surpassed those expectations. "Malibran's singing alone," continues he, "would certainly not at present entitle her to take the first rank among the female artists of her day, though it might perhaps place her at the head of the second. But that her acting at once does this for her, may be confidently affirmed, even from the single tragic performance that we have witnessed. Not that her *Desdemona* is perfect. It is very far from being so: though we may say, even on this head, that its defects are probably owing more to the poet than the actress; but, if it had double the faults it has, it would still be a splendid performance; full of fine conceptions nobly executed; and, moreover, beautified by numerous slight and scarcely perceptible touches of natural pathos and delicacy, that though they may escape the eyes of superficial observers, do not escape the hearts even of them; and, in the estimation of all others, they form the chief indication of the high talents from which the whole proceeds. We must not trust ourselves to a detailed notice of this performance—at least at present; but we shall not scruple to affirm, that after those of Pasta, it is incomparably superior to any thing else that the London stage has seen, in any of its departments, for many years; and that it gives promise of an excellence in future, and in other things, only second to that of the great and incomparable genius whom we have mentioned above. Malibran has appeared also in a comic opera; and in this she has exactly reversed the impression she produced on us in tragedy. In *Rosina* (in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) she sings much better than she plays; without, however, being the least defective in the latter. Her execution of the extremely difficult *cavatina* of 'Una voce poco fa,' &c. was full of science, delicacy, and taste, and conveyed a higher notion of her power as a singer merely, than any thing in her *Desdemona*; but her acting in this part was not above mediocrity. Having seen her in a comic part we are surprised that this lady should not confine her efforts exclusively to tragic, or at least the serious and elevated characters; because it is in those that she is destined to shine in a distinguished manner; and it is bad policy, in one who may hold a distinguished place in any line of art, to be ever seen filling a secondary one, especially in a different line. If Pasta were to play *Rosina*, she would play it well, no doubt, and would execute the music admirably: but if she were to play it, the spell that is about her would be broken, and she would be Pasta no more. Those who would occupy the very highest place in our admiration, must be content to occupy that alone. The appearance of this theatre on Thursday night was brilliant, and such as no other theatre in Europe ever presented. When the company rose at the commencement of the National Anthem, the effect was *éblouissant*. There was not a single box which was not illuminated with the beaming faces of the beauties who had graced the drawing-room in the early part of the day; and the whole scene received a noble completion by the manner in which Malibran sang her verse of the anthem. She evidently took great pains with it, and we have, as yet, heard nothing from her

which conveys so favorable an idea of her natural qualifications as a first singer."

#### Kean.

Of this great actor, the London Literary Gazette says, "poor Kean is, indeed, very ill in Ireland; so much broken down, (as we learn from a private letter) as hardly to leave a hope of his resuscitation for the stage."

#### Receipts of Parisian Theatres.

The receipts of the Parisian Theatres during the month of March were, 682,429 francs, which were thus divided: Théâtre Français, 85,607; Variétés, 84,181; Madame, 66,875; Opera Comique, 66,174; Italian Opera, 56,940; Porte St. Martin, 55,740; French Opera, 52,875; Nouveautés, 52,803; Cirque Olympique, 47,700; Ambigu, 40,660; Vaudeville, 38,128; Gaîté, 34,764. These receipts are higher than in many of the preceding months.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### Longevity.

Barbarini, the singer, who was once a great favorite with the Russian court, is said to be still living, at the age of 104 years, at Veronege, where he keeps an inn. He walks four or five miles daily, and frequently amuses his guests with playing on the guitar.

##### New Cannons and Rockets.

An engineer of St. Petersburg has invented a new kind of cannon for the war with Turkey, which will, it is said, prove a very formidable instrument. In size and weight it is equal to the ordinary sixty-four pounder; but the bore is calculated for a very small ball, which will range more than twice the distance of the shot now used. Russian agents are at present in England and in the Netherlands superintending the casting of cannon on this principle. The same engineer has also invented a new rocket, which is reported to be much more destructive than the Congreve rocket.

##### New Coach.

It is mentioned in a French paper that a patent has been taken out in Paris, for a new coach with only one wheel, capable of accommodating from thirty to forty passengers.

## DRAMA.

### AMERICAN OPERA HOUSE.

#### *Jonathan in England.*

SEVERAL times, since the opening of this pleasant little Theatre, the comedy of "Who Wants a Guinea?" as altered by Mr. Hackett, for the purpose of affording himself an opportunity to exhibit the peculiarities of the Yankee character, and announced under the above title, has been performed. Of the excellence of Mr. Hackett in the part of *Solomon Swap*, we have spoken our opinion at length on a former occasion.\* Since that article was written, we have seen the effort a number of times repeated, and on every succeeding representation have found fresh cause to admire the fidelity and humor of the portraiture. In the delineation of the peculiarities of our brethren of the New-England states, Mr. Hackett stands entirely unrivalled; and the bursts of laughter and the loud applause which invariably repay his efforts prove that we have native materials for the comic drama, which, properly used, would free us from our present dependence on the blunderings of broadly caricatured Irishmen, the unintelligible dialect of Yorkshire clowns, or the caperings of misrepresented Frenchmen. The *Death Fetch*, an interesting Drama recently produced at this Theatre shall be noticed in our next.

\* See Vol. I, page 141, Art. The Drama



## TO THE PATRONS OF THE CRITIC.

WITH this number, the publication of *THE CRITIC* ceases. In connexion with the announcement of this circumstance, propriety requires that I should make some statement of the causes which have led to such a determination. When the paper was originally established, the partner who engaged with me in the enterprise was fully resolved to continue it for such a length of time as might serve sufficiently to test whether or not a literary hebdomadal, conducted on the plan I proposed, would meet with sufficient encouragement to render it permanent. But a very few numbers, however, had been given to the public, when the occurrence of unforeseen pecuniary losses obliged him to relinquish the design. Unwilling, myself, to abandon an undertaking which met, in its outset, with much greater approbation and encouragement than I had anticipated, I strove to carry on the establishment alone; and for some time appearances seemed to promise that my efforts would be crowned with success. Those who judge only by the evidences of industry which the columns of *The Critic* afford, will acknowledge, I am convinced, that I am not to be charged with remissness; but they who make up their estimate solely from these data, can have but a very insufficient idea of the difficulties I have encountered, or the labor I have performed. A statement of some of the principal perplexities in which I have been involved, though at any other period it might have been considered impertinent and indelicate, is at this time, in connexion with the announcement of a discontinuance of my paper, a matter of duty to those who have patronised my labors.

Without entering into tedious detail, my readers can well understand the effect of pecuniary distractions on one who, unacquainted with business, and not possessed of capital, has been for several months endeavoring, by his unaided efforts to sustain an expensive establishment. At the same time that I have regularly given to my subscribers, a paper written exclusively by myself, (with the exception of two prose articles, and a few poetical ones) and containing more original matter than any other periodical in the United States, I have been so harassed for means to carry on the publication, that but a very small portion of my time could possibly be appropriated to literary labor; and that portion has been rendered still less by the cares and solicitude attendant on severe sickness in my family, which, taking place on the very day when the first number was printed, has continued to weigh on my spirits to the present hour. Still, however, as the patronage was continually, and, under the circumstances, rapidly increasing, I firmly encountered every obstacle, resolving, at the least, to deserve, if I could not command success. At the commencement of the second volume, now brought to an abrupt conclusion, I conceived that my greatest difficulties were overcome, and that the amount of subscriptions which I should immediately realize, would enable me to go on under more favorable auspices. In this I have been bitterly disappointed. But few have chosen to comply with the terms of the paper; and of a thousand dollars, which became due on the termination of the previous volume, I have not been able to collect sufficient to defray the current weekly expenses of my office. Under these circumstances, to persist any longer would be the height of folly, as every successive day but involves me deeper in pecuniary embarrassments. Those who have seen me running about from morning to night, personally endeavoring, by repeated applications, to obtain what should have been paid at the first solicitation—and those who have been waited on some thirty or fifty times, by different collectors, but all in vain, for their paltry twenty shillings—will well understand the ne-

cessity of this resolution. Many a day, after having spent all the hours of business, from early morning till night, in these fruitless endeavors, I have returned to my room at evening, wearied and disheartened, to pursue my literary avocations, and then exhausted the night, until broad day-light again, in the manual operations of my office.

But this unrewarded toil I neither can nor will any longer continue. Here then I pause. To those who have complied with my terms and cheered me with their encouragement, I return my sincere thanks. That such may not encounter loss by the discontinuance of my paper, I have effected an arrangement with Mr. George P. Morris, by which they who have paid in advance for the uncompleted part of the present six months will receive the literary miscellany which he conducts, in lieu of the one I now abandon. Those of the remaining portion of my subscribers, whose non-compliance with my terms has resulted from negligence rather than intention, are cordially recommended to transfer their patronage to that interesting paper. Were I to say that I consider it worthier than my own of support, I should gain but little credit for sincerity; and yet that it is, seems to be borne out by the fact of the immense subscription which rewards his labors, while my own has acquired the support of, comparatively, a very limited number. Perhaps to some this recommendation may receive additional weight from the statement, that, hereafter, (as I did occasionally previous to the commencement of *The Critic*) I shall now and then contribute an article to its columns. A copy of the entire subscription list has been placed in the hands of Mr. Morris with the double purpose I have named; and all who have hitherto been furnished with my paper, will henceforth receive his, unless a notification to the contrary be left at the office of the *Mirror*, No. 163 William street. WM. LEGGETT.

*Sketches of Irish Character.* By Mrs. S. G. Hall. 2 vols. Post 12mo. London, 1829. New-York (in press) J. & J. Harper.

THIS is the title of vivacious and pleasantly written volumes, dedicated, by the fair writer, to Miss Mitford. The following are extracts.

## "Master Ben.

"Tall, and gaunt, and stately, was 'Master Ben;' with a thin sprinkling of white, mixed with the slightly curling brown hair, that shaded a forehead, high, and somewhat narrow. With all my partiality for this very respectable personage, I must confess that his physiognomy was neither handsome nor interesting. Yet there was a calm and gentle expression in his pale gray eyes, that told of much kind-heartedness—even to the meanest of God's creatures: his steps were strides; his voice shrill, like a coxswain's whistle; and his learning—prodigious!—the unrivalled dominion of the country for five miles round.

"Although the cabin of Master Ben was built of the blue shingle, so common along the south-west coast of Ireland, and was perched like the nest of a pewee, on one of the highest crags in the neighborhood of Bannow; although the aforesaid Master Ben, or (as he was called by the gentry) 'Mister Benjamin,' had worn a long black coat for a period of fourteen years—in summer as an open surtout, which flapped heavily in the gay sea-breeze—and in winter, firmly secured by a large wooden pin around his throat—the dominion was a person of much consideration, and more loved than feared, even by the little urchins who often felt the effects of his 'system of education.' Do not, therefore, for a moment imagine that his was one of the paltry hedge-schools, where all the brats contributed their 'sod o' turf,' or 'their small trifle o' pratees,'

to their school-master's fire or board. No such thing—though I confess that 'Mister Benjamin' would occasionally accept 'a hand of pork,' a keel, or even a kish of turf, or three or four hundred of 'white-eyes,' or 'London ladies,'—if they were presented in a proper manner, by the parents of his favorite pupils.

"To the lovers of unsophisticated nature, it was a pleasing sight to view his cottage assemblage on a fresh summer morning;—such rosy, laughing, romping fellows. 'The janitors,' with their rich curly heads, red cheeks, and bright dancing eyes, seated in tolerably straight lines—many on narrow strips of blackened deal—the remnants, probably, of some ship-wrecked vessel,—supported at either end by fragments of gray rock; others on portions of the rock itself, that 'Master Ben' used to say, 'tho' h not very aisy to sit upon for he gosssoons, were yet clane and not much trouble.' 'The seniors,' fine clever looking fellows, intent on their sums or copies—either standing at, or leaning on, the blotted 'desks,' which extended along two sides of the school-room, kitchen, or whatever you may please to call so purely Irish an apartment: the chimney admitted a large portion of storm or sunshine, as might chance; but the low wooden partition, which divided this useful room from the sleeping part of the cabin, at once told that Mister Ben's dwelling was of a superior order.

"At four the dominie always dismissed his assembly, and heart-cheering was the joy which succeeded. On the long summer evenings, the merry groups would scramble down the cliffs—which, in many places, overhung the wide-spreading ocean—heedless of danger,

"And jump, and laugh, and shout, and clap their hands  
In noisy movement."

"The seniors then commenced lobster and crab-baiting, and often showed much dexterity in hooking the gentlemen out of their rocky nests, with a long, crooked, stick of elder, which they considered 'lucky.' The youngsters were generally content with shrimping, or knocking the limpets, (or, as they called them) the 'branyans,' off the rocks; while the wee wee ones slightly watched the ascent of the razor fish, whose deep den they easily discovered by its little mountain of sand.

"Even during their hours of amusement, Master Ben was anxious for their welfare; and enthroned on a high pinnacle, that commanded a boundless view of the wide-spreading sea, with its numerous creeks and bays, he would patiently sit, hour after hour—one eye fixed on some duty, wise, old book, and the other watching the various schemes and scamperings of his quondam pupils,—until the fading rays of the setting sun, and the shrill screams of the sea-birds, warned master and scholar of the coming night.

"Every body agreed that 'Master Ben' was very learned—but how he became so, was what nobody could tell;—some said (for there are scandal-mongers in every village,) that long time past, Mister Ben's father was convicted of treasonable practices, and was obliged to fly to 'foreign parts' to save his life: his child was the companion of his wanderings, according to this statement. But there was another, far more probable; that our dominie had been a poor scholar—a class of students, peculiar, I believe, to Ireland, who travel from province to province, with satchels on their backs, containing books, and whatever provisions are given them; and devote their time to study and begging. The poorest peasant will share his last potatoe with a wandering scholar—and there is always a couch of clean straw prepared for him in the warmest corner of an Irish cabin. Be these surmises true or false, every body allowed that

\*Potatoes, held in high esteem.

Master Ben was the most clever schoolmaster between Bannow and Bary; he would even correct Father Sinnot himself, 'on account o' the bog Latin his Reverence used at the altar itself.' 'His Reverence' always took this in good part, laughed at it, but never omitted adding, slyly, 'the poor crater! he thinks he knows better than me!' I must say, that thy laugh which concluded this sentence, was much more joyous than that at the commencement.

"The dominie's life passed very smoothly, and with apparent comfort;—strange as it may sound to English ears—comfort. A mild, half-witted sister, who might be called his shadow—so silently and calmly did she follow his steps, and do all that could be done to make the only being she loved happy—shared his dwelling. The potatoes, she planted, dug, and picked, with her own hands; milked and tended 'Nanny' and 'Jenny,' two pretty, merry goats, who devoured not only the wild heather and fragrant thyme, which literally covered the sand-banks and hills of Bannow, but made sundry trespasses on the flower-beds at the 'great house,' and defied pound, tether, and fetter, with the most roguish and provoking impudence. I had almost forgotten—but she small-plaited in a superior and extraordinary manner, and, poor thing! she was as vain of that qualification as any young lady who rumbles over the keys of a grand piano, and then triumphantly informs the audience that she has played 'the Storm.'

"Changeful are all the scenes of life"—says somebody or other; and when I was about ten years old, 'Master Ben' underwent two very severe trials—trials the poor man had never anticipated: one was teaching, or trying to teach, me the multiplication table,—an act, no mortal man (or woman either) ever accomplished; the other was—falling in love. As 'Master Ben' was the best arithmetician in the county, he was the person fixed on to instruct me in this most puzzling science—no small compliment I assure you,—and he was obliged to arrange, so as to leave his pupils twice a week for two long hours. 'Master Ben' rose in estimation surprisingly, when this was known: and on the strength of it, got two-pence instead of three-half-pence a week from his best scholars: he thought he should also gain credit by his new pupil's progress. How vain are man's imaginings! from the first intimation I received of the intended visits of my tutor, I felt a most lively anticipation of much mischief and fun.

"Now Miss dear, don't be full o' y'er tricks," said pretty Peggy O'Dell, who had the especial care of my person. "Now, Miss dear, stand asy—you won't; well then I'll not tell ye the news—no, not a word! Oh, ye'r asy now, are ye! well then—to-morrow, Frank tells me, that Mister Ben is to come to tache you the figures, and good rason has Frank to know, for he druv the carriage to Mister Ben's own house, and bard the Mistress say all about it; and that was the rason you were left at home, mayouneen, with your own Peggy; becase the ladies wished to keep it all sacret like, till they'd tell ye their own selves. O, Miss dear, asy—asy—till I tie y'er sash;—there now,—now you may run off, but stay one little minit—take kindly to the figures. I know you can't abide them now, but I hear they are main useful; and take to it asy—as quiet as ye can: Mister Ben has fine larning, and expects much credit for tacheing the likes of you. And why not?"

"Poor Benjamin! he certainly did stride to the manor, and into the study, next morning; and, in due time, I worked through, that is, I wrote out, the questions, and copied the sums, with surprising dexterity, in 'numeration,' addition of integers, 'compound subtraction,' and entered the 'single rule of three direct,' with much eclat. My book was shown, divested of its blots by my kind master's enduring



knife; and even my cousin (the only arithmetician in the family) was compelled to acknowledge, that if I did the sums myself, I was a very good girl indeed. That if destroyed my reputation. I had too much honor to tell a story.

"What a passion to be sure the dominie got into the next day, when informed of my disgrace. I cannot bear to see a long thin man in a passion, to this very hour; there is nothing on earth like it, except a Lombardy poplar in a storm. However, if poor Master Ben was tormented in the study by me, he was more tormented in the servant's hall by pretty Peggy.

"Peggy was exactly a lively Irish coquet: such merry twinkling black eyes; such white teeth, which were often exposed by the loud and joyous laugh, that extended her large, but well-formed mouth; and such a bounding, lissom figure, always (no small merit in an Irish lassie) neatly, if not tastefully arrayed. She was an especial favorite with my dear grandmother, who had always been her patron from early childhood; and Peggy fully and highly valued herself on this account; then she could read and write in her own way; wore lace caps, with pink and blue bows; and, as curls were interdicted, braided her raven locks with much care and attention.

"The smartest, prettiest girl, at wake or pattern, for ten miles round, was certainly Peggy O'Dell; and many lovers had she, from Thomas Murphy of the Hill, (the richest) who had a cow, six pigs, and all requisites to make a woman happy, according to his own account; to wandering Will, (the poorest) who though not five-and-twenty, had been a jovial sailor, a brave soldier, a capital fiddler, a very excellent cobbler, a good practical surgeon, (he had performed several very clever operations as a dentist and bone-setter, I assure you) and at last settled as universal assistant in the manor-house, cleaned the carriage and horses with Frank, waited at table with Dennis, helped Martha to carry home the milk, instructed Peter Kean how to train vines in the Portuguese fashion, (which foreign treatment had so ill an effect on our poor Irish vines, that, to Wandering Will's eternal disgrace, they withered and died—a circumstance honest Peter never failed to remind him of, whenever he presumed to suggest any alteration in horticultural arrangements) had the exclusive care of the household brewing, and was even detected in assisting old Margaret hunting the round meadow for eggs, which the obstinate lady-fowl preferred hiding amongst breaks and bushes, to depositing in a proper manner in the hen-house. Moreover, Will was 'the jewel' of all the country during the hunting and shooting season; knew all the fox earths, and defied the simple cunning of hare and partridge—made love to all the pretty girls in the village; and as he was handsome, notwithstanding the loss of one of his beautiful eyes, every body said that no one would refuse William, were he even as poor again as he was—an utter impossibility. The rumor spread, however, that his wandering affections were actually settled into a serious attachment for Peggy; but who Peggy was in love with, was another matter. She jested with every body, and laughed more at Master Ben than at any one else; she was always delighted when an opportunity occurred of playing off droll tricks to his disadvantage; and some of her jokes were so practical, that the housekeeper frequently threatened Peggy to inform her mistress of her pranks. Master Ben was always the first to prevent this; and his constant remonstrance, 'Mistress Betty, let the innocent cratur alone, she maues no harm, she knows I don't mind her youthful fun, the cratur!' saved Peggy many a reproof.

"One morning I had been more than ordinarily inattentive, and my tutor perplexed, or as he termed it

'fairly bothered' requested to speak to my grandmother, when she granted him audience: he stammered and blundered in such a manner, that it was quite impossible to ascertain what he wanted to speak about; at length, out it came—'He had saved a good pinny o' money,' and thought it time to settle in life.

"Settle, Mister Benjamin! why, I always thought you were very comfortably settled. What do you mean?" inquired my grandmother.

"To get married, Ma'am; rousing all his energies to pronounce the fatal sentence.

"Married!" repeated my grandmother; 'married! you, Benjamin Rattin, married at your time of life; and to whom?'

"I was only eight-and-forty, Madam," he replied (drawing himself up) 'my last birth-day; and, by your leave, I mane to marry Peggy O'Dell.'

"Peggy! you marry Peggy!"—she found it impossible to maintain the sober demeanor necessary when such declarations are made. 'Mister Benjamin, Peggy is not twenty, gay and giddy as a young fawn; and, I must confess, I should not like her to marry for four or five years. Now as you certainly cannot wait all that time, I think you ought to think of some one else.'

"Your pardon, Madam; she is my first, and shall be my last love. And I know," added the dominie, looking modestly on the carpet, 'that she has a tenderness for me.'

"What! Peggy a tenderness for you; poor child! quite impossible!" said my grandmother; 'she never had the tenderness you mean, for any living thing, I'll answer for it;' and the bell was rung to summon Miss Peggy to the presence.

"She entered—blushed, and simpered, at the first questions put to her; at last, my grandmother deliberately asked her, if she had given Mister Ben encouragement at any time—and this she most solemnly denied.

"Oh you hard-hearted girl you; did you ever cease laughing from the time I came in till I went out o' the house? wer'nt you always smiling at me, and playing your pranks, and—'

"Stop!" said Peggy, at once assuming a grave and serious manner—"Stop, may-be I laughed too much—but I shall cry more, if—(and she fell on her knees at my grandmother's feet)—if ye don't forgive me mistress dear—almost the first, sartainly the last time I shall ever offend you.'

"Child, you have not angered me," replied my grandmother, who saw her emotion with astonishment.

"Oh, yes; but I know best—I have—I have—I know I have; but I'll never do so more;—never—never!"—and she burst into a flood of tears. Poor Master Ben stood aghast.

"Speak," said my grandmother, almost bewildered. 'Speak, and at once—what have you done?'

"Oh! he overpersuaded me; and said ye'd never consent till it was done—and so we were married, last night, at Judy Ryan's station.'

"Married! to whom, in the name of wonder?'

"Oh, Willy—Wandering Willy; but he'll never wander more: he'll be tame and steady, and to the last day of his life he'll serve you and yours; and only forgive me, your poor Peggy, that ye saved from want, and that'll never do the like again—no never! The poor girl clasped her hands imploringly, but did not dare to look her mistress in the face. My grandmother rose, and left the room; she was much offended, nor could it be denied that Peggy's conduct was highly improper. The child of her bounty, she had acted with duplicity, and married a man, whose unsteady habits promised little for her comfort.

"Poor Master Ben! lovers' sorrows furnish abundant themes for jest and jesters; but they are not less

serious on that account to those immediately concerned in *les affaires du cœur*. When he heard the confession that she was truly married, he looked at her for a few minutes, and then quitted the manor-house, with a firm determination never to enter it again. Peggy and her husband were dismissed; but a good situation was soon procured for Will, as commander of a small vessel which traded from Waterford to Bannow, with corn, coal, timber, 'and sundries.' Contrary to all expectation, he made a kind and affectionate husband.

"Winter had nearly passed, and Peggy had almost ceased to dread the storms, which yearly strew so many wrecks along that fearful frowning coast. Her little cabin was a neat cheerful dwelling in a sheltered nook, and often, during her husband's absence, did she go forth to look out upon the ocean flood,

"With not a sound beside, except when flew  
Aloud the lap-wing, or the grey curlew;"

and gaze, and watch for his sail on the blue waters. On the occasion to which I refer, he had been long expected home, and many of the rich farmers who used coal instead of turf, went down to the pier to inquire if the 'Pretty Peggy' (so Will called his boat) had come in. The wind was contrary, but as the weather was fair, no one thought of danger. Soon, the bark hove in sight, and soon was Peggy at the pier, watching for his figure on deck, or for the waving of hat or handkerchief, the beloved token of recognition; but no such token appeared. The dreadful tale was soon told. Peggy, about to become a mother, was already a widow.

"Will had fallen overboard, in endeavoring to secure a rope, which had slipped from the side of his vessel; the night was dark, and one deep, heavy, splash knelled the departure of poor Wandering Willy.

"Peggy, forlorn and desolate, suffered the bitter pains of child-birth; and in a few hours expired—her heart was broken.

"About five years after this melancholy event, I was rambling amongst the tombs and ruins of the venerable church of Bannow; every stone of that old pile is hallowed to my remembrance; its bleak situation, the barren sand-hills that surround it, and

"The measured chime, the thundering burst,"

of the boundless ocean, always rendered it, in my earliest hours, a place of grand and overpowering interest. Even now—

"I miss the voice of waves—the first  
That woke my childhood's glee;"

and often think of the rocks, and towers, and blue sea, that first led my thoughts 'from nature up to nature's God!'

"I looked through the high arched window into the churchyard, and observed an elderly man kneeling on one knee, employed in pulling up the docks and nettles which overshadowed a humble grave under the south wall. A pale delicate, little girl, quietly and silently watched all he did; and when no offensive weed remained, carefully scattered over it a large nosegay of fresh flowers, and, instructed by the aged man, knelt on the mound, and lisped a simple prayer to the memory of her mother.

"It was, indeed, my old friend 'Master Ben'; the pale child he had long called his—it was the orphan daughter of William and Peggy. His love was not the love of worldlings; despite of his outward man, it was pure and unsophisticated: it pleased God to give him the heart to be a father to the fatherless. The girl is now, indeed the blessing of his old age; and as he has long since given up his school, he finds much amusement in instructing his adopted child, who, I un-

derstand, has already made great progress in his favorite science of numbers." p. 117-33.

#### "Independence.

"'Independence!' it is the word, of all others, that Irish—men, women and children,—least understand; and the calmness, or rather indifference, with which they submit to dependence, bitter and miserable as it is must be a source of deep regret to all who, 'love the land,' or who feel anxious to uphold the dignity of human kind. Let us select a few cases from our Irish village—such as are abundant in every neighborhood.

"Shane Thurlough, 'as dacent a boy,' and Shane's wife, as 'clane skinned a girl,' as any in the world. There is Shane, an active, handsome looking fellow, leaning over the half door of his cottage, kicking a hole in the wall with his brogue, and picking up all the large gravel within his reach, to pelt the ducks with—those useful Irish scavengers. Let us speak to him.

"'Good morrow, Shane!'

"'Och! the bright bames of heaven on ye every day! and kindly welcome, my lady—and won't ye step in an rest—it's powerful hot, and a beautiful summer, sure—the Lord be praised!'

"'Thank you, Shane. I thought you were going to cut the hay-field to-day—if a heavy shower comes, it will be spoiled; it has been fit for the scythe these two days.'

"'Sure, it's all owing to that thief o' the world, Tom Parrel, my lady. Didnt he promise me the loan of his scythe? and by the same token I was to pay him for it; and *dependin* on that, I didnt buy one, which I have been threatening to do for the last two years.'

"'But why dont you go to Carrick and purchase one?'

"'To Carrick!—Och, 'tis a good step to Carrick, and my toes are on the ground, (saving your presence) for I *dependd* on Tim Jarvis to tell Andy Cappler, the brogue maker, to do my shoes; and, bad luck to him, the spalpeen! he forgot it.'

"'Where's your pretty wife, Shane?'

"'She's in all the woe o' the world, Ma'am dear. And she puts the blame of it on me, though I'm not in the fault this time, any how: the child's taken the small pock, and she *dependd* on me to tell the doctor to cut it for the cow pock, and I *dependd* on Kitty Cackle, the limmer, to tell the doctor's own man, and thought she would not forget it, because the boy's her bachelor—but out o'sight out o' mind—the never a word she tould him about it, and the baby has got it nat'ral, and the woman's in heart trouble (to say nothing o' myself)—and it's the first and all.'

"'I am very sorry indeed, for you have got a much better wife than most men.'

"'That's a true word, my lady—only she's fidgetty like, sometimes; and says I dont hit the nail on the head quick enough; and she takes a dale more trouble than she need about many a thing.'

"'I do not think I ever saw Ellen's wheel without flax before, Shane?'

"'Bad cess to the wheel!—I got it this morning about that too—I *dependd* on John Williams to bring the flax from O'Flaharty's this day week, and he forgot it; and she says I ought to have brought it myself, and I close to the spot: but where's the good, says I, sure he'll bring it next time.'

"'I suppose, Shane, you will soon move into the new cottage, at Clurn Hill. I passed it to-day, and it looked so cheerful; and when you get there, you must take Ellen's advice, and *depend* solely on yourself.'

"'Och, Ma'am dear, dont mintion it—sure it's that makes me go down in the mouth, this very minit.



Sure I saw that born blackguard, Jack Waddy, and he comes in here, quite innocent like—'Shane, you've an eye to 'Squire's new lodge,' says he. 'May be I have,' says I. 'I'm y'er man,' says he. 'How so?' says I. 'Sure I'm as good as married to my lady's maid,' said he; 'and I'll spake to the 'Squire for you, my own self.' 'The blessing be about you,' says I, quite grateful,—and we took a strong cup on the strength of it; and *dependin* on him, I thought all safe,—and what d'ye think, my lady? Why, himself stalks into the place—talked the 'Squire over, to be sure—and without so much, as by your lave, sates himself and his new wife on the laase in the house; and I may go whistle.'

"It was a great pity, Shane, that you did'nt go yourself to Mr. Clurn.'

"That's a true word for ye Ma'am dear; but it's hard if a poor man can't have a friend to *DEPEND* on.'

"James Doyle, General Dealer,' and a neat good-looking shop it was—double fronted, and its multifarious contents, doubtless, very amusing. Mr. Doyle was a sleek, civil little man as any in the country, and much respected; he would have been rich, also, were it not that he was unfortunately a widower, with five daughters. If you had seen his well stored counters and shelves, and the extraordinary crowd that collected in his shop, you would have felt certain that every thing was to be had within—pins, ribbands, (scarlet, green, and blue) knives, scissors, tobacco-pipes, candles, mouse-traps, tea, soap, sugar, tape, thread, cotton, flax, wool, paper, pens, ink, snuff, and snuff-boxes, beads, salt-herrings, cheese, butter, muslins, (such beauties) calicoes, (like cambric) linens, (better than lawn) twine, ropes, slates, halters, stuffs, eggs, bridles, stockings, turf, delisk, pepper, mustard, vinegar, knitting-needles, books, namely—'The Reading Made Easy,' 'Life of Freany, and his many wonderful escapes, showing how, after his being a most famous robber, he lived and died a good Catholic Christian in the beautiful and celebrated town of Ross, in the ancient county of Wexford,' 'Valentine and Orson,' 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' and such like—which books, by the way, turn the heads of half our little boys and girls. The village shop would have vended its finery to greater advantage if there had been no direct communication with Wexford; for it must be confessed that some of the pretty lasses took it into their heads to be dissatisfied with the goods at the big shop, and absolutely sent for their Sunday elegancies to the county town, but, nevertheless, James Doyle would have made a fortune, if his five daughters had been willing to assist him in his business. Had you seen them, they would not have appeared like the industrious children of an English tradesman, who invariably think it their duty to make every effort for the well-doing of their family, and exert themselves, either at home or abroad, to procure 'Independence.' Could the slatternly appearance of the five Misses Doyle, or their tawdry finery, designate any beings in the world except the daughters of an ill-regulated Irish shopkeeper? I say ill-regulated, because truly all are not as they were. Their mother died when they were very young, and their father unadvisedly sent them to one of those hot beds of pride and mischief, 'a fifteen-pound' boarding-school in a garrison town, where they learnt to work tent-stitch and despise trade. When they returned, honest Doyle saw he could not expect any thing from them in the way of usefulness, and not possessing much of that uncommon quality, mis-called *common* sense, he was contented to support them in idleness, hoping that their pretty faces might catch the unwary.

"And sure," said Miss Sally, the first born, to Miss Stacy, the second hope of the family, 'haven't we had six a piece months at Miss Brick's own school;

can't our father afford us a clear hundred each, down in yellow guineas; has'nt he got a thousand, may be more, at the very laste pinny, in Wexford bank? and if he, with such a power o' money, demanes himself by keeping a paltzy shop, instead of living like a gentleman upon his property, and cutting a dash to get us dacent husbands, not bog-trotters, there's no rason in life why we should attend to it. I hope we have a better spirit, all of us, than to do the likes of that indeed?'

"And so the five Misses Doyle chose the handsomest 'prints' in the shop for their own especial use; loitered the morning *en papillote*, lounging up the street, or down the street, or staring out of the window, their shoes slipshod, and the torn out strings replaced by pins, that invariably made one rent while they secured another—and in the evenings excited the stare of the silly, and the contempt of the wise, by their overdressed, but ill-arranged persons, parading in trumpery finery and French curls; then they were perpetually quarrelling, although their tastes on matrimonial points were very similar; and if a young farmer, or, more delightful still, a 'boy' from Wexford or Waterford, put up at the village—Merry bless us! What a full cry—'Such a set—five to one!'

"Take a specimen of the quarrels of the five rivals in love.

"Little good, Babby, there is in ye're trying to make any thing dacent of that head of yours, so long as it is so bright a carrotty.' 'It's no sich thing as carrotty, Stacy, and, for the matter of that, look at y'er own nose. Sure no one in life would think it worth their while to be either a pug dog.' 'It's good fun to hear the pair o' ye argutiny about beauty—beauty, indeed! interrupted Miss Sally, tossing her head, and eying her really very pretty person in the cracked looking-glass. 'Oh to be sure, you think yourself wonderful handsome,' exclaimed two of the girls at once. 'I never could see any beauty in curds and whey,' continued she, of the elevated nose. 'Ye little go-by-the-ground, keep out of my way,' said the tallest sister Johanna to the shortest, Cicely. 'Ye keep as much bother about y'er dress as if ye were a passable size.' 'Houd y'er tongue, ye long gawky,' retorted the little one, 'there's no use in your dressing at the stranger boy, he's not a grenadier!'

"Poor Doyle, Miss Sally ran off with a walking gentleman, who refused to marry her unless her portion was made three hundred pounds. 'Oh,' said the father, 'the pride of my heart she was, but it's bad to *depend* upon beauty! True Doyle, or upon any thing—except well-regulated industry. If he would come into partnership he might be useful, but the gentleman disdained trade; the poor father mortgaged part of his property, paid the money, and Sally was married; but in less than a year was returned on his hands, with the addition of a helpless infant, the scorn of her unfeeling sisters. Stacy was the next to heap sorrow on the old man's head; she, to use her own expression, 'met with a misfortune,' for she *depended* on the boy's honor, but her sin was too degrading to allow of her continuing in the house. Cicely married—honestly married a daring, dashing smuggler, who, *depending* on his former good fortune, dared an exploit in the contraband trade, which would have banished him forever from the country, had not Doyle again mortgaged his property to save him; the young man's good name was gone, however, and he lived *depending* on his father-in-law, who now began to suffer seriously from pecuniary embarrassment. Johanna married what was called well, that is, the young man was a gentleman farmer, too proud to look after his own affairs; he *depended* upon 'his right hand man,' or the goodness of the times, or the goodness of the crop, or any thing but his own exertions for his success, speculated, failed, prevailed on his unfor-

fanatic relative to bail him, and in open defiance of truth and honesty, fled to America.

"Then indeed the wail and woe resounded in that house where peace and comfort and happiness might have dwelt, and the old man's bed was the cold jail floor, and the family were scattered and branded with shame and sin, and all for want of *Independent* feelings.

"The Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton, who lived once in a grand villa, was the youngest of eleven children, and consequently the junior brother of the Noble Lord of Headerton, nephew of the Honorable Justice Cleveland, nephew of Admiral Barrymore, K. C. B. &c. &c. &c. and cousin first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh remove—to all the honorables and dishonorables in the country.

"When the old Earl died, he left four Chancery suits, and a nominal estate to the heir apparent, to whom he also bequeathed his three younger brothers and sisters, who had only small annuities from their mother's fortune, being assured that (to use his own words) 'he might depend on him for the honor of the family, to provide for them handsomely.' And so he did, in his own estimation; his lady sisters had 'the run of the house,' and Mr. Augustus Headerton had the run of the stables, the use of hunters and dogs, and was universally acknowledged to possess a 'proper spirit,' because he spent three times more than his income. 'He hates the world and all, for beauty, in a hunting jacket,' exclaimed the groom. 'He flies a gate beyond any living sowl I ever seed, and his tally no, my jewel!—(would do y'er heart good to hear his tally no!,' said my Lord's huntsman. 'He's a generous gentleman as any in the kingdom—I'll say that for him, any day in the year,' said the coachman. 'He's admired more nor any gentleman as walks Steven's Green in a month o' Sundays, I'll go bail,' continued Miss Jenny Roe, the ladies' maid.

"'Choose a profession! Oh! no! impossible. An Irish gentleman choose a profession! But the Honorable Mr. Augustus Headerton chose a wife, and threw all his relations, including Lord Headerton, the Honorable Justice Cleveland, Admiral Barrymore, K. C. B. and his cousins to the fiftieth remove, into strong convulsions, or little fits. She, the lady, had sixty thousand pounds; that, of course, they could not object to. She had eloped with the Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton—mere youthful indiscretion. She was little and ugly;—that only concerned her husband. She was proud and extravagant;—those (they said) were lady-like failings. She was ignorant and stupid;—her sisters-in-law would have pardoned that. She was vulgar;—that was awkward. Her father was a butcher in Cole's Lane market;—death and destruction!

"It could never be forgiven! the cut direct was unanimously agreed on, and the little lady turned up her little nose in disdain, as her handsome baronche rolled past the lumbering carriage of the Right Honorable Lord Heady. She persuaded her husband to purchase that beautiful villa, in view of the family domain, that she might have more frequent opportunities of bringing, as she elegantly expressed it, 'the proud beggars to their trumps;—and why not?—money's money, all the world over.' The Honorable Mister Augustus depended on his agent for the purchase, and some two thousand and odd pounds were consequently paid, or said to have been paid, for it, more than its value. And then commenced the general warfare; full purse and empty head—*versus* no purse, and old nobility. They had the satisfaction of ruining each other—the full purse was emptied by devouring duns, and the old nobility suffered by its connexion with vulgarity.

"'I want to know, Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton'—(the lady always gave the full name

when addressing her husband; she used to say it was all she got for her money)—'I want to know, Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton, the reason why the music master's lessons, given to the Misses Headerton (they were blessed with seven sweet pledges of affection) have not been paid for? I desired the steward to see to it, and you know I *depend* on him to settle these matters.'

"The Honorable Mrs. Augustus Headerton rang the bell—'Send Martin up.'

"'Mister Martin,' the lady began, 'what is the reason that Mr. Lang's account has not been paid?'

"'My master, Ma'am, knows that I have been anxious for him to look over the accounts; the goings-out are so very great, and the comings-in, as far as I know—The Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton spilt some of the whiskey-punch he was drinking, over a splendid hearth-rug, which drew the lady's attention from what would have been an unpleasant *éclaircissement*.

"'I cannot understand why difficulties should arise. I am certain I brought a fortune large enough for all extravagance,' was the lady's constant remark when expenditure was mentioned. Years pass over the heads of the young—and they grow old; and over the heads of fools—but they never grow wise.

"The Honorable Mister and Mistress Augustus Headerton were examples of this truth; their children grew up around them—but could derive no support from their parent root. The mother had *depended* on governesses and masters for the education of her girls—and on their beauty, connexions, or accomplishments, to procure them husbands. The father did not deem the labours of study fit occupation for the sons of an ancient house;—'*Depend* upon it,' he would say, 'they'll all do well with my connexions—they will be able to command what they please.' The Honorable Mistress Augustus could not now boast of having a full purse, for they had long been on the memory of their once ample fortune.

"The Honorable Mister Augustus Headerton died, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of inflammation, caught in an old lime-kiln, where he was concealed to avoid an arrest for the sum of 180 guineas, for black Neil, the famous filly, who won the cup on the Currigh of Kildare—purchased in his name, but without his knowledge, by his second son, the pride of the family—commonly called dashing Dick.

"All I know farther of the Honorable Mistress Augustus Headerton is, that

"She played at cards, and died."

Miss Georgiana—the beauty, and greatest fool of the family, who *depended* on her face as a fortune, did get a husband,—an old rich West India planter, and eloped, six months after marriage, with an officer of dragoons.

"Miss Celestina was really clever and accomplished. 'Use her abilities for her own support! Oh! no! not for worlds—Too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, she *depended* on her relations, and played toady to all who would.

"Miss Louisa—not clever; but in all other respects, ditto—ditto.

"Miss Charlotte was always very romantic; refused a respectable banker with indignation, and married her uncle's footman—for love.

"Having sketched the female part of the family first (a compliment they do not always receive from their own sex),—I will tell you what I remember of the gentlemen.

"'The Emperor,' as Mr. Augustus was called, from his stately manner and dignified deportment, aided by as much self-esteem as could well be contained in a human body, *depended*, without any 'compunctious visitings of conscience,' on the venison, claret, and



champagne of his friends, and thought all the time he did them honor—and thus he passed his life.

"Dashing Dick" was the opposite of the Emperor;—sung a good song—told a good story—and gloried in making ladies blush. He depended on his cousin, Colonel Bloomfield's procuring him a commission in his regiment, and cheated tailors, hosiers, gloves, coachmakers, and even lawyers, with impunity. Happily for the world at large, Dashing Dick broke his neck in a steeple chase, on a stolen horse, which he would have been hanged for purloining had he lived a day longer.

"Ferdinand was the *bonne-bouche* of the family; they used to call him 'the Parson.' Excellent Ferdinand!—he depended on his exertions; and if ever the name of Headerton rises in the scale of moral or intellectual superiority, it will be owing to the steady and virtuous efforts of Mr. Ferdinand Headerton, merchant in the good city of B—," p. 161-77.

*Miscellanies, in Two Parts. I. Prose. II. Verse, &c.*  
By William Mayor, LL. D. Oxford, 1829. Longman, Rees, Orme, Browne, and Greene.

It was our intention to make some critical comments on this book; but as our time, during the past week has been entirely frittered away in the manner explained in the first article of this number, we shall give an extract unaccompanied by remarks.

"Being a warm admirer of the metempsychosical doctrine of Pythagoras, I was one evening amusing myself with reading the adventures of a flea; and while my passions were much agitated with the recital, my meditations were disturbed by the discordant strains of two noisy cats, which had chosen a situation near my study, for the scene of their nocturnal dalliance.

"Vexed at this unseasonable and ungrateful interruption, I rang my bell, and ordered a servant to remove those teasing animals. He obeyed me in an instant, though I was ignorant of the mode in which he executed my commands; and with a heart glowing with every tender and humane sensation, I soon committed myself to the arms of Morpheus.

"I had not, however, long enjoyed my slumbers, before Fancy began to exert her mimic power, and to present her train of varied illusions.

"Things past, present, and future, crowded into my imagination at once, and I was perplexed with a multiplicity of objects; when, methought, a young man of extraordinary beauty entered the room, and waving his hand, demanded my attention.

"I am well acquainted," said he, "with the philanthropy of your disposition, and I am convinced it will afford you the highest satisfaction, to find you have, unknowingly, contributed to my felicity. The sense of gratitude, which must ever fill my bosom, at present impels me to relate the adventures in which I have been engaged: to you, they will, no doubt, appear very extraordinary; and happy, indeed, shall I esteem myself, if the only return I am enabled to make you, should prove any way acceptable.

"Know, then, that the first time I assumed the human form, and consequently the era from which I must date my faculty of recollection, was about half a century ago. I was born the heir-apparent of the Rajah of Cananore; and brought up with a tenderness and care to which my expectations entitled me. My early years were spent in acquiring the literature of the East, and in hearing precepts of wisdom and virtue, from the best and most enlightened men in my father's court. My youth was chiefly passed in the gratification of those passions to which the customs of that country do not deem it criminal to yield. I was indulged with the most expensive amusements, and was taught to demand them as my due. Youth and

beauty voluntarily surrendered themselves into my arms; and my wishes, however extravagant, were generally complied with, the instant they were known. In this realm of irrational pleasures, I forgot the maxims which had been early taught me; I disregarded the counsels of age, and the dictates of prudence; and attached myself to the juvenile and gay, whose pursuits and whose pleasures were similar to my own; and with the contamination of whose vices, my soul became every day more debased and enfeebled.

"But vague repetition soon renders a life of this sort irksome; and, indeed, every pleasure which has not its source in the mind, infallibly palls on the sense. I was not long permitted, however, to indulge in these vicious excesses; the cup had hardly become tasteless, when it was at once dashed from my lips.

"The English who had already possessed themselves of some of the most fertile provinces of Indostan, having heard of the riches of my father's dominions, wanted no other occasion to commence war against him. The most respectful representations of his pacific disposition, and the innocence of his conduct, with respect to them, were of no avail: they were bent on war, and I, as heir-apparent, was called to the command of my father's troops, that I might fight for the protection of those dominions over which I was born to reign.

"We met our enemies with a numerous army; but neither our skill nor our courage were by any means equal to theirs: their immoderate thirst of gold made them despise every danger which opposed its acquisition; while we, who were at once enervated by plenty, and wholly untrained to arms, were routed in the very first onset. I was myself wounded, and taken prisoner; and though I was amused by the most flattering promises, and treated with a marked attention, that I might be induced to make discoveries respecting my paternal wealth, death closed my eyes, on the third day after the defeat—and I immediately found myself transformed into an Ape, and ranging the forests of Madagascar. In this state of savage solitude, I had time to reflect on the follies of my former conduct, and was unable to deny, that my present low rank in creation had been well deserved, by the turpitude of my past offences. I avoided, as much as possible, the society of those animals whose form I was doomed to bear; and retreating from the thick impervious woods, where prudent instinct had taught my companions to remain, I roved in search of some human habitation; under the foolish idea of making my condition known, and of exciting commiseration for my fate.

"I soon discovered the abodes of men: but alas! I still found myself at a loss for the means of unfolding my melancholy story; and while I remained in this state of hesitation, doubt and despair, the trumpets began to sound, the hunters appeared, and I fled for the preservation of life: since, wretched as it was, I had not sufficient resolution to make a voluntary surrender of it, lest I should be consigned to a still more miserable future state of existence.

"Some of the train, however, having noticed the course I took, soon made it known to the rest; and the king of Madagascar, with his whole court, now pursued me with the most determined perseverance. Unacquainted with the stratagems of the species for eluding my unpitied pursuers, I set up a hideous cry as I fled: my voice led the hunters to their prey; and in a few minutes I was surrounded by men and dogs, with whose united force I maintained an unequal combat for some minutes; when the spear of a grandee pierced my heart, and gave me a new existence.

"My soul was now infused into a Sloth, and I opened my eyes in another quarter of the globe. Under this form my miseries were undescribable; every effort was attended with excruciating pain; and I

often envied the lot of my former companions, whose society I had till then despised, and whose lives I had regarded as the summit of infelicity. Odious in my form, and incapable of an extensive sphere of action, I spent three years under this melancholy transformation; till at length, having ascended a tree, and consumed all the verdure within my reach; in order to save the trouble of making a wearisome descent, I collected myself into as narrow a compass as possible; and dropping from a branch to the ground, fortunately fell on a rattlesnake, which stung me with a fang that the hurt it had received naturally prompted; and in a few hours I was liberated from this most horrible of lives.

"My next transformation was into an inhabitant of the sky. I was clothed with the plumage of the Albatross, and endowed with all the instincts natural to that remarkable race of birds. I was now a denizen of the purer air, and thought my sufferings were drawing near to a conclusion. I congratulated myself on being emancipated from the bodies of an ape and a sloth; and formed such ideas of bliss, in my new state, as I was very eager to realize. Accordingly, I joined my feathered companions, and soared into the immense regions of ether. Here, it is true, I was free from danger, and fear; but the calls of nature demanded gratifications, which were with difficulty satisfied. Continually hovering on the wing, in search of prey, I became emaciated with fatigue and expectation; and, being regarded as one of the most formidable enemies of the winged tribe, our society was shunned with the most careful circumspection, and our very sight dreaded, as the certain messenger of death."

"I soon became weary of a life of such incessant hunger and fatigue, and almost wished to reanimate the inactive body of the sloth. Sleeping, one day, on the bosom of the air, and lowering too near the watery element, I became entangled in the shrouds of a ship, which was navigating the great South Sea; and, being instantly secured by the watchful mariners, was closely confined, as an object of considerable curiosity in natural history. During the voyage, I was treated with every indulgence, and seemed happy in the exchange I had made; but no sooner had the ship arrived in England, to which country she belonged, than I was consigned to the founder of a celebrated museum in London; and, either from the change of climate, or the effects of food to which I had been unaccustomed, I soon paid the debt of nature; and my soul was sent to animate the body of a Race-horse.

"I was now treated with a respect almost bordering on adoration; I had servants to attend me, with provisions in abundance; and, under this form might have been perfectly happy, had not the recollection of my original state rendered me dissatisfied with every condition inferior to that which I once possessed. I had now reached my third year, and every assiduity was doubled to render my situation more agreeable; but alas! little did I then know for what purpose. I was, however, soon brought under the menage; and in being broke, as my owner called it, suffered pains inexpressible. No sooner was my education completed, than I was entered to run at Newmarket; and the most extravagant sums were betted on my success. I entered the lists with ardor, lest I should suffer for my ill-success; acclamations attended my course; and every face was filled with admiration at my fleetness. I won the prize; but, in straining against my formidable opponent, I burst a principal blood-vessel, and fell down at the post, in the moment of victory.

"My next rank in the scale of existence, was that of a cat; and it was my lot to fall under the protection of a lady of quality in this neighborhood, remark-

able for her attachment to the feline race. Here I enjoyed every pleasure which the choicest viands and attendance could bestow, and rose higher in my mistress' regard than most of her own species; but I was confined to her room, and restraint is always irksome. I found means, however, this evening to escape from my prison; and tempted by the charms of your tabby, was induced to linger beyond the hours of prudence. The servant whom you commissioned to remove me, executed his order with effect; he presently caught me in the dark; and, seeing I was a stranger, had a mind to make an experiment, by wrenching my jaws open, and pouring a glass of brandy down my throat. He had heard that this operation was fatal to our race, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken. I died in a few minutes, in agonies not to be expressed; and, with ineffable pelesure, found myself once more endued with the human form.

"Such have been my adventures; and I entreat you to lay them before the public. If humanity can touch the breasts of your countrymen,—if feeling be not totally extinct, they will perhaps commiserate my misfortunes, and learn to prevent evils similar to those which their conduct has doomed me to experience."

"I was about to congratulate my agreeable intruder on his elevation to his former rank; and, in fancy, eagerly seized his hand. The effort I made was too violent for the silken bands of sleep; I opened my eyes, and the vision was no more."

"Few literary men have the art of shining in conversation, and therefore it is good policy for them to be better known in their writings than in their persons. The charm is dissolved, when we find a man who can interest us to a high degree in his compositions, absolutely incapable of commanding our attention for a few hours; or perhaps disgusting us by his ignorance of every thing that relates to the science of life and manners."

*Specimens of American Poetry, &c. &c.* 3 vols. Boston, 1829. S. G. Goodrich.

We open this book for the purpose of making further extracts. The following two effusions are from the productions of the late William Crafts, of Charleston, South Carolina.

#### *Rapids in Love.*

There are rapids in love, but they fall as they flow,  
Thus pleasure inhabits the bodies of two,  
And the tears of their union though sunbeams illumine,  
They meet in the rainbow, and part in the gloom.

There are rapids in love, but they must be past o'er  
By those who will not be confined to the shore;  
Even danger has charms when it points to delight,  
And morning is lovelier for following night.

Let us risk the descent—our barks shall combine,  
Our hopes and our hearts shall together incline;  
Love beckons us on to the perilous wave,  
One moment shall ruin us both, or shall save.

Protect us ye stars of the fond and the true,  
The dangers of lovers are sacred to you;  
The rapids are over,—surviving, secure,  
In the sea of delight our barks we will moor.

#### *Serenade Song.*

Beware the soft seducer;  
Elude his silken snare,  
And guard thy tender bosom  
From anguish and despair.

Believe him not, young lady!  
Though by the stars he swear;  
The night is past! already  
The stars do disappear.

But there is one remaining,  
The morning star alone,  
Just like a maid complaining  
When all her hopes are gone.



